he Saturday Evening Post · October 9, 1965 · 25c

POST

LIZ and RICHARD BURTON
team with Mike Nichols in new film
'Who's afraid of Virginia Woolf?'

THE NEW YORK TIMES
INSIDE STORY OF
A GREAT NEWSPAPER

FICTION BY FAULKNER

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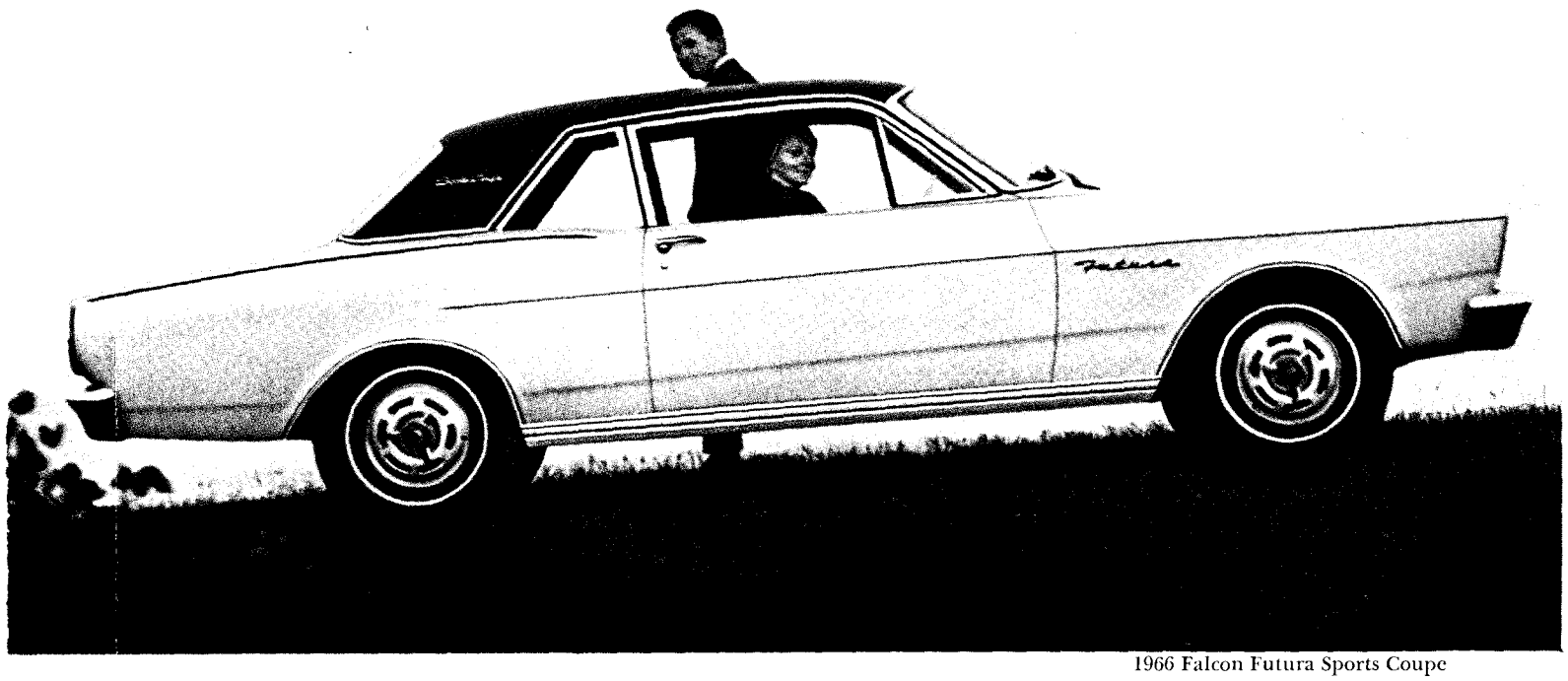

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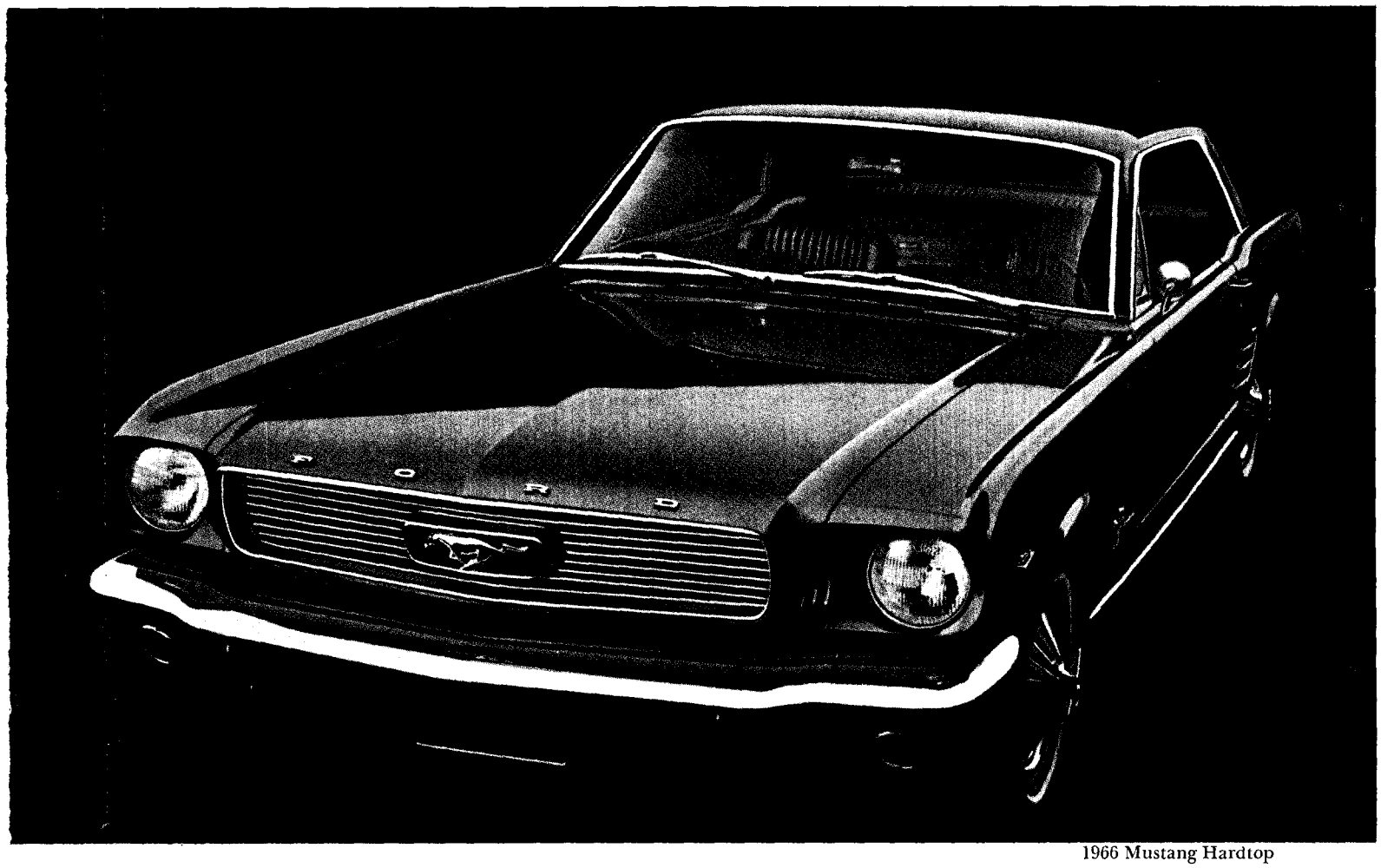

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OFF-CAMERA DIALOGUE

LIZ: I can't act until you say 'action'. . .
RICHARD: I dislike Mike intensely—he's cleverer than I am. . .
MIKE: We're happy all the time. It's terrible.

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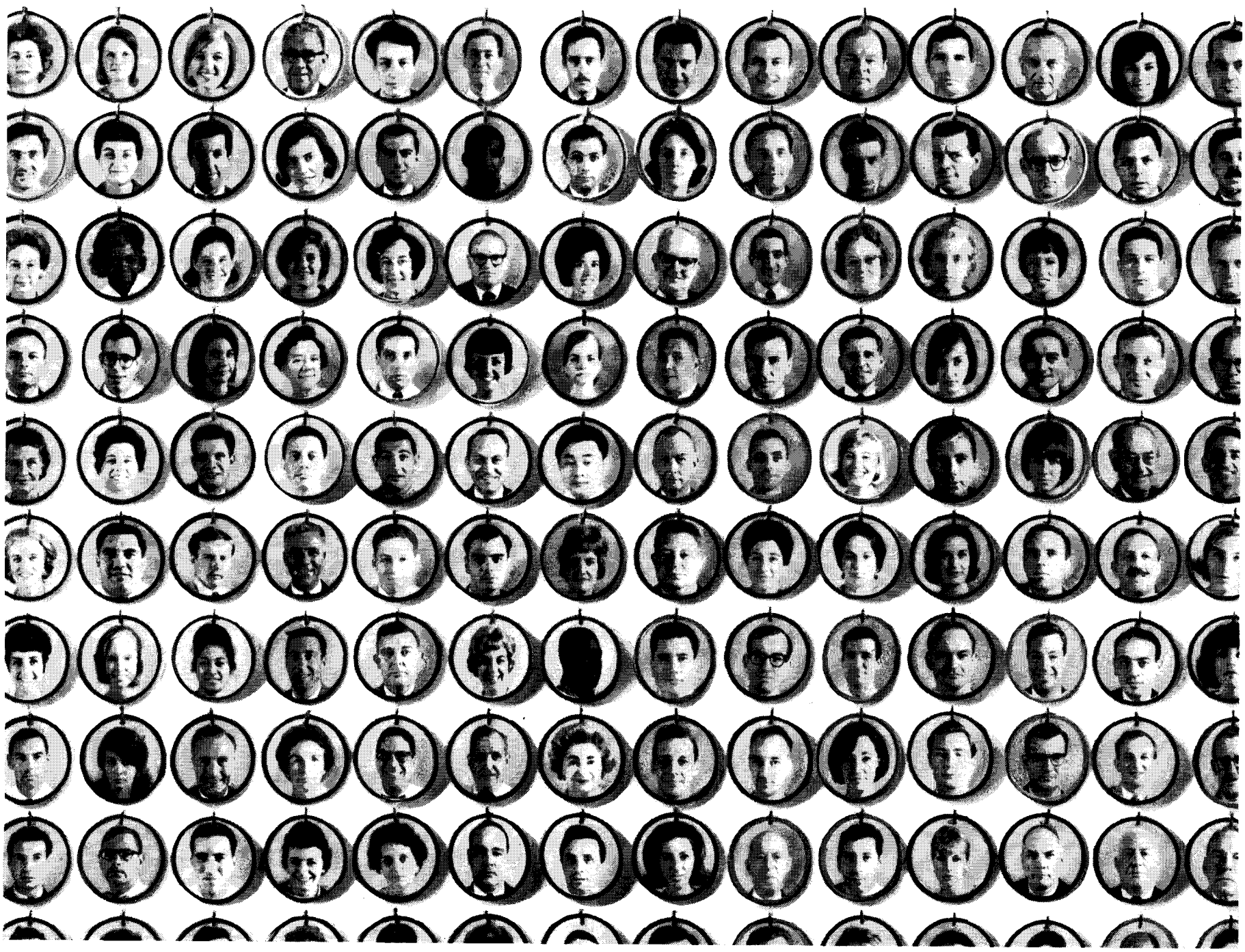

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The Saturday Evening
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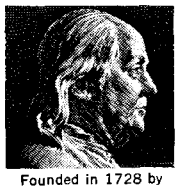

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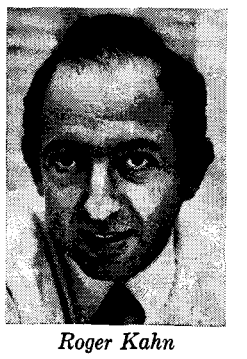
About this issue

Harold H. Martin

Editor-at-large HAROLD H. MARTIN has written a number of major stories about white southern resistance to integration. His recent *Post* articles include THE KU KLUX KLAN: "WE GOT NOTHING TO HIDE" and THE TRIAL OF "DELAY" BECKWITH. In this issue he examines the changes, not widely reported, that desegregation is finally bringing to the South. . . .In six months of research on *The New York Times*, editor-at-large ROGER KAHN accumulated "14 books, a desk full of data and a stack of *New York Times* as high as a 12-year-old boy." Kahn once worked for another New York paper, the *Herald Tribune*. . . .THEODORE TAYLOR, who reports on the death of a stunt flier, is author of several books, including *The Magnificent Mitscher* and *Fire on the Beaches*. . . . JACK MURPHY is a sports-writer for the San Diego *Union*./Cover photos by BOB WILLOUGHBY.



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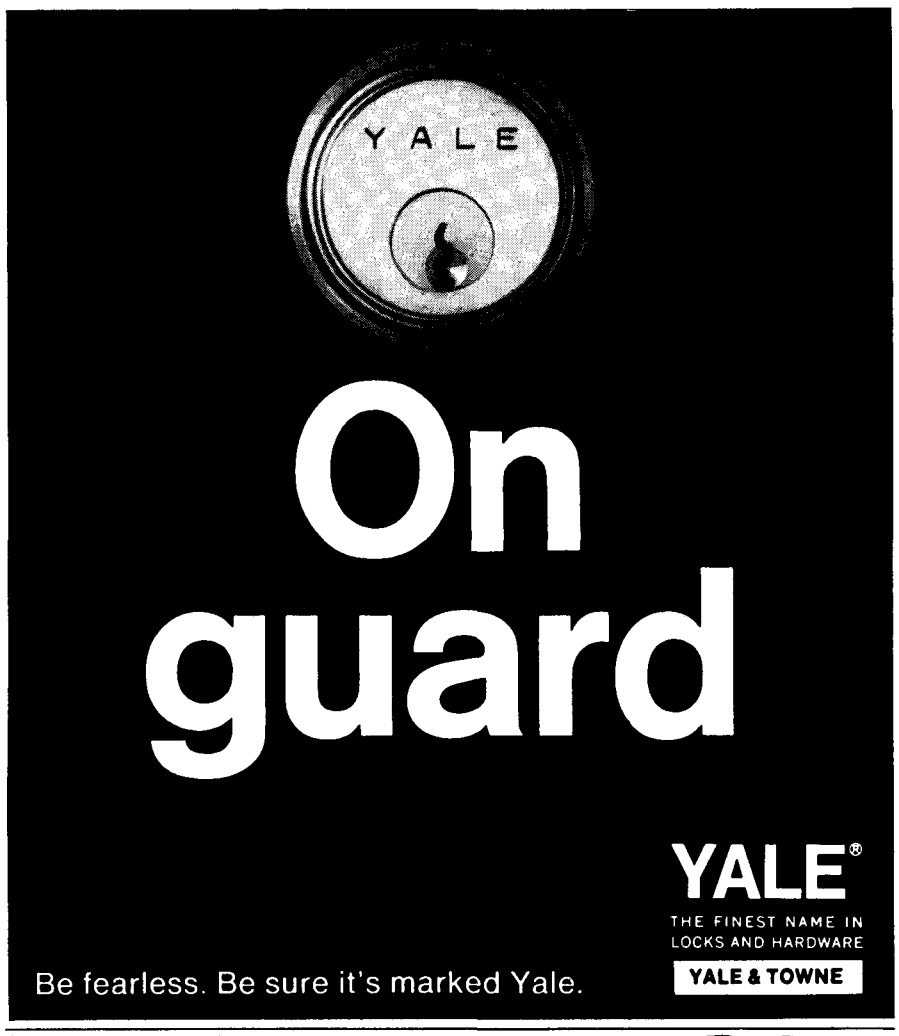

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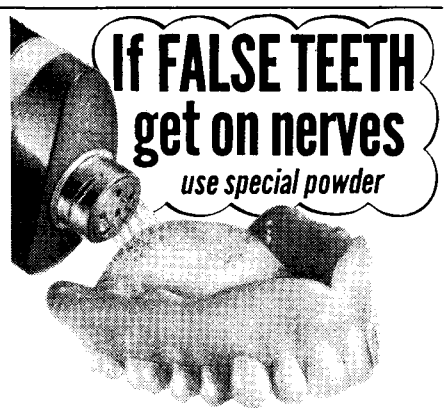

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Letters

L.B.J.

Lewis H. Lapham's article WHO IS LYNDON JOHNSON? [September 11] answers questions that many anxious people are now asking about that enigmatic gentleman's real character.

The cartoon cover by Blake Hampton is just as penetrating, with the diverse midget L.B.J.'s carving that politician's gigantic image of himself in enduring stone. "The bust outlasts the throne—*the coin, Tiberius.*"

GEORGE DOCK JR.
New York, N.Y.

● I'm amazed and delighted at the perspicacity you showed in printing the L.B.J. cover.

MOLLY KATZ
New York, N.Y.

● It appears to us to be in very poor taste for *The Post* to use a caricature of Lyndon Johnson on the cover, and we are not affiliated with his party. He is our President. Surely we should hold the office in some respect before the eyes of the whole world.

MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM GILL
Zanesfield, Ohio

● I wish to thank Lewis H. Lapham for his timely article WHO IS LYNDON JOHNSON? It was interesting to read about the man whom no one knows but whom everyone votes for. Perhaps now my friends will understand why I am a Republican.

BERNARD R. KINGSLEY
Fayetteville, N.C.

● It really is too bad Mr. Lapham wasn't able "to talk to the President of the United States as if he were an ordinary man." He probably could have written several more pages of sarcasm, innuendo and disparagement. I, for one, thank providence and wise voters that our President is *not* an ordinary man. Very extraordinary men become President of the United States and ordinary men write articles about them.

JOAN KOLLAR
Wadsworth, Ohio

● Thank you for your honest reporting and fearless candor. Every American should be compelled to read this information on the man they chose for the highest office of the country.

HELEN VAN FAASEN
Grand Rapids, Mich.

● The L.B.J. analysis was probably true. Lapham got at the heart of the man and exposed him as cynical and unprincipled. A lot of us knew this all along.

But the writer also exposed the utter cynicism of the scurrying White House press, himself, and *The Post*. And perhaps of our entire nation.

(REV.) BOYD E. BONEBRAKE
Kinsley, Kans.

My hometown

HOMETOWN, U.S.A. by Edmund G. Love [September 11] was especially interesting to me. My husband was superintendent of schools in Flushing, Mich., from the fall of 1914 to the fall of 1919. Ray Budd, who organized all the minstrel shows, lived next door to us, and my husband took part in them. Our older boy called Joe Gage "Mister Barbershop" and loved haircutting time. And how well I recall the oil lamp burning after Hart's electric plant burned. Thanks for a fascinating article.

MRS. W. E. (ALICE O.) PARKER
Sylvania, Ohio

Grown-up fashions

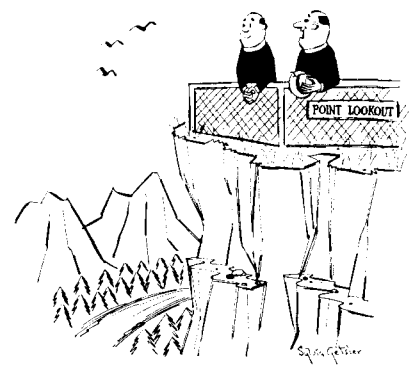
Contrary to the dictates of André Courrèges, I refuse to dress like a little girl [WHERE DID ALL THE WOMEN GO? by Thomas Meehan, September 11]. When I was young, I fought to get out of wearing knee sox. I wore Mary Jane shoes and short skirts, but I could hardly wait for the day when my hemline would swoosh down.

Now I am 28 years old, and, like the song says, "I enjoy being a girl." A big girl. Let my skinny sisters look like 12-year-olds. No one will ask *my* age when I order a Martini. And absolutely no one will wonder, when they see me pushing my son in his stroller, whether I am his baby-sitter.

JUDITH R. GRISAMORE
Galesburg, Ill.

When God rested

Grab those two ministers on Point Lookout! [POST SCRIPT by Sylvia Getsler, August 28, captioned: "Imagine what He'd have done if He hadn't rested on



Sunday"]. They must be imposters or they would know that He rested on Saturday, the seventh day, not Sunday, the first day of the week. See Genesis 2:2 and 3.

ALICE MERRIFIELD
Garden City, Mich.

Reader Merrifield is correct. Saturday, the Sabbath, is still observed by Jews and some Christians. The Emperor Constantine institutionalized Sunday resting in A.D. 321, in weekly commemoration of the Resurrection of Christ.—Ed.

Teen-agers

Thank you so very much, Mr. Wylie, for your article TEEN-AGERS ARE THE GREATEST PEOPLE [September 11].

There is so much I could say. When I tell adults I want to find out about reality, they laugh at me and say, "Listen, Ace, here's the score." I have been told that I need some more growth, the old-time religion and a little hard work. But when I hear some insecure adults screaming about the "Communist take-over" or the "nigars gettin' out of hand," I thank God I am working for civil rights and that I lean left. In answer to a threatened "You and Tillich and all those people will end up in hell"—if there is a hell, and Tillich is there, that's where the action is, and that's where I want to go.

Mr. Wylie's advice about talking to some adult who is not phony is the most sensible idea I have encountered. I know several who can and do talk sense to me, and for this I am grateful.

JAMES F. FITE
Norman, Okla.

● I only wish that I felt half as much confidence in myself and my generation as Philip Wylie does. He has given me some of that confidence in his fine article.

DAVID FORTIER
Glenshaw, Pa.

● I am flattered to know that an adult has such optimism for "America's minor citizens." But, as a 16-year-old member of the atomic-age generation, I must warn him and other adults who read his appraisal that the picture is not so bright.

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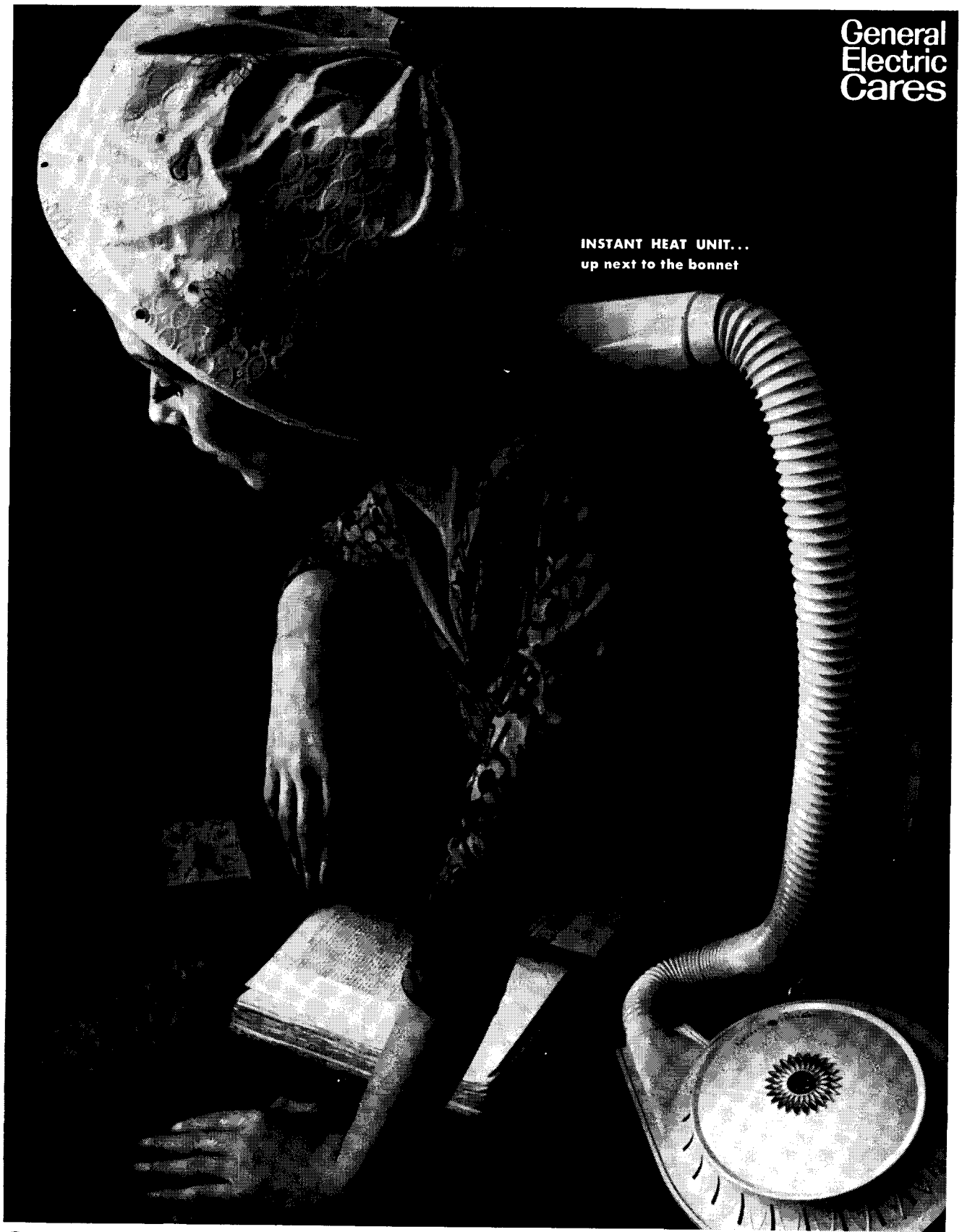

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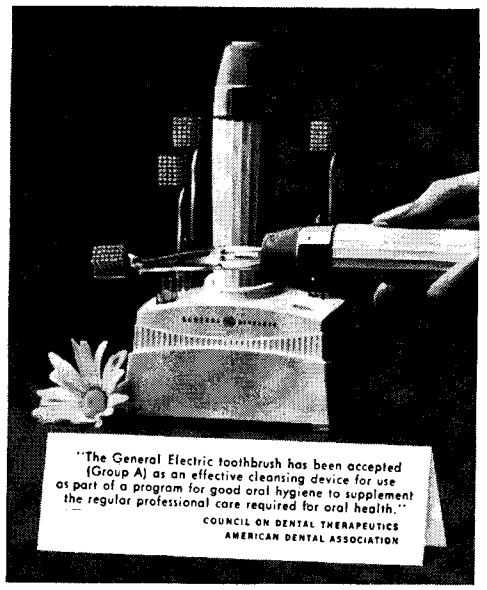
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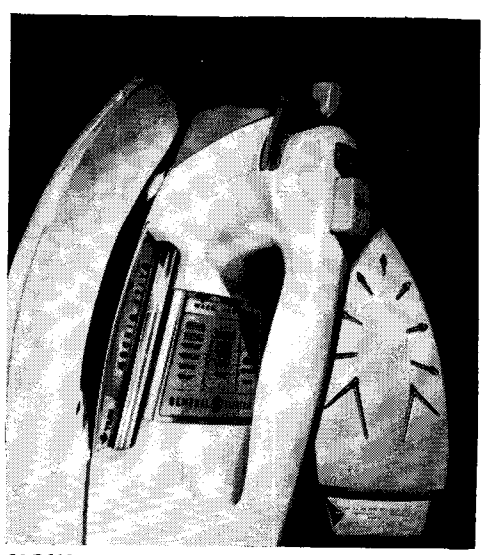

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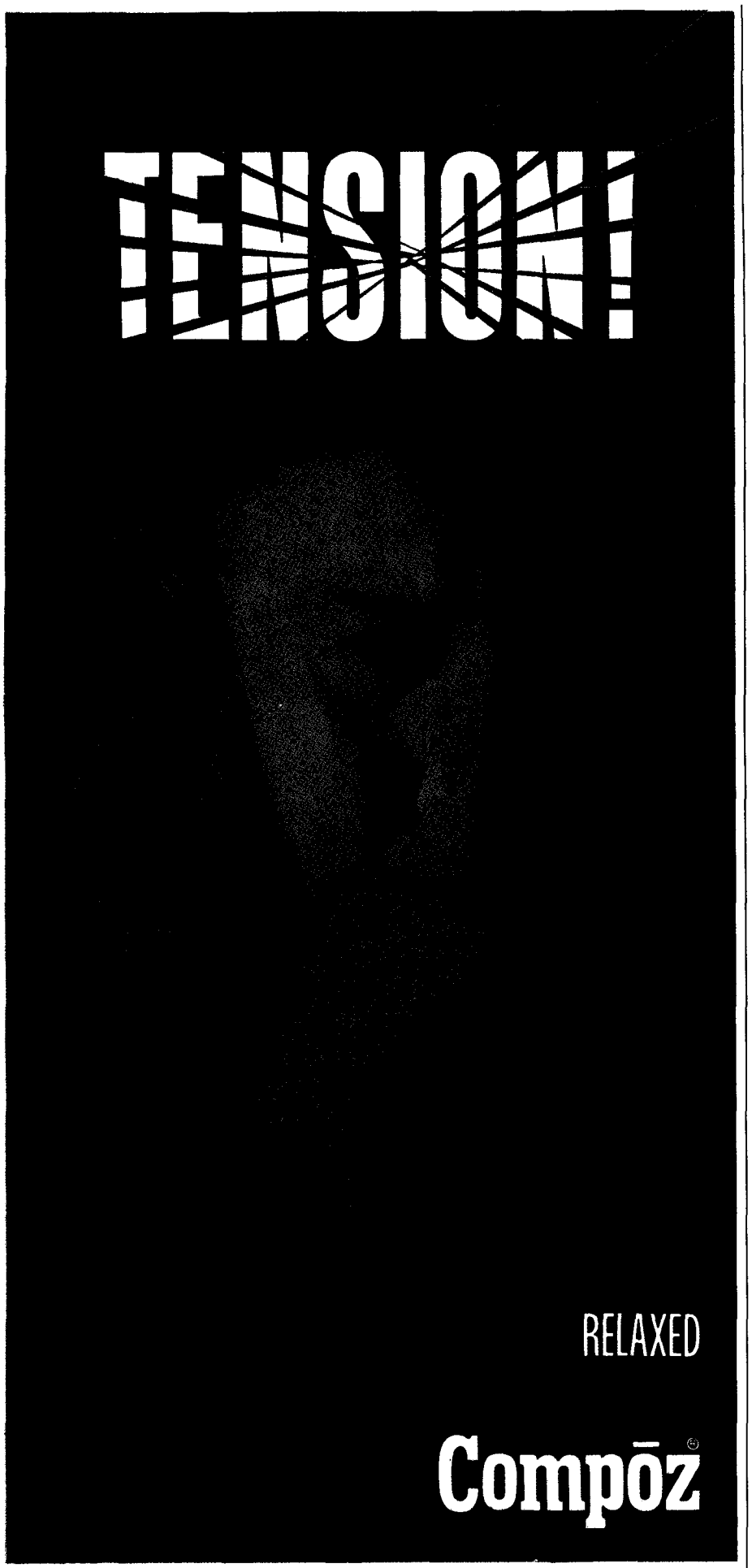

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Letters

Most teen-agers are not attempting desperately to discover what "virtue" and "love" are. Most high-school youth read no books not forced upon them by teachers. They don't want to have intimate friendships with grown people anymore than adults do with them. They only want to grow their hair longer yet, or get a motorbike, or keep up on expensive fashions (boys included), or go to a certain dance—in general, to get as big a charge as possible out of their tiny social world.

This isn't bad in itself, but it's not enough—and the rectitude and valor, which Philip Wylie claims we have, is what is needed.

JAMES MALCHOW
Appleton, Wis.

• We have, for years, been trying to tell adults what Philip Wylie has just written in TEEN-AGERS ARE THE GREATEST PEOPLE, but, of course, they never listen to us. My own mother ignored me when I asked her to read the article, and my father declared that he already knew everything about teen-agers.

JOANNA PATRICK
Warren, Ohio

• The older generation did not invent the bomb in order to plague today's teen-agers. Contrary to Mr. Wylie's apparent belief, we love our children and entertain not the slightest desire to see either them or ourselves blown skyward. And if they are growing up under conditions such as no teen-agers ever grew up in before, we are raising them under conditions never before known to parents.

If Mr. Wylie really wishes to foster understanding between the generations, let him cease to hurl accusations that only arouse resentment. Let him instead use his influence to persuade the kids that we could use a little of the sympathy and understanding they are demanding of us.

VI CONOVER
Port Townsend, Wash.

• For the past three years I have taught these effervescent yet stern individuals high-school English, and I find the views Philip Wylie so neatly expresses akin to my own.

English was the title of the course I taught, but in no way did that limit the topics my class scrutinized. We discussed transcendentalism, euthanasia, hypocrisy (including their own), and a multitude of other subjects. Nowhere have I found a group of people so open, so candid, so well versed. Nowhere have I found a group with so much to offer and with so little opportunity to offer it.

Let's hope that more adults have Mr. Wylie's views than we are led to believe—or, if that is too much to ask, that the teen-agers of today will greet with more enthusiasm and tolerance their own teen-agers tomorrow.

KRISTIN BAILEY
Ellensburg, Wash.

Elvis' fans

I've loved Elvis since I was seven, and now I'm 17, so I just want to thank you for the great article [THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ELVIS by C. Robert Jennings, September 11]. It's about time someone wrote something good about him.

JEANIE OSBORNE
Charleston, W. Va.

• I grew up during the screaming and gyrating portion of Elvis Presley's career. According to countless parents and critics, I and millions of other girls were destined to sink to the lowest depths of degradation under the Presley influence. Now, ten years later, guess what? I am a 22-year-old housewife and mother. I don't attend orgies or beat my child or write dirty words on walls. Perhaps my only real vice is that I still have a crush on Elvis.

MRS. JO ANDREA SMITH
Antioch, Calif.

I am 45 years old, but I still am a young person as far as Elvis is concerned. He calls out to the young in all of us, with his sweet but entirely masculine ways. Most people young enough when he began his career saw the clean-cut youth of him and did not think his singing and half-dancing wrong. It was just fun, and we all adored him for his honest self-expression—and still do.

LOUISE W. SUTTON
Evansville, Ind.

Guide for travelers

As a user, for many years, of *Mobil Travel Guides*, I deplore Anne Chamberlin's statement that we have no travel tip sheet in this country [SEE AMERICA FIRST, August 28]. I have found the *Guide* reliable in all our 48 continental and varied states. I even learned about the ducks at the Peabody Hotel in Memphis from the *Guide*. My husband uses it for locating business meetings in strange cities. And my son (in the fourth grade) finds it very helpful for history class and writing brighter themes.

MRS. CARL PITE
Fort Lee, N.J.

Vietnam

Congratulations on your editorial WHAT KIND OF WAR IS THIS? [September 11]. I wish the editors of some other national periodicals could find the courage and the humanity to ask that question in print.

GORDON MC SHEAN
Stanford, Calif.

• Your editorial protested, among other things, the killing of innocent Vietnamese peasants by U.S. forces engaged in combat with the Viet Cong.

The United States is fighting a war in South Vietnam, which must be won if we and the other nations of the free world are to remain free. Innocent people are accidentally killed in war, because, unfortunately, bullets and bombs which strike only enemy soldiers have yet to be invented. It may be "easy—and inadequate—to answer that war is hell," but I notice that you fail to propose a solution to the situation you so vigorously protest.

ROBERT D. FRAWLEY
Pt. Pleasant, N.J.

• Capt. Richard J. Ratke, in his account of his role as a United States adviser in Vietnam [LETTERS, August 28], points out what we already know—the war in Vietnam is gruesome. He makes a good case for explaining the endurance of these horrors, but his comparison of our Declaration of Independence with the fight for liberty (if such it may be called) of the Vietnamese borders on the ridiculous.

Is it not true that a majority of the inhabitants of South Vietnam are sympathetic to the Viet Cong? If not, isn't it true that all of the people of Vietnam, for centuries, have been under the domination of their dictators?

The stark fact is that we are fearful of Communism and that we are fighting Communism in Vietnam under the military delusion that if Vietnam falls, all of southeast Asia falls.

AXEL B. GRAVEM
Orleans, Mass.

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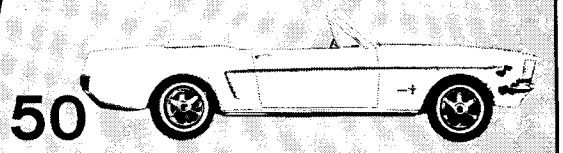

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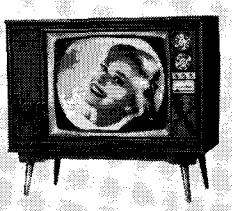

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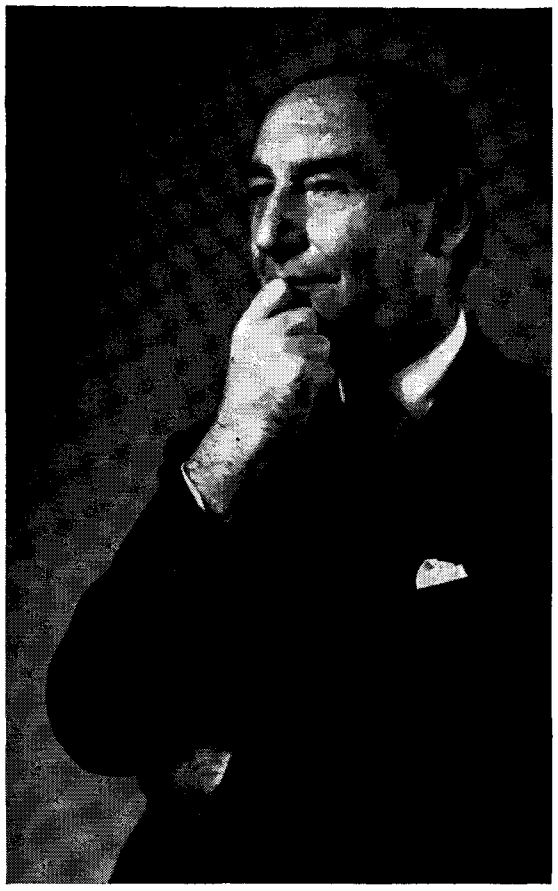
Speaking Out

CHILDREN ARE A WASTE OF TIME

By Nigel Balchin



The author has published many novels, most recent of which is SEEN DIMLY BEFORE DAWN, the story of a man in his mid-40's who tries to recall his own emotions as a 15-year-old during a long, exciting summer. Mr. Balchin lives in England.

The child is the Sacred Calf of the modern world, and the High Priests of the Child Cult are always bidding us bow down and worship the Sacred Calf, and reminding us of all the happiness it brings us, how beautiful and fascinating it is, and how unworthy we are of the privilege of being parents. Any man who criticizes children automatically labels himself a monster.

I have five children varying in age from three to 30, so I have been rearing Sacred Calves for 30 years, and will almost certainly be doing so until I die. As a result of this not inconsiderable experience I find that the whole business is, on the whole, an expensive and unrewarding bore, in which far more has to be invested, both materially and spiritually, than ever comes out in dividends. My father worked his head off to raise me and my brother and sister. I have worked mine off in order to bring up my children, and I don't doubt that in 20 years' time my young son will be working his head off to bring up his. This process can go on indefinitely, and it simply means that no generation can ever live its own life to the full, because of the insistent demands of the next. More talent and creative ability have been lost to the world through the necessity to provide for children than from any other single cause.

In the Parable of the Talents the last man was afraid, and went and hid his talent in the ground. Nowadays he would not bury it. He would simply expend it on rearing children, and that would be his excuse for ever having existed.

In the whole history of civilization 90 percent of man's progress has been brought about by people who realized that there were more important things to do than just to reproduce their species. Some of them have had children, but they have never allowed the existence of these children to deflect them from the proper use and exploitation of their own talents. Jean Jacques Rousseau had a number of children, all of whom he deposited briskly in the nearest orphanage, feeling, quite rightly, that otherwise they would interfere with the work which he was born to do.

But it is not only that children are wasteful or even destructive of talent. They are destructive of the emotional life of the average man. A man getting married may realize vaguely that he will one day have a family, and even desire it. What he certainly doesn't realize is the change in his relationship with his wife that the coming of children will involve. He married a woman, and as a man he had the first call on her duties and affections. But within a few months he finds that he is now married to a mother, which is something quite different, and that he is no longer a man but a father, which again is something quite different. Their first duties now are no longer to each other but to the Sacred Calves—their children. What was their home together in those first few magical months is now a few rooms organized around a nursery; and he, who had been allowed to feel that there was somebody who was utterly and completely his, now finds his standing sharply diminished. Yesterday he was a racehorse (with a pretty filly at his side). Now he is shut between the shafts and bidden to pull the family coach.

It is a standard claim of the Cult that children cement a marriage, and that men and women who might otherwise have grown tired of each other and parted do not do so, but rather stay together for the sake of the family. If this were true it would be deplorable, since to continue an unsatisfactory marriage merely for the sake of the children would be thoroughly bad for all concerned—including the children themselves. But in fact there is not the slightest evidence that children keep marriages together, though there are plenty of people who are prepared to use their children as an excuse for their own lack of courage in not breaking up.

The truth is that far from cementing a marriage, children more frequently disrupt it, and many a man has left home simply because his position as the husband of a child-worshiping wife is intolerable. As a civilized adult, what he needs is life with other civilized adults, not a life in which everything is controlled or colored by the requirements of those who are not yet fully developed human beings. No one can sensibly blame children for being childish, and therefore dull company. But the Cult is not content with this reasonable attitude. It insists that playing checkers or reading the works of Beatrix Potter for the 1,251st time ought to give us some unique pleasure. For myself I have nothing against checkers or *Peter Rabbit*. But they have their limitations, and it would be sheer hypocrisy to pretend that I regard them as anything but a chore.

The trouble is, of course, that the Cult insists on seeing children purely in terms of their future potentialities, rather than in terms of what they really are at the moment. We are bidden to gamble our own lives away on the extremely slender chance that by concentrating on the potential, we shall produce somebody really exceptional.

What the cultists never seem to realize is that children are not merely pint-sized editions of civilized adults, but a race quite apart. Very occasionally a book is written like *A High Wind in Jamaica* or *Lord of the Flies* in which the author has really looked at children with clear eyes, unbleared by the tears of sentiment. What emerges is that, whether we like it or not, children are fundamentally antisocial. They are cruel, ruthless, cunning, and almost incredibly self-centered, and they can conceal these qualities beneath a veil of careful charm. Hitler was a beautiful example of a man who could command the loyalty of a great nation by the simple process of never growing up.

Just as Hitler remained to the end a child, so every child in its early years is a potential Hitler. Few people who are members of the Child Cult seem to understand that children are the sworn enemies of society as it stands. What the child lacks in even the most advanced modern societies is power—power to decide what it will eat, when it will go to bed, whether it should or should not watch a particular television program. In these as in all other matters the child has no judgment and no experience. When it bids for power, it is merely registering a vague need.

Yet the Cult asks us to assume that in these circumstances the child is right—that children in some curious, instinctive way know what is right

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

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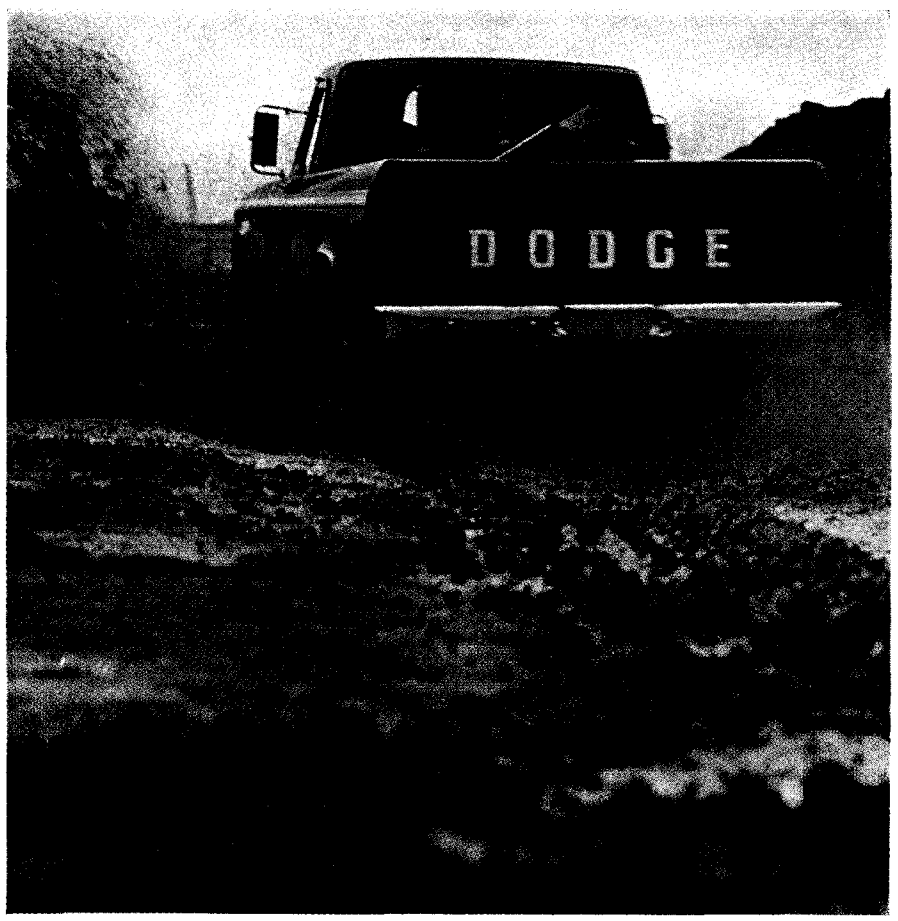

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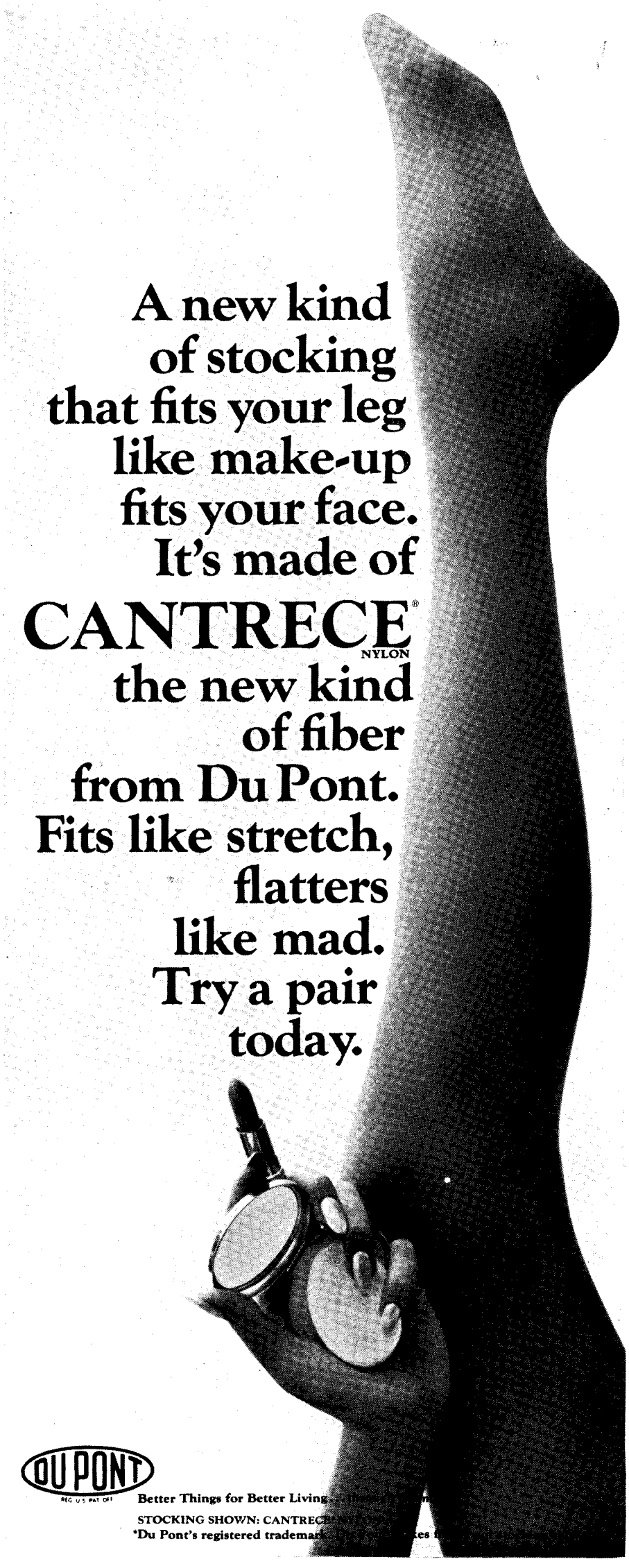

for them, and that we are wrong to let our "prejudices" stand in their way. I do not believe this for a moment. I do not believe that children, at least until they are past puberty, have really the faintest idea what they really want. I do believe that they are far happier if someone tells them with a voice of authority what is going to happen.

I would have more sympathy with the Cult of the Sacred Calf if, by adhering to it, a parent could eventually produce better-adjusted, more productive, happier adults. But there is, as far as I know, no evidence that anything of the kind takes place. There never has been a time in history when parents were called upon to spend as much effort, time and patience in the rearing of children, and also no time when there was so much juvenile delinquency and so much social maladjustment among the young as there is now.

There is a large measure of agreement among those who have to work with delinquent and maladjusted children that the problems are the result of a failure of parental authority. The child worshipers are quick to seize their opportunity to coin such sweeping phrases as, "There are no bad children—there are only bad parents." What they do not explain is exactly how parental authority is to be exercised over the Sacred Calf, who by definition can do no wrong. When little Johnny decides that he would like to break up the living room with an ax, do we let him do it, and thereby fail to exercise parental authority, or do we stop him, thereby inhibiting his natural desire for self-expression? Whichever we do we are liable to have the reproving fingers of the Cult shaken in our faces. After all, somebody has to be blamed when things go wrong, and since the cultists assume that children cannot and never should be blamed, the only person left to blame is the unfortunate parent.

In this connection there has been an interesting and revelatory recent development in my country, Britain. If a child up to a certain age, as yet unspecified, commits what would otherwise be a crime, there will be no court proceedings—merely a friendly chat with the parents, presumably to explain to them how they have failed in their duty—a system which I understand is in favor in some courts in the United States. But at what age should the young be held responsible for knowing the difference between right and wrong? Not long ago there was an outburst of hooliganism on one of the railways near London; heavy objects were constantly placed on the line in the way of trains, so that the train was liable to be derailed with a consequent risk for the lives of hundreds of people. This pretty practical joke was carried out by gangs of youngsters, and I look forward to the day when a welfare officer visits some London home and says solemnly to the parents: "Your son John and his friends have just derailed a train and killed twenty-six people. We want to have a chat about it. The children are, of course, blameless. What have you to say for yourselves?"

The truth is, of course, that neither the exponents of the Child Cult nor their enemies have any really worthwhile information about how to bring up children. It is a problem which has remained unsolved through the ages, and probably will remain unsolved for ages to come, and it does not permit the facile solutions so often proposed these days. At about the beginning of the century, through the work of Freud and his collaborators, we learned a great deal about children which was genuinely new—the complications of infantile sexuality and the dangers of early trauma. We learned, in fact, that a human being may easily be damaged for the whole of his life by bad parental handling when he is young. But what nobody has yet been able to tell us is what constitutes bad parental handling. I am well aware that all over the world there are still millions of children who are regarded as inferior citizens, to be starved, beaten and exploited for what they are worth. This I naturally oppose, but equally I oppose the idea that every child by the mere virtue of being a child is a *superior* citizen, to whose wisdom and development all must be sacrificed. Let us, then, stop the woolly sentimental worship of children as "living dolls" and get on with the serious business of educating and maturing them as potential adults. In order to do this we have to get rid of the idea that the family group—father, mother, and children—has some peculiar, almost mystical value. I know of no evidence that this is true, and of plenty that the family group is a source of emotional disturbance. The family group with child-worshiping parents is about the worst way in the world to bring a child to grips with the facts of adult life. I have known many people whose lives were ruined, before they had really started, by family life, and many whose lives were ruined by the breakup of a home, which left them with only half of the original group. I have never known anybody whose life was ruined by the complete absence of the family group in his or her youth. What a relief it would be for 90 percent of humanity if the intolerable burdens of blood relationships were removed, and a man and a woman could feel free of their children, and the children could feel free of their parents.

What would be really useful here is some major scientific advance by which the growth and maturation of children could be greatly accelerated. The pernicious influence of the family system arises because of the intolerably long time that it now takes a human child to mature. At present a man of 30 who has a child has to face the fact that he will be 48 or 50 before that child is fully mature, educated, and ready to be launched on the world on its own account. In other words, the father's own powers will just be fading at the exact moment when an adult relationship with the child becomes possible. The world would be revolutionized if some means could be found by which the human child became fully grown and physically mature very young, as are the offspring of most other animals. But I suppose it is too much to ask that science undertake such a task. There are so many other more important things on which to spend our time, our genius and our money, such as going to the moon.

Nigel Balchin

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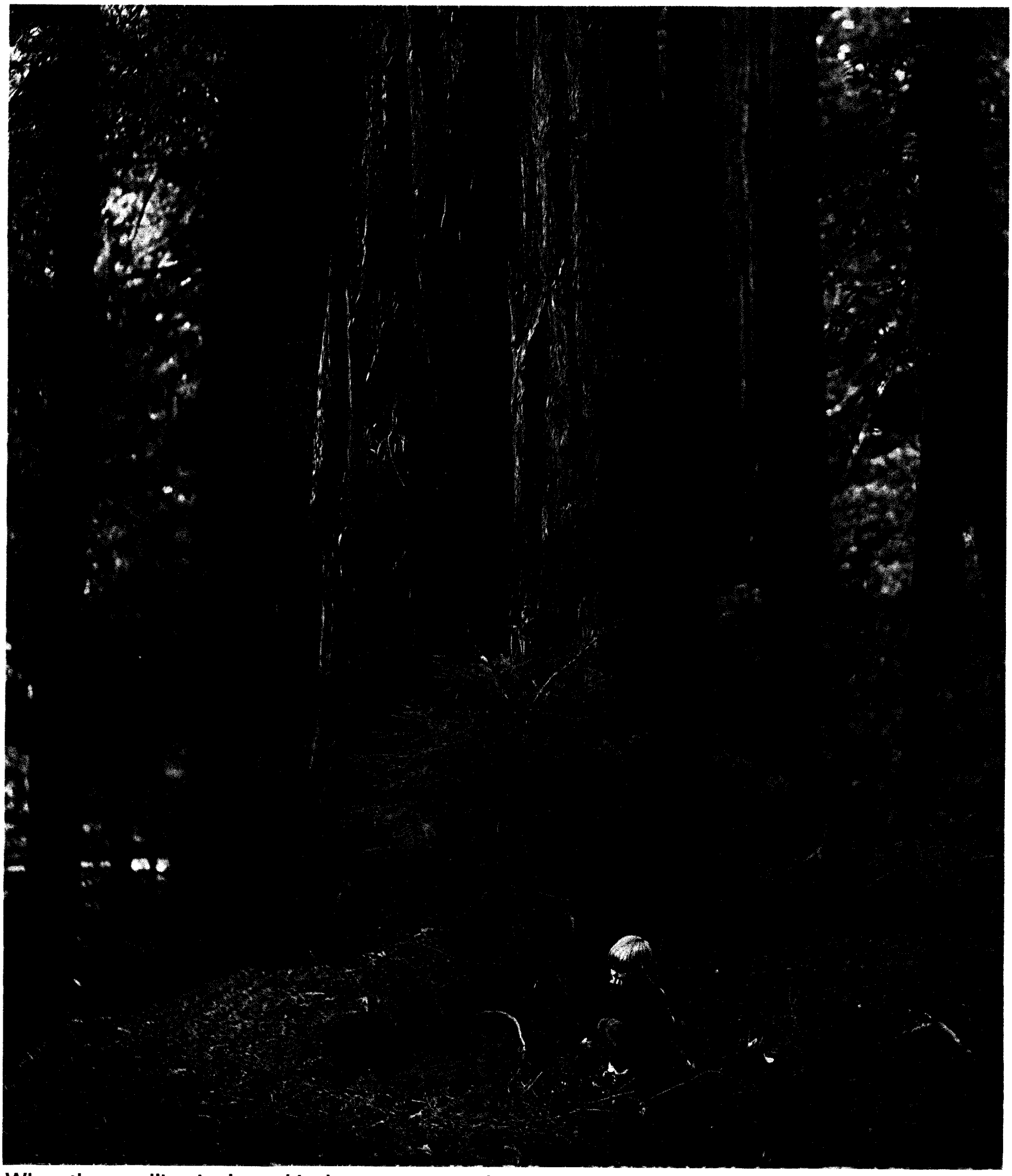

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Sorensen on Kennedy—a footnote

WASHINGTON:

John F. Kennedy might have been—in this reporter's opinion almost certainly would have been—one of our half-dozen greatest Presidents if he had not been murdered. This is the best excuse for the rather unseemly haste of his intimates to get their still-vivid recollections into print. The current crop of personal memoirs of the murdered President are not history, because history is essentially impersonal. But they are the stuff of which history is made.

Theodore Sorensen, whose book on Kennedy is the October Book-of-the-Month-Club selection, has produced the first of the major Kennedy memoirs. For the benefit of the historians, it seems worth adding a footnote to Sorensen's book. For he refers, fleetingly and incompletely, to a couple of episodes which made a stir at the time, and in which this reporter (who was no intimate of the late President) was intimately involved.

The references occur in the section of Sorensen's work devoted to President Kennedy's relations with the press. Sorensen writes: "The reporter who purported to discover 'Kennedy's Grand Strategy' for an article in 1962 wrote another article, in the same magazine one year later, entitled *The Collapse of Kennedy's Grand Design.*"

The reporter in question was this one, and the magazine was the *Post*. The first article to which Sorensen refers created at least a minor international sensation. Moreover, the whole episode also raised an interesting question about John F. Kennedy, and the way he operated, which the historians may want to ponder.

The article appeared with a photograph of the reporter interviewing the President, and included numerous direct quotes by the President. This of course meant to every knowledgeable Washingtonian (except, apparently, Sorensen) that the article had been submitted to the White House for review. Any article which quotes the President of the United States at length on sensitive international issues is automatically submitted for review.

The President read the article, and so did press secretary Pierre Salinger and presidential aide McGeorge Bundy. A few changes were made and the President then approved the article as accurately reflecting his views—in this sense Kennedy's "purported" grand strategy was his own version of his strategy.

In the interview the President talked at some length about his drive for a true "Atlantic partnership" and about the need for a "centrally controlled" (*i.e.*, American-controlled) nuclear deterrent. These basic elements of his "grand design" later collapsed. They collapsed, as Kennedy was well aware, not in a year, but in a day—January 14, 1963, when General de Gaulle said a flat and wintry "*non*" to the basic concepts of the Kennedy grand design.

But what interested Kennedy most, and what he talked most about in the interview, was the balance of nuclear power, and the risk of nuclear war between the Soviet Union and the United States. This was at the time of the long-drawn-out, infinitely dangerous Berlin crisis. The late President laid stress on the need for sufficient conventional strength to make it possible to meet minor Communist challenges short of a nuclear holocaust.

But he also talked about how dangerous it would be if the Communist side came to the conclusion that the United States would never meet a major challenge—in Berlin, say—with nuclear weapons.

Here are the two key sentences in this section of the article: "Khrushchev must *not* be certain that, where its vital interests are threatened, the United States will never strike first. As Kennedy says, 'In some circumstances we might have to take the initiative.'"

Now, this was news—indeed it was rather big news, since it had always been the American doctrine that this country would "never strike first." I knew it was news, of course—a cub reporter would have known—and I waited with interest to see what changes the White House would make. Not a word was changed in the key sentences quoted above.

When the article was published, it created a stir. Among others, Chalmers Roberts of the Washington *Post* wrote a story on the significance of the President's directly quoted words. The Russians read the article too—and proceeded to raise hell about it.

Pravda thundered against the President's "threat." Marshal Malinovsky ordered a special alert for the Soviet armed forces, in the light of the President's "menacing" words quoted in *The Saturday Evening Post*. Pierre Salinger, on a visit to Moscow, was badgered ferociously by Khrushchev, who asked him whether "this warmonger Alsop is now your Secretary of State?"

The White House poured a few dollops of oil on these troubled waters. A soothing statement was issued to the effect that there had been no change in American policy—but there was no suggestion that the President had been incorrectly quoted. Inquiring reporters, who of course knew that the article had been cleared by the White House, were ruefully informed that somehow the significance of the key sentences had been overlooked.

Maybe so. The President read at the rate of 600 words a minute, and no one can read that fast without skipping. But could all three—Bundy, Salinger, the President himself, all brilliant men—have missed what would have leaped to the eye of a cub reporter?

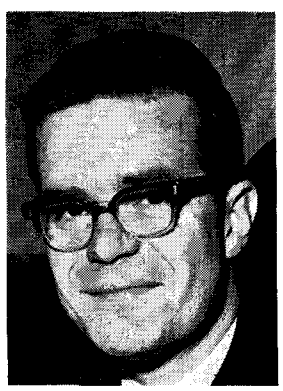
Again, maybe so. The White House is a busy place, and there are lots of magazine articles about the President. This is not a subject on which Bundy or Salinger can be expected to be candid, even now. But it seems likely that President Kennedy quite consciously used the *Post* article to convey a warning to Khrushchev—an unofficial and indirect warning, but one whose significance would not be lost on the Russians. The substance of the warning: "Don't think you can make a grab for Berlin without risking a nuclear strike."

The grab for Berlin, despite dire predictions, was never made. And if President Kennedy did use the *Post* article as an oblique and easily disclaimed warning, that was not at all inconsistent with his character. There is a tendency nowadays to portray the late President as a little tin god, fully equipped with halo. In fact, like all the most effective occupants of the White House, John Kennedy was quite capable of guile and indirection.

Sorensen's second reference involving this reporter concerns another article in this magazine, written in collaboration with Charles Bartlett. The article, which recapitulated the Cuban missile crisis, reported that the late Adlai Stevenson had proposed abandoning the U.S. Naval Base in Guantánamo, plus the Turkish and Italian missile bases, in return for the neutralization of Soviet missiles in Cuba. This report made an unholy row at the time, to the amazement of the writers of the article. Sorensen writes of this episode that President Kennedy "was unwilling to repudiate his friends or to cause more damage by specifying where they erred."

No doubt there were minor errors in the piece—in this kind of reportorial reconstruction immediately after a great event, minor errors are difficult to avoid. For example, Sorensen's own name was incorrectly omitted from the list of "doves"—the President's more cautious advisers. But as for the main point—the report that caused the unholy row—Bartlett and this reporter are quite willing to rest their case with the historians. For in this respect the real reason President Kennedy "was unwilling to specify" where we "erred" was that he knew very well that we hadn't.

Stewart Alsop



Theodore Sorensen

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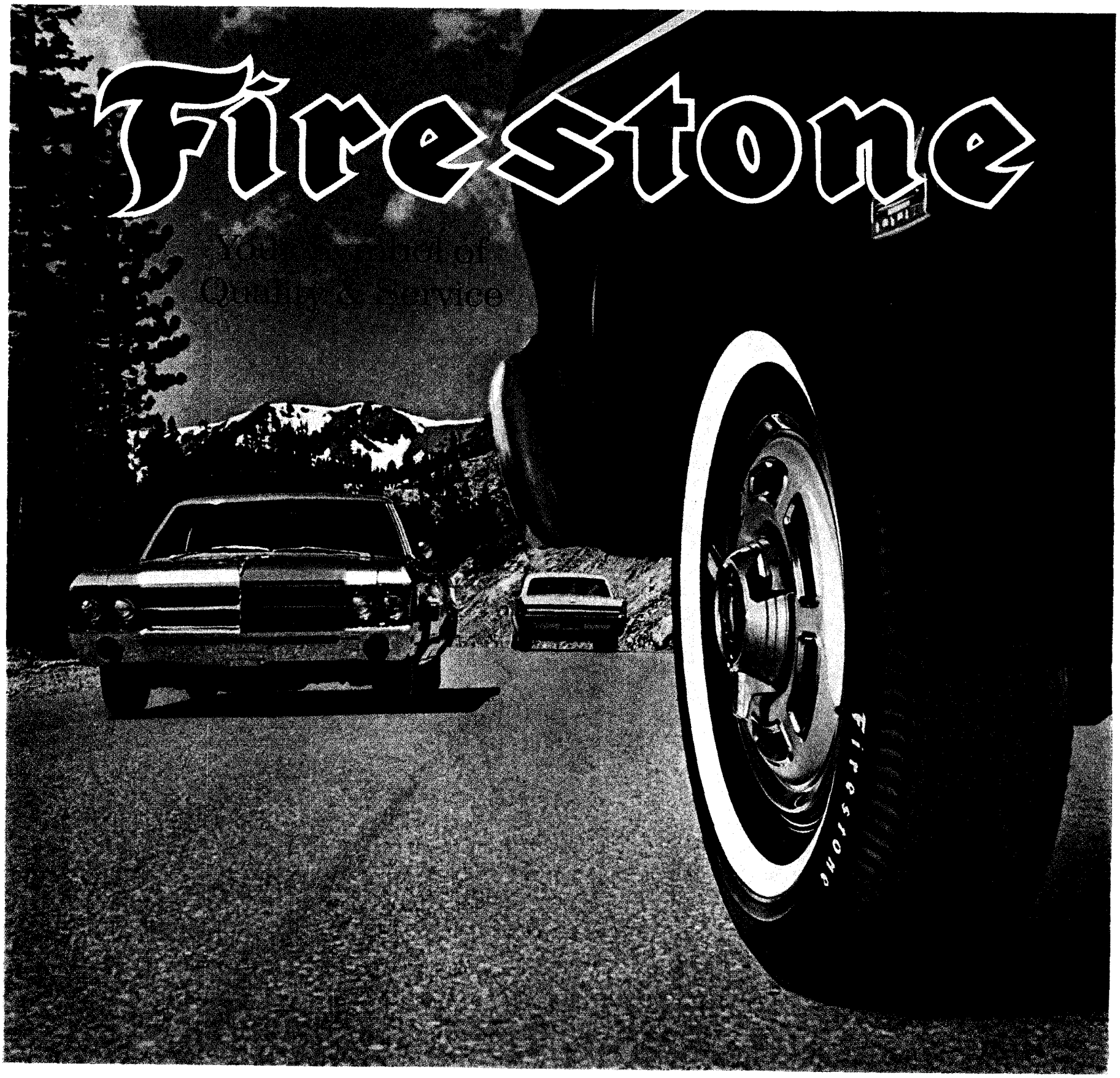

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The Human Comedy

Does he or doesn't he?

By WILLIAM K. ZINSSER

Until this year I have always wanted to smell as good as the next man. But now the next man wants to smell too good. The boom in male cosmetics is sweeping the country at such speed—sales were half a billion dollars in 1964 and are growing by 60 percent a year—that one of America's most popular entertainers recently refused to tell the name of the scent that he was wearing. Too many other men, he explained, would also start to wear it.

That entertainer's secret would be safe with me. He could tell me the name of his scent tomorrow, and I swear I wouldn't call up my pharmacy. What's more, I don't own a single face cream and I've never been to any of the men's "hair stylists" for a tinting or a spray. I go to a funny old-fashioned kind of barber who just cuts my hair and doesn't try to make me look younger than when I went in. If anything, his conversation sends me out older.

All of this makes me a member of America's newest minority group: an adult male untouched by rejuvenating lotions, fragrances and dyes. "A case of galloping vanity has hit men in this country," Eugenia Sheppard wrote not long ago in the New York *Herald Tribune*, "and it's going to make billions for the cosmetics industry. Any minute now there'll be skin creams, body creams, masks, moisturizers, home hair coloring and hair sprays for men."

That minute is almost here. Hardly a day goes by when I don't read in the press or see in a TV commercial that the men's stylists are besieged by customers begging for the packs, dryers and such that hitherto have been sold only to our ladies. One of the most successful, Jerry's in New York, which caters to virile types like Frank Sinatra and Anthony Quinn, has a $50 treatment that includes a hair wave sprayed with a scented set, an eyebrow tint and a "sudden-youth facial."

I see that a hair-coloring firm has registered the slogan "Does he . . . or doesn't he?" I see that Sam Huff, the Washington Redskins' linebacker, got a spray and that Gov. Otto Kerner of Illinois was given "a sort of bouffant hairdo." I see—but there's no need to recite all the sordid details. It's sufficient that Sears, Roebuck and Co., probably the best barometer of American taste, says that sales of men's cosmetics are rising at a fantastic rate.

Thus it would seem that the nation has turned effeminate or foppish overnight. But this is not the case. The men buying these cosmetics are ordinary businessmen, tough and aggressive about getting ahead. They think that youth is the vital ingredient in the competition for jobs and for customers, and they regard every furrow and gray hair as their mortal enemy.

I understand their panic. Recently it was announced that sometime in 1965—in other words, right NOW—half the people in America will be under 25. Reading this, a man of 40 feels a stab of instant obsolescence, and he runs to his friendly hairdresser for a shot of instant youth. After that he stops at his druggist for the unguents that will preserve the newly restored bloom of boyhood and the sweet smell of success.

But I think this is the wrong move. My reason isn't the usual one that the male and female roles are becoming hopelessly intermingled in modern America. Sure, I fret about that, but so does everybody else. It doesn't take a sociologist to wonder what has become of the national fiber—or, for that matter, of the Sears, Roebuck catalogue—when the pants are on the women and the perfume's on the men. What I reject is the theory that a man who looks young and glossy is more competent than his visibly aging colleague. It ought to be the other way around—and by long tradition it is. But the wisdom of age has never been in such disrepute. Otherwise millions of men wouldn't be trying so hard to rub out its traces. Nor would so many banks and businesses be running advertisements of their smiling young executives who stand ready to handle my account.

"Meet our Mr. Snodgrass—he'd want you to call him Charley!" the ads say, implying that because Charley looks so young and thinks so young it would be heresy to call him anything else. The truth is he's just a jerky kid.

I'll string along with the dotards in their 40's and 50's. I don't want to touch—or retouch—a hair of the gray heads that ponder my financial, legal and medical affairs, or of the various gray heads that manage the education of my children. And I want them to smell of their profession—the banker and lawyer to smell of bills and briefs, the doctor of antiseptic solutions, the teacher of chalk and clapped erasers. The smells, like the marks of middle age, are proof that these men have been looking at life and not at the mirror. I like to think that every one of their gray hairs was honorably earned, every facial line etched by a mistake that they will not make again.

Besides, if nobody sticks up for these graying males, they will soon become extinct. Every man in his 40's, 50's and early 60's will be trying to pass for 39, the old will be secure in their Medicare, and there'll be nobody left here in the middle. In fact —— Hey! Where is everybody? □

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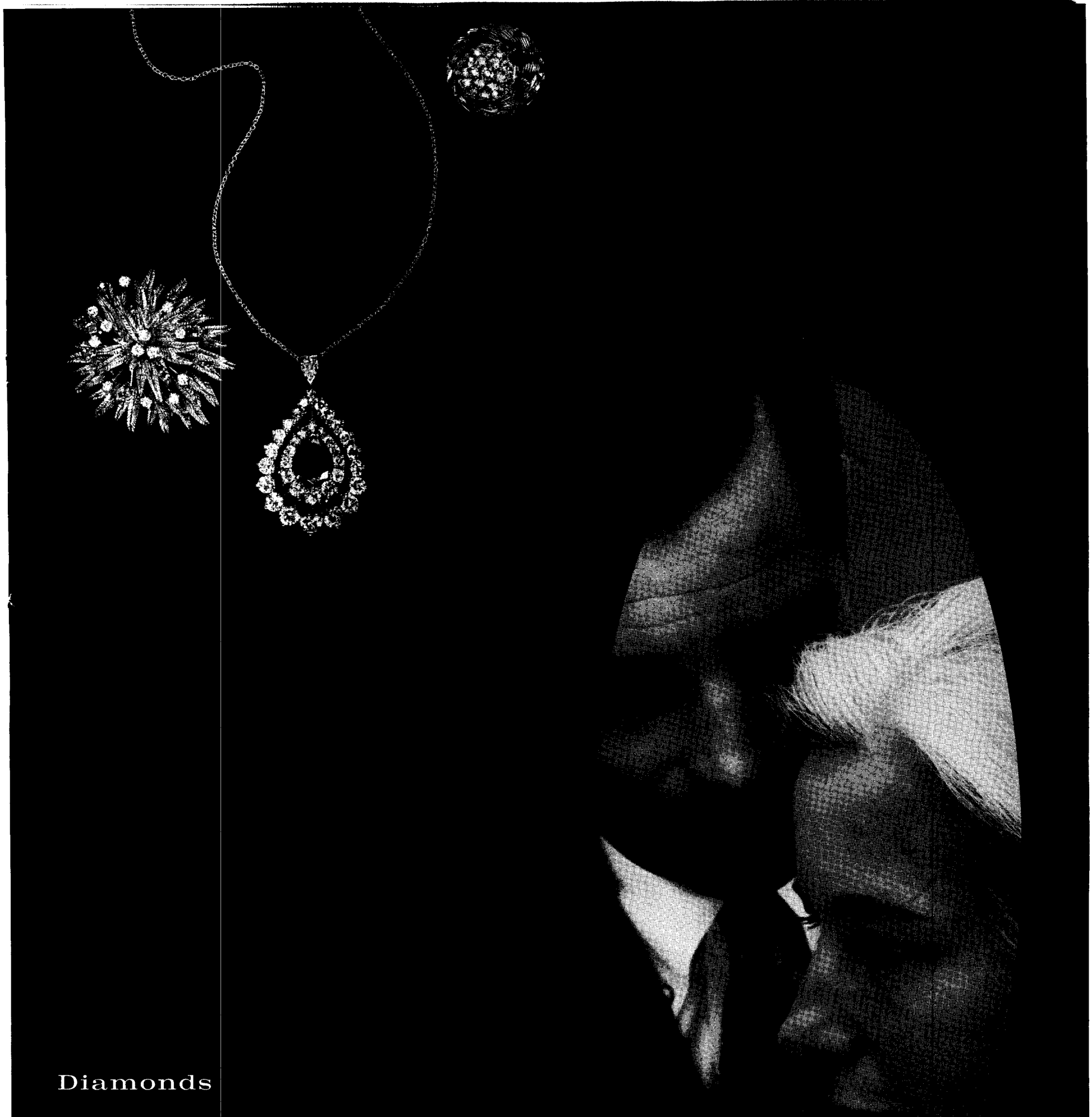

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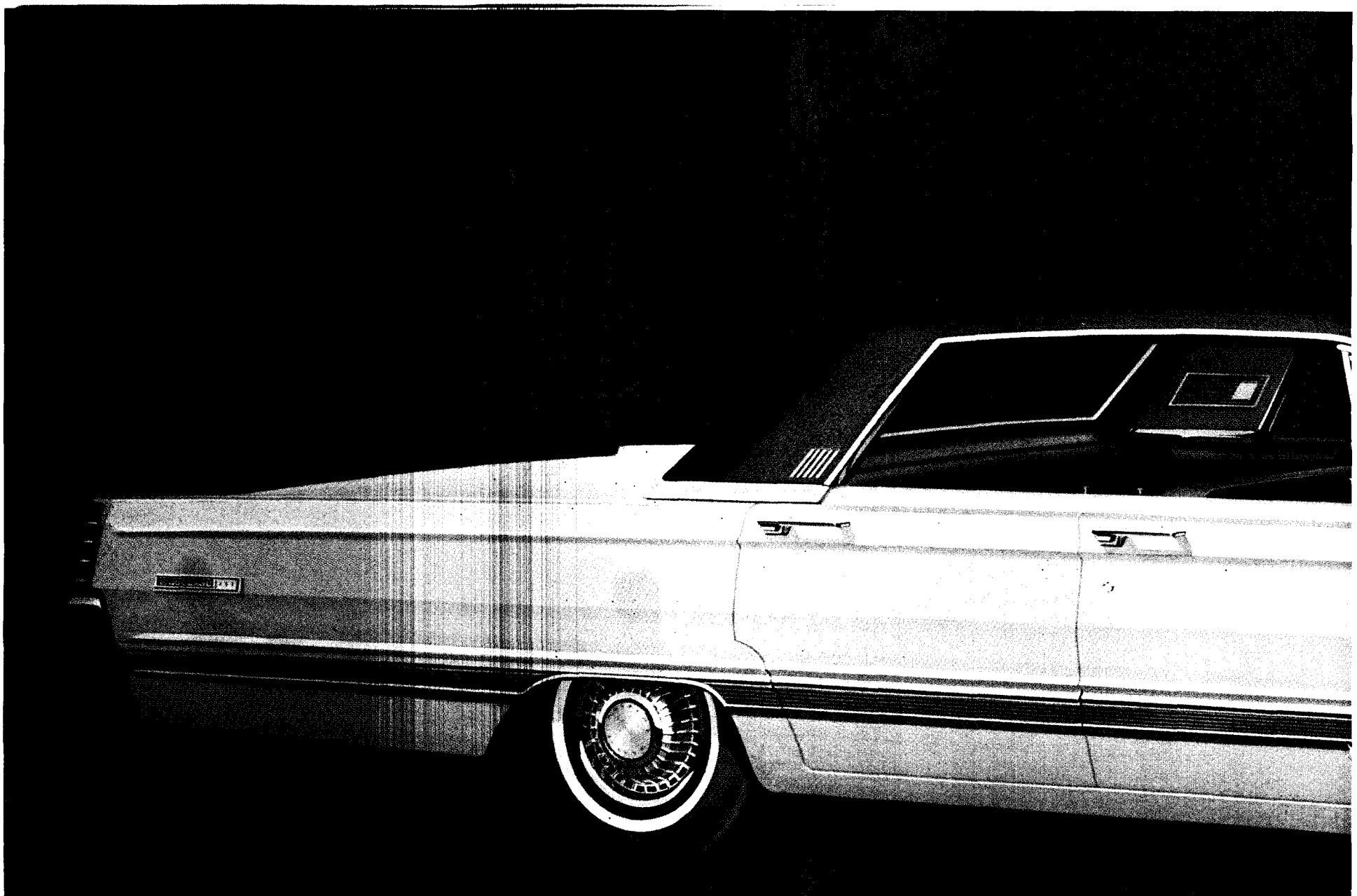

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moving ahead
in the
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take the beautiful Caliente: notice the

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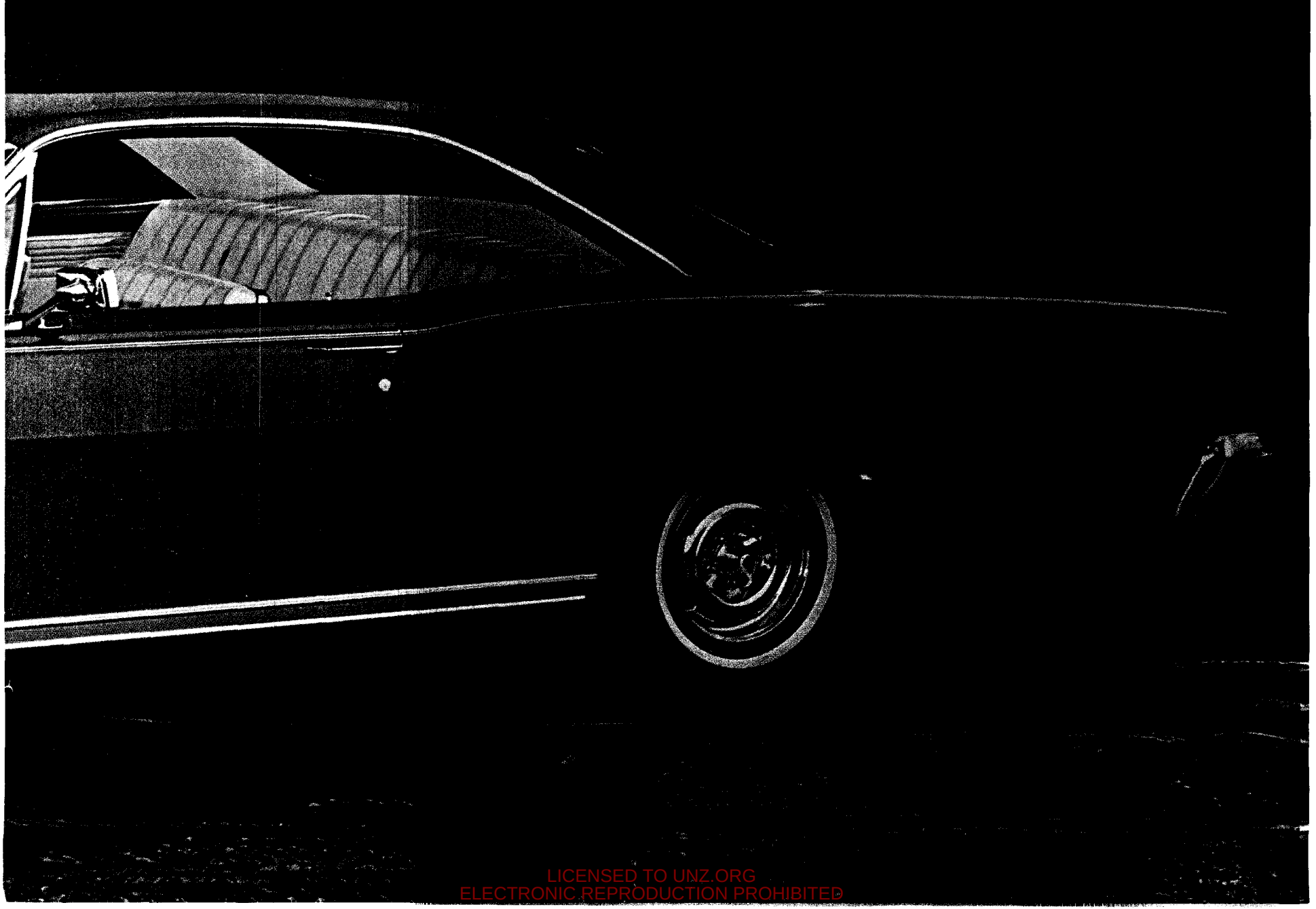

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Living-room floor features new Kentile® Colonial Brick Solid Vinyl in 9" x 9" tiles. Color shown: Georgetown Red. Also available: Woodstock White and Williamsburg Pink. Floor design and interior by Marvin Culbreth, A.I.D.

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The Saturday Evening POST

A new era for the old South

'We've lived together too long, need each other too much, to remain adversaries.'

By HAROLD H. MARTIN

Change has rolled over the South like a flood in the past 12 months. In county courthouses all through the region, Negroes are today lining up before the registrar's office, putting their names on voting lists for the first time since Reconstruction. In the great majority of its school districts, previously all-white schools have now opened their doors to Negro students—in most cases peacefully, if not cordially.

The southerner, still at heart a segregationist, makes no pretense of being happy with these changes, but his will to resist has waned. The tide of bitter anger that has engulfed the South for the past decade has begun to turn, and in all but a few communities the mood of the South is changing with the tide.

In Montgomery, Ala., a clergyman attempts to console his troubled congregation with an analogy: "As a Christian must learn to accept the inevitable death of a beloved father or mother when their days are ended, so must we accept the death of a loved tradition when it can no longer survive."

Thousands of Negroes became voters for the first time this summer. Among them was Mrs. Jane Jackson of Canton, Miss.

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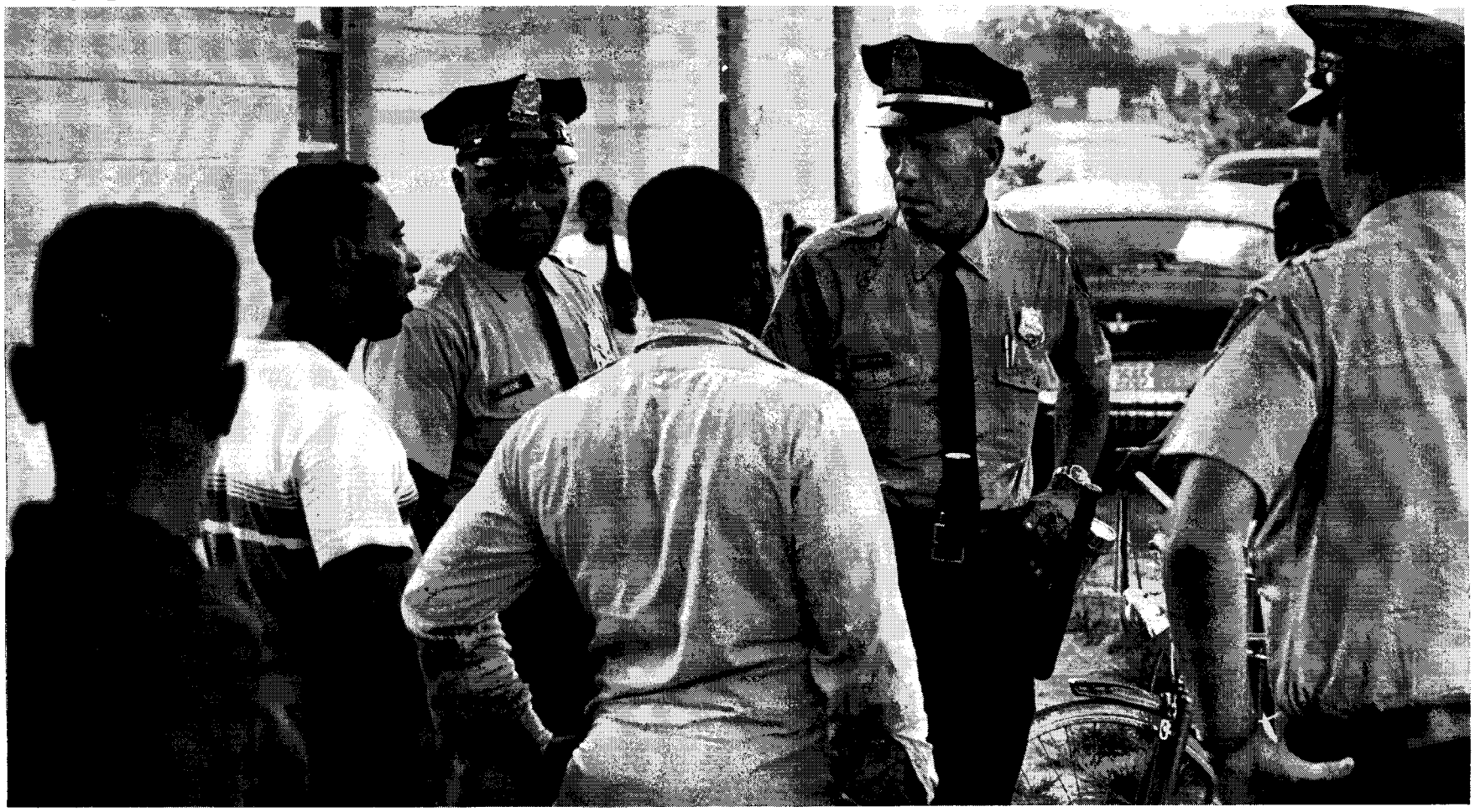
Photographs by Matt Herron



Negroes hold responsible jobs in many parts of the South today. Here, Patrolman Paul L. Green accompanies Sgt. Markley E. Armstrong to answer a complaint in Charleston, S.C.

"If I read the signs aright," says a Negro leader, "I believe the day of demonstrations is about over."

Racial violence and unrest may still dominate the news from the smaller towns and rural areas, but the story of the South no longer can be told solely in terms of unbending white resistance and unrelenting Negro pressure. The spirit of fierce antagonism is fading, and the guerrilla actions of the coming year could prove to be the last fire fights in a battle that is sputtering out.

The commanding voice of the region is no longer the shriek of a racist governor, the howl of a Klansman, or the rebel yell of a piney-woods gun toter wearing a plastic Confederate hat.

It is many voices now, offering more reasonable counsel. It is the long-silent moderate, calling on white and Negro to sit down together and talk their troubles out.

It is a Louisiana police chief telling a mob of white men heckling a Negro demonstration: "They got a right to march, and if you-all try to stop them, I will throw your butts in jail."

It is a South Carolina school superintendent, outlining his plan of compliance to his trustees: "Gentlemen, I don't like this a bit more than you do. But it's the right thing to do. It's the Christian thing to do—and if we don't do it, we are going to lose $200,000 in federal funds."

It is the mayor of a little Alabama town, telling his people: "We've got to give. We can't go on living like we've been raised. You try to put up a brick wall and you are just kidding yourself."

It is a once-defiant Mississippi lawyer, saying: "I fought the school decision of 1954, because it was a ruling by a judicial oligarchy which based its findings on sociology and not on law. The Civil Rights Act of 1964 was passed by the Congress and signed by the President. It is a product of the democratic process. Whether we like it or not, we've got to do our damnedest to learn how to live with it."

And it is the voice of the man in the southern street, saying resignedly: "I've got where I don't care any longer. I'm tired of thinking about it."

The South is weary of sit-ins, kneel-ins, wade-ins, and placard-carrying marchers singing "We Shall Overcome" on the courthouse steps. It wants no more church-burnings, bombings, and backroads murders by its own fanatic defenders. It is as fed up with its home-grown "patriots"—its Leander Perezes and Robert Sheltons and Lester Maddoxes—as it is with the bearded and sandaled "agitators" who have come from afar to teach it the error of its ways. The lesson of Albany, Montgomery, Little Rock, Oxford, Birmingham, Selma, and Bogalusa has finally begun to sink in—violent resistance gets you nowhere.

The change came to the different states at different times—first to those which had the smallest Negro population. Texas, Arkansas, Tennessee and North Carolina are now so far along the road to compliance that they have no place in this report. The Deep South moved more slowly, with greater agony of spirit. Georgia's attitudes began to change in 1961, when a brief but bloody riot at the state university, in protest against the enrollment of two Negro students, gave its citizens a preview of a troubled future which they resolved to avoid. South Carolina, too civilized to fight with guns, bombs and torches, placed its faith in the sovereignty of state laws over federal—until July of 1964, when the passage of the Civil Rights Act closed those doors. Alabama blindly followed the path of defiance laid down by Gov. George Wallace—until the murder of Mrs. Viola Liuzzo brought home to the mass of its people an awareness of the dreadful image Alabama was projecting to the world. In Louisiana, Gov. John McKeithen, elected as a segregationist, looked at the agony of his sister states and, once in office, turned cautiously moderate. In Mississippi the slow transition did not begin until after the defeat of Barry Goldwater in last year's election.

Within the changing states the different communities are moving at their own pace toward the future. Hemmed in by the spears of the federal law, fearful of losing federal funds, their mood today is one of resignation, of reluctant, sometimes sullen, acceptance of the inevitable. Segregation, supported by state law and ancient custom, is as dead as slavery. Desegregation, the tearing down of the old walls that prevented the Negro from eating, sleeping, working, or going to school wherever his financial resources, his talents, or his personal desires would permit, is going forward at a pace not even the most sanguine liberal would have predicted a year ago. Integration, as a thing of the heart and the spirit, a willingness not only to accept the Negro on equal terms but compassionately to help him prepare for his new opportunities and responsibilities, is only faintly beginning.

The visitor from the North would notice nothing new and strange in the pattern of race relationships that is evolving in the South. To the southerner, traveling in his native region, the changes he sees are startling: The Negro policeman, pulling a white driver over to the curb in Greenville, S.C.; the Negro reporter, covering the police-and-hospital beat for a Charleston paper; the Negro couple quietly moving into a plush downtown apartment house in Atlanta; Negroes eating side by side with whites in a hundred towns; the Negro cashier in the department store in Montgomery, Ala., where the Stars and Bars of the Confederacy fly over the dome of George Wallace's state capitol and the Stars and Stripes of the U.S.A. still are relegated to a short pole on the lawn.

The list goes on: The Negro and white teenagers swimming together in public pools in Atlanta, and Huntsville, Ala.; the white and Negro housewives using the same washeteria in Demopolis, Ala.; the nine Negro lawmakers taking their seats in the Georgia legislature, where only two years ago the Speaker of the House had commanded, "Mr. Doorkeeper, move them Nigras out of the white folks' section of the balcony."

It would be naïve to assume that these things indicate the white southerner has given up his old prejudices, or that he gladly welcomes the Negro to free and equal citizenship. In many small and petty ways he tries to keep the old barriers up, or seeks to humiliate the Negro as he enters the new

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Charles Williams (right) checks control panel at nylon plant in Greenville, S.C., with a fellow worker, Lewis J. Slatton.

"The Civil Rights Act of 1964 was passed by the Congress and signed by the President. Whether we like it or not, we've got to do our damnedest to live with it."

doors that are open to him. In a hundred city halls and courthouses the "white" and "colored" signs have been taken down from the drinking fountains, but the old squirt fountains have been replaced by paper cups and curved faucets known to the crass as "nigger hooks." In a Selma restaurant a waitress hands the white patron a printed message with his menu. It reads: "We regret that the law requires us to serve persons whose presence may be offensive to you." In a motel in Charleston a new sign posted on the door of a room said: "The price of this room is $24." The motel was plush, but not that plush, and a startled white patron called the desk. "Oh," said the clerk blandly. "That is the rate during the season—and to discourage undesirable guests. Your rate is seven dollars and sixty cents."

Occasionally the southerner grossly offends the Negro, not from malice, but out of ancient habit. For example, the Parliament House Lakeshore Motor Inn, in Baton Rouge, accepts Negroes as guests and serves them courteously in the dining rooms. Recently two visitors from Washington, a white man and a Negro, were received pleasantly enough when they arrived at the registration desk.

The clerk looked at the names on the cards, and called a bellboy. Handing him the keys, he said, "Take Mr. Johnson to 416. And take Abe (the Negro) to 418."

Now and then some unexpected contact with the "new" Negro causes the white southerner's inner tensions to explode. At the University of Mississippi, since the enrollment of James Meredith by force of federal arms, Negro students have been received with cold acceptance but few outward signs of resentment. An incident reveals how thin is this veneer of civility. A white student, passing through a swinging door, automatically held it open for the person coming behind him. Hearing a polite "thank you," he looked back to see that he had held the door for a Negro. The enormity of what he had done overwhelmed him. "You black son of a bitch!" he yelled. At the University of South Carolina, a student explained, "We don't insult them. We just ignore them."

Even the liberal southerner, willing to grant the Negro all the rights and privileges of citizenship, sometimes finds himself being pushed farther than he is willing to go. In Greenville, S.C., five white men and five Negroes sat down together for months, quietly working out agreements by which they hoped to prevent fierce confrontation between the races in the streets. Finally there was nothing much left to talk about. The demonstrations had been called off. The town had been opened to the Negro in full compliance with the law—except for the white swimming pool, which had been converted into an integrated sea-lion tank. At a final session the white chairman, a jovial man who liked to lead the singing at civic clubs, rose to speak. "Friends," he said, "we have done a great work here. We have kept the lines of communication open. When we started talking, sit-ins and demonstrations were going on all over town, and we were about to have an explosion. But by sitting down together and talking together like reasonable men, we have resolved our differences. We have kept the peace. Now, I'll tell you one more thing I want you to do."

He told them. For a moment there was silence. Then, at the end of the table, a slender, peppery South Carolina aristocrat rose and reached for his coat. "No," he said. "I have gone along with the law. Out of respect and admiration for my Negro friends, I have even gone beyond what the law requires. But I'll be damned if I'm going to hold hands around this table and sing *Blest Be the Tie That Binds.*"

In his little office over a barbershop, attorney Donald James Sampson, a Negro leader who had taken part in the Greenville agreements, remembered the incident with a smile. "I took no offense," he said. "You can't expect any white man in the South to bless the ties that bind him closer to the Negro. It's too early for that yet. But I think that feeling will pass in time.

"And I really believe that secretly, deep down in his heart, the white southerner now feels a great sense of spiritual freedom. Now that he can do what he knows is right without censure, because the law requires him to, his basic inner decency is beginning to shine through. You can tell he feels good inside."

The Negro is beginning to feel good inside, too, said Mr. Sampson, and he regards that as a danger.

"When they are angry and hurting, they will fight," he said. "When they begin to feel everything's all right, they go to sleep. They say, 'Well, the law says I'm free now, so I'll just sit back and let the good life come.' But the law is just the beginning. The hard work for the Negro is ahead—the discipline, the work, the training and education, the willingness to take on responsibility. He's got to go a long way to make up for his years of backwardness."

In many southern towns there is a growing awareness that the white community must hold out a helping hand to the Negro as he tries to prepare himself for his new role as a full-fledged partner in the working community. In Greenville, S.C., white personnel officers of local stores and industries hold seminars for Negroes who wish to apply for jobs, teaching them the questions they will be asked, and advising them how to dress and deport themselves when they go in for an interview. In Greenville, Miss., a school has been set up at an abandoned air base, where Negroes are trained in the technical skills the community needs. In Tallahassee, Fla., the State Industrial Commission has begun an aggressive campaign to find Negroes professionally qualified to serve in state jobs. In Huntsville, Ala., the great space-age industries concentrated there have set up a far-ranging training program. In Demopolis, the city has offered to provide office space, typewriters and teachers for young Negro high-school graduates who want to train themselves (*continued on page 62*)

Working the police beat for a South Carolina newspaper, reporter Rudolph Pyott uses phone of Lt. W. A. Edwards.

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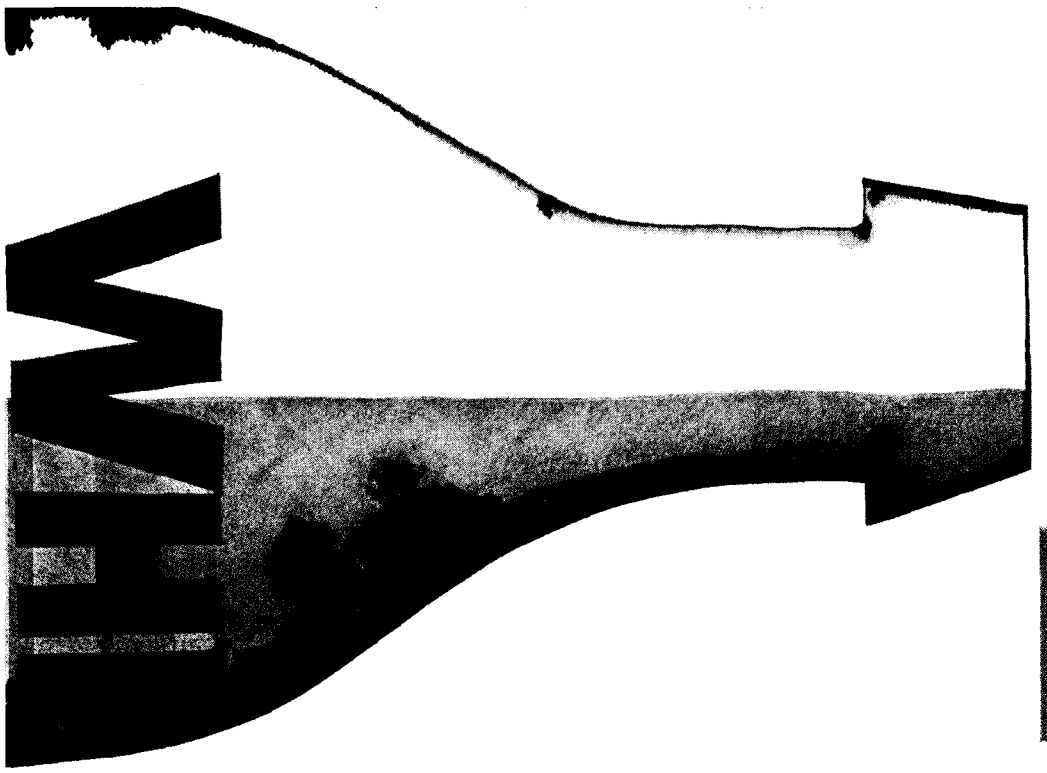

Mr. Acarius BY WILLIAM FAULKNER

By the time of William Faulkner's death in 1962, his 28 volumes—including novels, short stories, poems and a play—had made him one of the most honored and influential of 20th-century writers. Most of the novels and short stories were set in the fictional world of his own creation: Yoknapatawpha County, a Mississippi county much like the one where he passed most of his life. In other works he went outside of Yoknapatawpha County. Short stories reflected, for instance, the Hollywood he had seen when he worked there as a scriptwriter. His Pulitzer Prize-winning novel, A FABLE, published in 1954, reset the story of Christ's Passion and Death in the France of World War I. But all of his work, as he often said, dealt with perennial themes: the anguishes and aspirations of the human heart, man in conflict with his environment, his fellows and himself.

MR. ACARIUS had been completed by February, 1953, and had probably been composed not long before. It is one of a few Faulkner stories up to now unpublished. In it appear some of the gifts which gained Faulkner a secure place among America's major literary artists. Though it takes place in a metropolitan setting, it is linked by several strands to his other fiction. Something like the wild humor of SANCTUARY'S Memphis underworld wells up here in the bizarre experience of the protagonist in the alcoholics' hospital. At the same time Faulkner is concerned with problems that engaged him during the 10 years he worked sporadically on A FABLE—man's capacity for both anguish and baseness. Here the protagonist enters on a kind of Dostoevskian quest to give his life meaning through suffering. He plans to descend deep into debauchery in an effort to link himself with other suffering men and to come to terms with the intolerable human condition. The failure of his attempt only increases the poignancy of Faulkner's story.

Joseph Blotner

Dr. Blotner, who teaches English at the University of Virginia, is writing the authorized biography of William Faulkner.

Mr. Acarius waited until toward the end of the afternoon, though he and his doctor had been classmates and fraternity brothers and still saw each other several times a week in the homes of the same friends and in the bars and lounges and grills of the same clubs, and he knew that he would have been sent straight in, no matter when he called. He was, almost immediately, to stand in his excellent sober Madison Avenue suit above the desk behind which his friend sat buried to the elbows in the paper end of the day, a reflector cocked rakishly above one ear and the other implements of his calling serpentined about the white regalia of his priesthood.

"I want to get drunk," Mr. Acarius said.

"All right," the doctor said, scribbling busily now at the foot of what was obviously a patient's chart. "Give me ten minutes. Or why don't you go on to the club and I'll join you there."

But Mr. Acarius didn't move. He said, "Ab. Look at me," in such a tone that the doctor thrust his whole body up and away from the desk in order to look up at Mr. Acarius standing over him.

"Say that again," the doctor said. Mr. Acarius did so. "I mean in English," the doctor said.

"I was fifty years old yesterday," Mr. Acarius said. "I have just exactly what money I shall need to supply my wants and pleasures until the bomb falls. Except that when that occurs—I mean the bomb, of course—nothing will have happened to me in all my life. If there is any rubble left, it will be only the carcass of my Capehart and the frames of my Picassos. Because there will never

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have been anything of me to have left any smudge or stain. Until now, that has contented me. Or rather, I have been resigned to accept it. But not any more. Before I have quitted this scene, vanished from the recollection of a few headwaiters and the membership lists of a few clubs ——"

"Along with the headwaiters and the clubs," the doctor said. "Predicating the bomb, of course."

"Be quiet and listen," Mr. Acarius said. "Before that shall have happened, I want to experience man, the human race."

"Find yourself a mistress," the doctor said.

"I tried that. Maybe what I want is debasement too."

"Then in God's name get married," the doctor said. "What better way than that to run the whole gamut from garret to cellar and back again, not just once, but over again every day—or so they tell me."

"Yes," Mr. Acarius said. "So they tell you. I notice how the bachelor always says *Try* marriage, as he might advise you to try hashish. It's the husband who always says *Get* married; *videlicet:* We need you."

"Then get drunk," the doctor said. "And may your shadow never grow less. And now I hope we have come at last to the nut. Just what do you want of me?"

"I want ——" Mr. Acarius said. "I don't just want ——"

"You don't just want to get tight, like back in school: Wake up tomorrow with nothing but a hangover, take two aspirins and a glass of tomato juice and drink all the black coffee you can hold, then at five P.M. a hair of the dog and now the whole business is over and forgotten until next time. You want to lie in a gutter in skid row without having to go down to skid row to do it. You no more intend going down to skid row than you intend having skid row coming up the elevator to the twenty-second floor of the Barkman Tower. You would join skid row in its debasement, only you prefer to do yours on good Scotch whiskey. So there's not just an esprit de sty; there's a snobbery de sty too."

"All right," said Mr. Acarius.

"All right?"

"Yes then," Mr. Acarius said.

"Then this is where we came in," the doctor said. "Just what do you want of me?"

"I'm trying to tell you," Mr. Acarius said. "I'm not just no better than the people on skid row. I'm not even as good, for the reason that I'm richer. Because I'm richer, I not only don't have anything to escape from, driving me to try to escape from it, but as another cypher in the abacus of mankind, I am not even high enough in value to alter any equation by being subtracted from it. But at least I can go along for the ride, like the flyspeck on the handle of the computer, even if it can't change the addition. At least I can experience, participate in, the physical degradation of escaping ——"

"A sty in a penthouse," the doctor said.

"—the surrender, the relinquishment to and into the opium of escaping, knowing in advance the inevitable tomorrow's inevitable physical agony; to have lost nothing of anguish but instead only to have gained it; to have merely compounded yesterday's spirit's and soul's laceration with tomorrow's hangover ——"

"—with a butler to pour your drink when you reach that stage and to pour you into the bed when you reach that stage, and to bring you the aspirin and the bromide after the three days or the four or whenever it will be that you will allow yourself to hold them absolved who set you in the world," the doctor said.

"I didn't think you understood," Mr. Acarius said, "even if you were right about the good Scotch where his on skid row is canned heat. The butler and the penthouse will only do to start with, to do the getting drunk in. But after that, no more. Even if Scotch is the only debasement of which my soul is capable, the anguish of my recovery from it will be at least a Scotch approximation of his who had nothing but canned heat with which to face the intolerable burden of his soul."

"What in the world are you talking about?" the doctor said. "Do you mean that you intend to drink yourself into Bellevue?"

"Not Bellevue," Mr. Acarius said. "Didn't we both agree that I am incapable of skid row? No, no: One of those private places, such as the man from skid row will never and can never see, whose at best is a grating or a vacant doorway, and at worst a police van and the—what do they call it?—bullpen. A Scotch bullpen of course, since that's all I am capable of. But it will have mankind in it, and I shall have entered mankind."

"Say that again," the doctor said. "Try that in English too."

"That's all," Mr. Acarius said. "Mankind. People. Man. I shall be one with man, victim of his own base appetites and now struggling to extricate himself from that debasement. Maybe it's even my fault that I'm incapable of anything but Scotch, and so our bullpen will be a Scotch one where for a little expense we can have peace, quiet for the lacerated and screaming nerves, sympathy, understanding ——"

"What?" the doctor said.

"—and maybe what my fellow inmates are trying to escape from—the too many mistresses or wives or the too much money or responsibility or whatever else it is that drives into escape the sort of people who can afford to pay fifty dollars a day for the privilege of escaping—will not bear mention in the same breath with that which drives one who can afford no better, even to canned heat. But at least we will be together in having failed to escape and in knowing that in the last analysis there is no escape, that you can never escape and, whether you will or not, you must reenter the world and bear yourself in it and its lacerations and all its anguish of breathing, to support and comfort one another in that knowledge and that attempt."

"What?" the doctor said. "What's that?"

"I beg pardon?" said Mr. Acarius.

"Do you really believe that that's what you are going to find in this place?"

"Why not?"

"Then I beg yours," the doctor said. "Go on."

"That's all," Mr. Acarius said. "That's what I want of you. You must know any number of these places. The best ——"

"The best," the doctor said. "Of course." He reached for the telephone. "Yes, I know it."

"Shouldn't I see it first?"

"What for? They're all alike. You'll have seen plenty of this one before you're out again."

"I thought you said that this one would be the best," Mr. Acarius said.

"Right," the doctor said, removing his hand from the telephone. It did not take them long: an address in an expensive section facing the Park, itself outwardly resembling just another expensive apartment house not too different from that one in (or on) which Mr. Acarius himself lived, the difference only beginning inside and even there not too great: A switchboard in a small foyer enclosed by the glass-panel walls of what were obviously offices. Apparently the doctor read Mr. Acarius's expression. "Oh, the drunks," the doctor said. "They're all upstairs. Unless they can walk, they bring them in the back way. And even when they can walk in, they don't see this very long nor but twice. Well?" Then the doctor read that one too. "All right. We'll see Hill too. After all, if you're going to surrender your amateur's virginity in debauchery, you are certainly entitled to examine at least the physiognomy of the supervisor of the rite."

Doctor Hill was no older than Mr. Acarius's own doctor; apparently there was between them the aura or memory of more than one Atlantic City and Palm Beach and Beverly Hills convention. "Look here, Ab," Doctor Hill said. "Haven't you boys come to the wrong place?"

"Does Doctor Hill think I shouldn't take up room better used or at least needed by someone else?" Mr. Acarius said.

"No, no," Doctor Hill said. "There's always room for one more in dipsomania."

"Like in adultery," Mr. Acarius's doctor said.

"We don't cure that here," Doctor Hill said.

"Do they anywhere?" Mr. Acarius's doctor said.

"Can't say," Doctor Hill said. "When do you want to start?"

"What about now?" said Mr. Acarius.

"You just get sober here, not drunk too," Doctor Hill said. "You'll have to do that much of it outside, otherwise the antitrust or the free-trade laws might get us."

"Give us four days," Mr. Acarius's doctor said. "We can certainly come in under the wire in that time."

So four days were set; Mr. Acarius let himself go into alcohol completely again for the first time since his college days. That is, he tried to, because at first it seemed to him that he was making no progress at all and in the end would let down not only his own doctor but Doctor Hill too. But by the end of the third day, reason told him he had better not try to leave his penthouse; and by the afternoon of the fourth one, when his doctor called for him, his legs themselves assured him that he could not without assistance, so that his doctor looked at him with a sort of admiration almost. "By gravy, you're even up to an ambulance. What do you say? Go in toes-up like you had come in a patrol wagon right out from under Brooklyn Bridge?"

"No," Mr. Acarius said. "Just hurry."

"What?" the doctor said. "It can't be that your mind is changing."

"No," Mr. Acarius said. "This is what I wanted."

"The brotherhood of suffering," the doctor said. "All of you together there, to support and comfort one another in the knowledge of the world's anguish, and that you must be a man and not run from it? How did it go? Peace and quiet for the lacerated and screaming nerves, sympathy, understanding ——"

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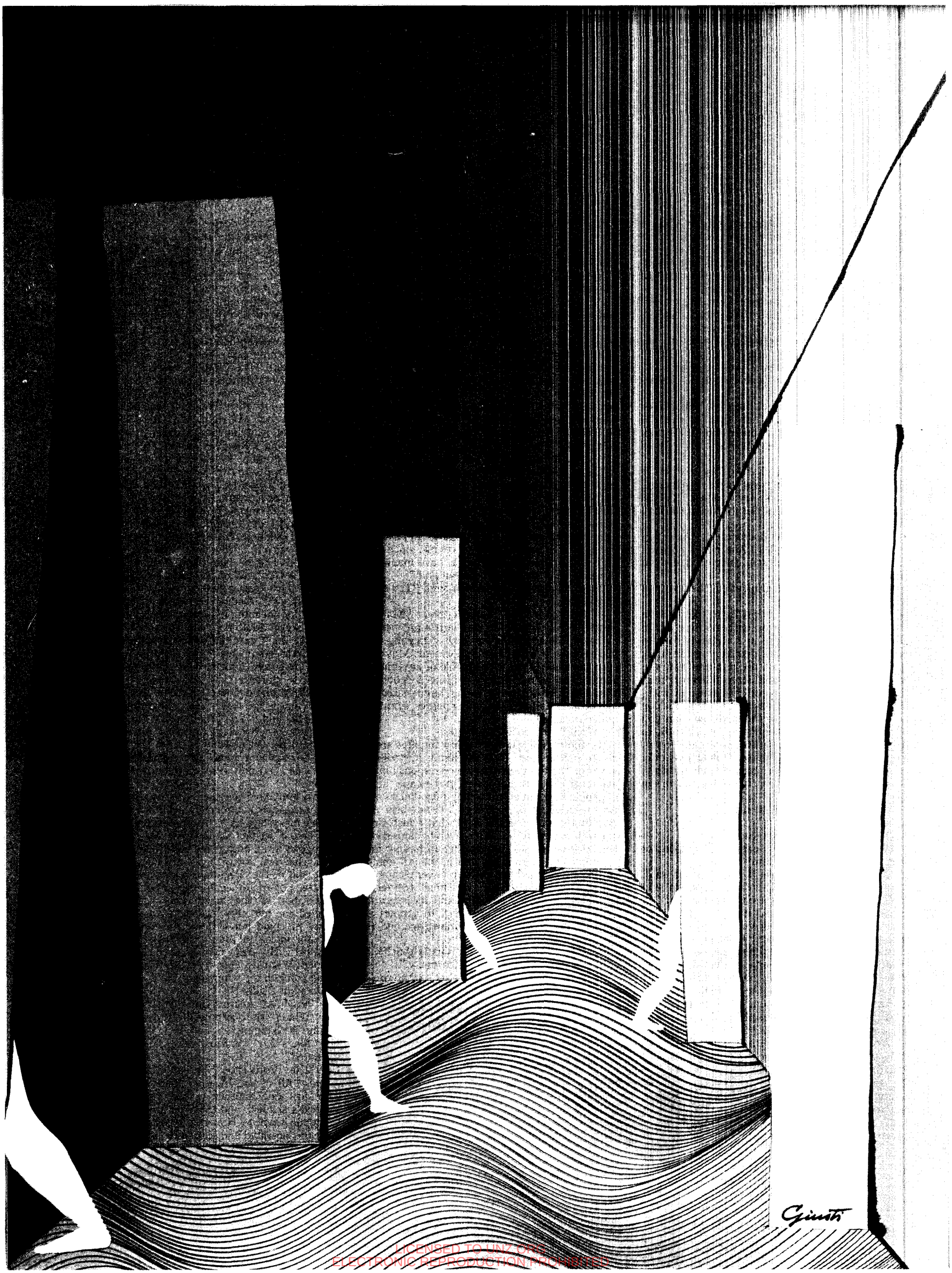

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"All right," Mr. Acarius said. "Just hurry. I'm going to be sick."

So they did: between his own houseman and an elevator man who remembered him well and tenderly from many Christmases, down the elevator and across the foyer and into the doctor's car; then into the other small foyer again, where Mr. Acarius knew that at any moment now he was going to be sick, looking out of a sort of tilting chasm of foul bile-tasting misery at what was holding them up: some commotion or excitement at the elevator which a flashy, slightly brassy woman in an expensive fur coat, like a fading show girl, was being forcibly restrained from entering. If somebody doesn't do something pretty quick, Mr. Acarius thought, it won't matter anymore. Which apparently someone did, his own doctor perhaps, though Mr. Acarius was too miserable to tell, only that he was in the elevator at last, the door sliding to across the heavily rouged shape of the woman's scream. "Peace and quiet," his doctor said.

"All right," Mr. Acarius said again. "Just hurry."

But they made it: in the privacy of his room at last and the nurse (he did not remark when or where she came from either) even got the basin in position in time. Then he lay exhausted on his bed while the deft hands which he had anticipated divested him of his clothing and slipped his pajamas over his legs and arms, not his doctor's hands, nor—opening his eyes—even the nurse's. It was a man, with a worn almost handsome actor's face, in pajamas and dressing gown, whom Mr. Acarius knew at once, with a sort of peaceful vindication, to be another patient. He had been right, it was not even as he had merely hoped but as he had expected, lying there, empty and exhausted and even at peace at last while he watched the stranger take up his coat and trousers and move rapidly into the bathroom with them and reappear empty-handed, stooping now over Mr. Acarius's suitcase when the nurse entered with a small glass of something and a tumbler of water on a tray.

"What is it?" Mr. Acarius said.

"For your nerves," the nurse said.

"I don't want it now," Mr. Acarius said. "I want to suffer a little more yet."

"You want to what?" the nurse said.

"The man's suffering," the stranger said. "Go on, Goldie. Bring him a drink. You've got to have something to put down on his chart."

"Says you," the nurse said.

"You've got to watch Goldie," the stranger said to Mr. Acarius. "She's from Alabama."

"What time everybody's not watching you," the nurse said to the stranger. She glanced rapidly, apparently at Mr. Acarius's discarded clothing, because she said sharply, "Where's his suit?"

"I've already put it in," the stranger said, tossing Mr. Acarius's shoes and underwear and shirt into the suitcase and closing it rapidly. Then he crossed to a narrow locker in the corner and stowed the suitcase in it and closed the door, which now revealed itself to be armed with a small padlock. "You want to lock it yourself, or will you trust me?" the stranger said to the nurse.

"Hold it," the nurse said grimly. She set the tray on the table and entered the bathroom and then reappeared. "All right," she said. "Lock it." The stranger did so. The nurse approached and tested the lock and then took up the tray again. "When you want this, ring," she told Mr. Acarius. At the door she paused again, speaking this time to the stranger. "Get out of here now," she said. "Let him rest."

"Right," the stranger said. The nurse went out. The stranger watched the door for perhaps half a minute. Then he came back to the bed. "It's behind the tub," he said.

"What?" Mr. Acarius said.

"That's right," the stranger said. "You've got to watch even the good ones like Goldie. Just wait till you see the one that's coming at midnight. Boy. But we'll be all right now." He looked down at Mr. Acarius, speaking rapidly now. "My name's Miller. You're a patient of Doctor Cochrane's, aren't you?"

"Yes," Mr. Acarius said.

"That'll do it; Cochrane's got such a good reputation around here that any patient of his gets the benefit of the doubt. Judy's down stairs—Watkins's girl friend. She's already tried once to get up here. But Watkins himself hasn't a chance; Goldie's got him sewed up in his room and is watching him like a hawk. But you can do it."

"Do what?" Mr. Acarius said.

"Call down and say Judy is your guest, and to send her up," Miller said, handing Mr. Acarius the telephone. "Her name's Lester."

"What?" Mr. Acarius said. "What?"

"OK. I'll do it for you. What's your name? I didn't catch it."

"Acarius," Mr. Acarius said.

"Acarius," Miller said. He said into the telephone: "Hello. This is Mr. Acarius in twenty-seven. Send Miss Lester up, will you? Thanks." He put the receiver back and picked up Mr. Acarius's dressing gown. "Now put this on and be ready to meet her. We'll take care of the rest of it. We'll have to work fast because Goldie's going to catch on as soon as she hears the elevator."

It did go fast. Mr. Acarius in his dressing gown was barely on his feet and Miller was scarcely out of the room, when he heard the elevator stop, followed by a hard rapid clatter of female heels in the corridor. Then the next moment his room seemed to be full of people: the brassy, slightly buxom slightly faded girl whom he had left screaming in the foyer, running in and flinging herself upon him shrieking, "Darling! Darling!" with Miller and another man in pajamas and robe on her heels—an older man of at least sixty, with no actor's face this time because Shriner's conventions and nightclubs and the first-night lobbies of musical comedies were full of it—and last of all, the nurse and the elevator attendant, Mr. Acarius watching in horror the brassy girl now hissing viciously: "Hurry, you bastards, hurry!" holding the fur coat open while Miller and the other man tore savagely at the front of her dress until it fell open and revealed a half-pint bottle tucked into each lobe of her brassiere. Then the room was empty again, as suddenly and violently as it had filled, though not for long; indeed, to Mr. Acarius it seemed almost simultaneous, superposed: The uproar still fading up the corridor, the older patient's voice still raised in adjuration at the nurse or whoever it was who had finally got the two bottles, when the heels clattered again, the brassy girl entering this time at a dead run, snatching the front of her dress and slip into a wad at her middle and revealing a third bottle, a full pint this time, taped high between her running legs, running to Mr. Acarius and crying down at him: "Grab it! Grab it!" then, while Mr. Acarius, incapable of moving, merely stared, ripping the bottle free herself and thrusting it into the chair behind him and turning already smoothing her skirt over her hips as the nurse entered, saying to the nurse haughtily, in a voice of a princess or a queen: "Have the goodness not to touch me again."

And he still crouched there, weak and trembling, while the uproar really did die away; he was still there perhaps ten minutes later when Miller, followed by the older man, entered. "Good work," Miller said. "Where is it?" Mr. Acarius made a weak gesture. Miller reached behind him and extracted a pint of whiskey.

"Did you ever see a dream . . . walking," the older man said.

"Oh yes," Miller said. "This is Watkins."

"Did you ever hear a dream . . . talking," Watkins said. "The best place to hide it is here."

"Right," Miller said. "The geranium too."

"Go and get it," Watkins said. Miller went out. Watkins carried the pint bottle to Mr. Acarius's bed and thrust it beneath the covers at the foot. "And the dream that is walking and talking," Watkins said. "This your first visit here?"

"Yes," Mr. Acarius whispered.

"You'll get used to it," Watkins said, ". . . is you," he said. Miller returned, carrying a potted geranium under his dressing gown, and a folded newspaper which he spread on the floor and then dumped the plant and its nurturing earth from the pot onto the paper, revealing another pint bottle.

"That puts us in pretty good shape," Miller said. "We may not have to use your suit, after all."

"My suit?" Mr. Acarius whispered.

"The fire escape goes down just outside my window," Miller said, folding the refuse of the geranium into the paper. "Last week Watkins got hold of the key long enough to unlock the window. I've still got my shoes and shirt, but we didn't have any pants. But we're fixed now. In an emergency, one of us can climb down the fire escape and go down to the corner and get a bottle. But we won't need to now. We won't even need to risk changing the charts tonight," he said to Watkins.

"Maybe not," Watkins said, brushing the earth from the bottle, "Get a glass from the bathroom."

"Maybe we ought to put this back into the pot," Miller said, raising the folded paper.

"Put it all in the wastebasket," Watkins said. Miller dumped the paper containing the ruined geranium into Mr. Acarius's wastebasket and dropped the empty pot on top of it and went into the bathroom and returned with an empty tumbler. Watkins had already opened the bottle. He poured a drink into the tumbler and drank it. "Give him one too," he said. "He deserves it."

"No," Mr. Acarius whispered.

"Better have one," Miller said. "You don't look too good."

"No," Mr. Acarius whispered.

"You want me to send Goldie back with that bromide she tried to give you?"

"No," Mr. Acarius whispered.

"Let the man alone," Watkins said. "This is still America, even in here. He don't have to drink if he don't want to. Hide this one good too."

"Right," Miller said.

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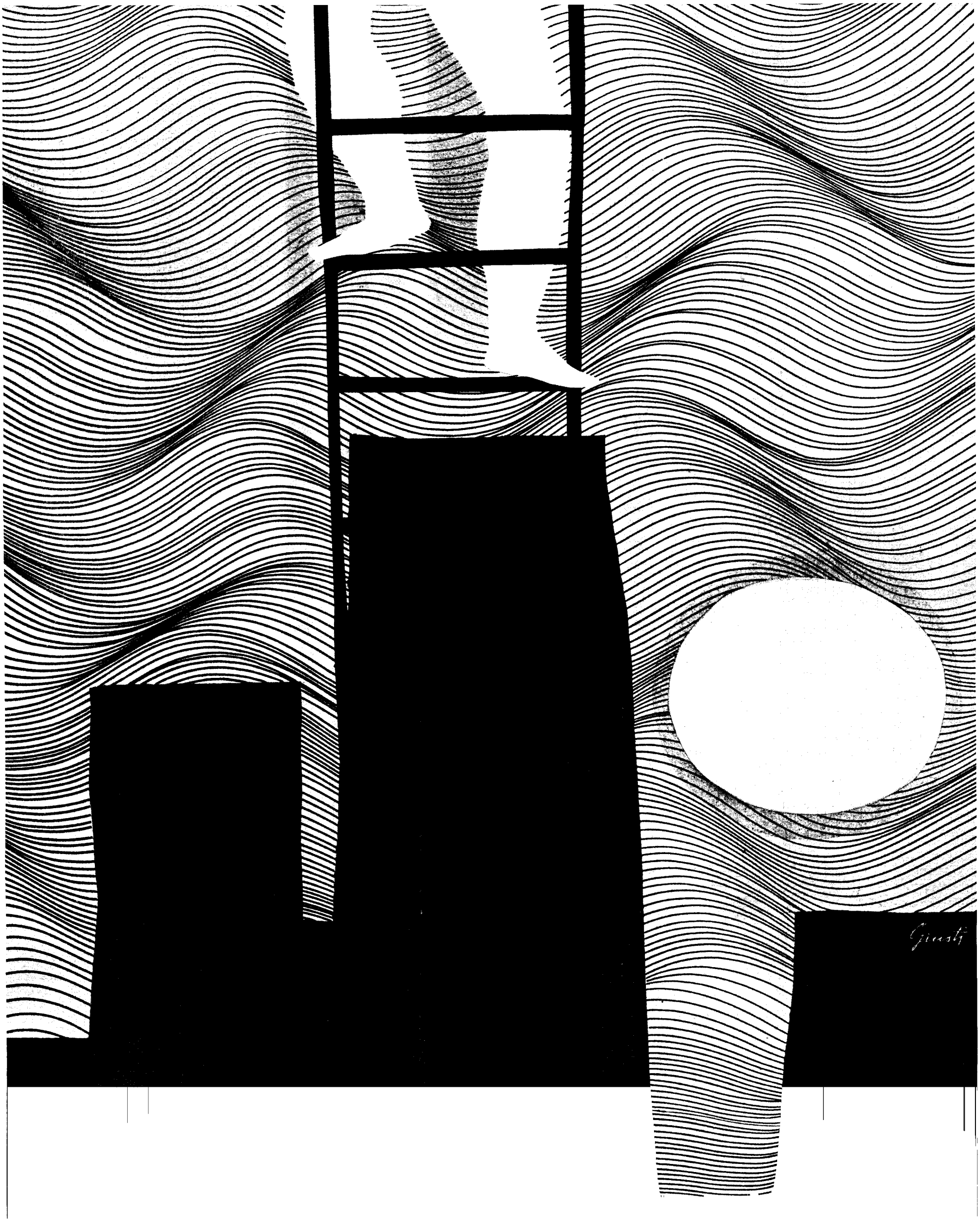

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"Did you ever see a dream . . . walking," Watkins said.

And still Mr. Acarius crouched. After a while an orderly brought him a tray of supper; he sat looking at the food quietly, as though it contained poison. The nurse entered, again with the tray. This time it bore, in addition to the water, a small glass of whiskey.

"You've got to eat," she said. "Maybe this will give you an appetite."

"No," Mr. Acarius whispered.

"Come on now," the nurse said. "You must try to cooperate."

"I can't," Mr. Acarius whispered.

"OK," the nurse said. "But you must eat some of it, or I'll have to tell Doctor Hill on you."

So he tried, chewing down a little of the food anyway; presently the orderly came and removed the tray; immediately after that Miller entered rapidly and removed one of the bottles, the one Watkins had opened, from Mr. Acarius's bed. "We appreciate this," Miller said. "Sure you won't have one?"

"No," Mr. Acarius whispered. Then he could crouch again, hearing the slow accumulation of the cloistral evening. He could see the corridor beyond his door. Occasionally other men in pajamas and dressing gowns passed; they seemed to be congregating toward another lighted door up the corridor; even as he knotted the cord of his robe he could hear the unmistakable voice: "Did you ever see a dream . . . walking," then, creeping nearer, he could see inside the office or dispensary or whatever it was—a cabinet, open, the keys dangling on a ring from the lock, the nurse measuring whiskey from a brown unlabeled bottle in turn into the small glasses in the hands of the assembled devotees. "Did you ever hear a dream . . . talking," Watkins said.

"That's right," Miller said to him in a friendly voice. "Better take it while you can. It's going to be a long dry spell after Goldie goes off at midnight."

But that was not what Mr. Acarius wanted; alone with the nurse at last, he said so. "It's a little early to go to bed yet, isn't it?" the nurse said.

"I've got to sleep," Mr. Acarius said. "I've got to."

"All right," the nurse said. "Go get in bed and I'll bring it to you."

He did so, swallowed the capsule and then lay, the hidden bottle cold against his feet, though it would warm in time or perhaps in time, soon even, he would not care, though he didn't see how, how ever to sleep again; he didn't know how late it was, though that would not matter either: to call his doctor now, have the nurse call him, to come and get him, take him away into safety, sanity, falling suddenly from no peace into something without peace either, into a loud crash from somewhere up the corridor. It was late, he could feel it. The overhead light was off now, though a single shaded one burned beside the bed, and now there were feet in the corridor, running; Watkins and Miller entered. Watkins wore a woman's jade-colored raincoat, from the front of which protruded or dangled a single broken-stemmed tuberose; his head was bound in a crimson silk scarf like a nun's wimple. Miller was carrying the same brown unlabeled bottle which Mr. Acarius had seen the nurse lock back inside the cabinet two or three hours or whatever it was ago, which he was trying to thrust into Mr. Acarius's bed when there entered a nurse whom Mr. Acarius knew at once must be the new and dreaded one: an older woman in awry pince-nez, crying: "Give it back to me! Give it back to me!" She cried to Mr. Acarius: "I had the cabinet unlocked and was reaching down the bottle when one of them knocked my cap off and when I caught at it, one of them reached over my head and grabbed the bottle!"

"Then give me back that bottle of mine you stole out of my flush tank," Miller said.

"I poured it out," the nurse cried in triumph.

"But you had no right to," Miller said. "That was mine. I bought it myself, brought it in here with me. It didn't belong to the hospital at all and you had no right to put your hand on it."

"We'll let Doctor Hill decide that," the nurse said. She snatched up the brown unlabeled bottle and went out.

"You bet we will," Miller said, following.

"Did you ever hear a dream . . . talking," Watkins said. "Move your feet," he said, reaching into Mr. Acarius's bed and extracting the unopened bottle. Mr. Acarius did not move, he could not, while Watkins opened the bottle and drank from it. From up the corridor there still came the sound of Miller's moral indignation; presently Miller entered.

"She wouldn't let me use the telephone," he said. "She's sitting on it. We'll have to go upstairs and wake him up."

"She has no sense of humor," Watkins said. "Better kill this before she finds it too." They drank rapidly in turn from the bottle. "We'll have to have more liquor now. We'll have to get the keys away from her."

"How?" Miller said.

"Trip her up. Grab them."

"That's risky."

"Not unless she hits her head on something. Get her out into the corridor first, where there's plenty of room."

"Let's go upstairs and wake up Hill first," Miller said. "I'm damned if I'm going to let them get away with anything as high-handed as this."

"Right," Watkins said, emptying the bottle and dropping it into Mr. Acarius's wastebasket. Then Mr. Acarius was alone again—if he had ever been else, since there was no time to telephone anyone now, no one to telephone to: who was as isolate from help and aid here as if he had waked on an inaccessible and forgotten plateau of dinosaurs, where only beast might be rallied to protect beast from beast; he remembered in the group armed with the small ritual glasses at the dispensary one who looked like a truck driver or perhaps even a prize fighter; he might do to help, provided he was awake, though it was incredible to Mr. Acarius that anyone on the floor could still be asleep; certainly not now because at this moment there came through the ceiling overhead the sound of Doctor Hill's voice roaring with rage, Mr. Acarius lying in a kind of suffering which was almost peaceful, thinking, Yes, yes, we will save her life and then I will get out of here, I don't care how, I don't care where; still lying so while Doctor Hill's voice reached its final crescendo, followed by a curious faint sound which Mr. Acarius could define only as a suspended one: then one last thundering crash.

He was off the bed now; the nurse and an orderly running, had already shown the way: A door in the corridor which, open now, revealed a flight of concrete stairs, at the foot of which lay Watkins. He looked indeed like a corpse now. In fact, he looked more than just dead: he looked at peace, his eyes closed, one arm flung across his breast so that the lax hand seemed to clasp lightly the broken stem of the tuberose. "That's right!" Mr. Acarius cried, "tremble! You only hope he is!"

Miller had said he put the suit behind the tub; it was there, wadded. Mr. Acarius had no shirt save his pajama jacket nor shoes save his carpet slippers. Nor did he have any idea where Miller's room with its unlocked window on the fire escape was either. But he did not hesitate. I've done what I can, he thought. Let the Lord provide awhile.

Something did, anyway. He had to wait while the orderly and two patients bore Watkins into his room and cleared the corridor. Then he found Miller's room with no more effort than just selecting a door rapidly and opening it. He had had a fear of height all his life, though he was already on the dark fire escape before he even remembered it, thinking with a kind of amazement of a time, a world in which anyone had time to be afraid of anything consisting merely of vertical space. He knew in theory that fire escapes did not reach the ground and that you had to drop the remaining distance too; it was dark here and he did not know into what but again he did not hesitate, letting go into nothing, onto cinders; there was a fence too and then an alley and now he could see the sweet and empty sweep of the Park: that and nothing more between him and the sanctuary of his home. Then he was in the Park, running, stumbling, panting, gasping, when a car drew abreast of him. Slowing, and a voice said, "Hey, you!" and still trying to run even after the blue coats and the shields surrounded him: then he was fighting, swinging wildly and violently until they caught and held him while one of them sniffed his breath. "Don't strike a match near him," a voice said. "Call the wagon."

"It's all right, officer," his doctor said and, panting, helpless, even crying now, Mr. Acarius saw for the first time the other car drawn up behind the police one. "I'm his doctor. They telephoned me from the hospital that he had escaped. I'll take charge of him. Just help me get him into my car."

They did so: the firm hard hands. Then the car was moving. "It was that old man," he said crying. "That terrible, terrible old man, who should have been at home telling bedtime stories to his grandchildren."

"Didn't you know there were police in that car?" the doctor said.

"No," Mr. Acarius cried. "I just knew that there were people in it."

Then he was at home, kneeling before the cellarette, dragging rapidly out not only what remained of the whiskey but all the rest of it too—the brandy, vermouth, gin, liqueurs—all of it, gathering the bottles in his arms and running into the bathroom where first one then a second and then a third crashed and splintered into the tub, the doctor leaning in the door, watching him.

"So you entered mankind, and found the place already occupied," the doctor said.

"Yes," Mr. Acarius said, crying, "You can't beat him. You cannot. You never will. Never." □

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The New York Times. EXTRA
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SOME OFFICES IN DOUBT

GOVERNOR ELECTED

MRS. FERGUSON WINS 2 TO 1 IN TEXAS RACE FOR GOVERNOR

COOLIDGE AND SMITH CARRY THIS

THIRD PARTY POLLS 4,000,000 VOTES IN WHOLE COUNTRY

Electoral Vote

NEW YORK BY 900,000

Coolidge's Plurality in This State Little Below Harding's

DAVIS GETS THE STATE OF

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The house of ADOLPH OCHS

He started as a printer's devil with a dream of publishing the world's greatest newspaper. Today his spirit governs and his descendants rule the giant of the nation's press. Every day more than 6,000 Times men turn to the task of producing all the news that's fit to print. Millions read it, great men heed it, and the news becomes history.

BY ROGER KAHN

Mrs. Iphigene Ochs Sulzberger, a stately lady of 73, had just left a meeting of her family circle, the board of directors of *The New York Times*, and now she sat straight-backed on a green leather chair in a room filled with mementos of her father, the great publisher Adolph Simon Ochs. "People are always wondering about the *Times*," Mrs. Sulzberger remarked in a pleasant way. "In father's time they claimed British gold supported us. Now they wonder why we don't make more money." Mrs. Sulzberger smiled, benign, patient. "If we did things differently," she said, "the paper might earn more money in the short run. But our way is best in the long run. You know, we are not the sort of people who feel we must have yachts."

The New York Times, Mrs. Sulzberger's family business, is the best and most important newspaper published in the United States, or, for that matter, anywhere in the world. It is a huge newspaper, with virtues almost as vast as its reputation. It is earnest, exhaustive, accurate by newspaper standards and incorruptible. Two Presidents have lately tried and failed to influence its reporting of the news. And yet, for all its profound virtues, the predominant attribute of *Times* reporting is caution, the predominant quality in *Times* writing style is flatness and the predominant color of *Times* typography is gray. During a recent journalism seminar, Ralph Allen, managing editor of the Toronto *Star*, summarized sophisticated professional opinion after a dinner which the *Times*, with its traditional largess, had provided. "I'd like to thank the *Times*," Allen declared solemnly over the empty coffee cups and into the resolute beams of his hosts, "for showing us all in a single place everything that a newspaper should and should not be."

As it advertises, *The New York Times* is "published every day" (at an annual cost of $135 million and 5.5 million trees), and it attempts to practice encyclopedism, which is possession of the whole range of knowledge. According to recent *Times* figures, the paper maintains 355 "reporters and writers" in its home office; at least 28 reporters and writers in Washington; 12 full-time regional correspondents throughout the country, and 44 full-time foreign correspondents scattered from Oslo to Johannesburg. In its morgue—its collection of newspaper clippings—there are biographical data on 1,300,000 individuals, facts on 500,000 corporations, 100,000 places and 100,000 ships, and a file of 10,000 maps.

Give or take a resignation or two (to write a novel for less money, or write political speeches for more), the editorial staff engaged in putting out the *Times* daily and Sunday numbers 1,003. Deployed differently and perhaps worked harder, that staff is big enough all by itself to publish 20 separate medium-sized daily newspapers serving, quite acceptably, the needs of cities the size of Columbus, Ohio; Tampa, Fla., and San Diego, Calif.

Most existing newspapers submit to, or court, simple classification. They want not only names but labels too. In those disparate pockets of free enterprise where papers still compete with one another, there may be The Suburban Stockbrokers' Paper, the Clamorous Liberals' Paper, and so on. (In cities as large as Los Angeles and as prosperous as Milwaukee, there is only "the paper"—one in the morning, one in the afternoon, to satisfy or to frustrate everyone.) The *Times*, flourishing in the only American city with six major metropolitan papers (plus the *Wall Street Journal*, plus *Newsday*, the richest suburban newspaper in the country, plus a babel of daily papers in Spanish, German, Italian, Greek, Yiddish and Hungarian), claims for itself a whole index of classifications. First, the *Times* is The Paper of Record.

"Nothing," an old *Times* man boasts, trying to cover his pride with a crooked little grin, "ever really happens until it happens in the *Times*." As The Paper of Record, the *Times* prints forests of complete texts—every presidential press conference, major speeches by Western and Communist heads of state, the full provisions of landmark legislation, even, and astonishingly, the complete 296,000-word Warren Report on the morning after it was released.

When an extended strike of printers interrupted newspaper publication in New York for 114 days in the winter of 1962–63, the *Times* insisted that its editors go through the motions of publishing, even though no type could be set. When the strike was settled, the *Times* printed summaries of the ghost papers for a month, at the rate of two or three a day. It also printed a 15-column account of the strike negotiations, faulting the tactical approach of Amory Bradford, its own general manager, who later resigned. Loyal *Times* men are convinced there is neither a news gap nor news bias in their paper.

Largely because of its completeness, the *Times* is The Paper of The Academic Community. More than half the college presidents in the U.S. read the *Times*, and it circulates to virtually every university and college library. It is only modest exaggeration to assert that if no one had invented *The New York Times*, no one would ever finish a term paper in sociology. The *Times* sells 2,150 copies a day in the Harvard complex; 1,225 at Yale; 700 at Chicago and 375 at the University of California in Berkeley, where distance makes the *Times* two things a newspaper should never be: expensive and late.

The *Times* is The Paper of The Arts and The Intellectual Community. It staffs a distinct Cultural Affairs Department, with 40 men and women, and it considers Isaac Stern's purchase of a new Guarnerius as news worth two thirds of a column on a busy day. Most of its critics are scorned, disliked, patronized, cursed and sometimes faintly cheered. Nonetheless, they are critics of the *Times*. No one else can so powerfully influence the life and death of a play, the reputation of a conductor, the success of a prodigy's debut. The good opinion of a *Times* critic reduces most Hollywood press agents to dewy grins. Having a book reviewed in the *Times* is regarded by many publishers as the single most important preliminary to success. Some prefer an unfavorable notice in the *Times* to being ignored, a sentiment from which authors tend to dissent. The television critic of the *Times* is, as one CBS executive puts it, "the guy who, when he writes a column, makes memos fly around this joint like paper airplanes."

The *Times* is equally The Newspaper of Wall Street and Substantial Businessmen. On an ordinary day, looking over its 10 or so pages of financial and business news, one can learn that the Concenra Mutual Fund is selling at 32.40 marks in Frankfurt and that E. Risinger, ready-to-wear buyer of West's in El Dorado, Ark., is looking at new lines of clothing in New York, and that the U.S. Treasury this month has deposited $4,766,298,414, but spent $6,319,864,649. A variety of trade newspapers cover business and financial specifics as closely as the *Times*. No other general newspaper, offering good news coverage, weather and ball scores, comes close. Although it disdains contests, gimmicks and reader-reaction polls, the *Times* is also The Paper of Madison Avenue. There, where fantasy begins, where cigarettes clear sinuses and deodorants seduce Apollo, the cold reality of having a promotion announced in three lines on page 61 of the *Times* is worn like a panache. Having the *Times* run a dark, one-column photograph is Elysium.

Ultimately, it is The Important Paper for Important People Everywhere. Fifty copies of the *Times* go to the White House every day. Harold Robbins, the author, has the Sunday *Times* airmailed to his villa in the South of France. Seventy-one embassies in Washington subscribe, including the Soviets. Some copies reach Peking. Marlon Brando has the Sunday *Times* sent, via air parcel post and special delivery,

Bronze bust of Adolph S. Ochs, owner and publisher of the Times from 1896 to 1935, still casts its spell over his descendants. From left to right: grandson Arthur Ochs Sulzberger, president and publisher; daughter Iphigene; granddaughter Marian Heiskell, director of special activities; nephew John B. Oakes, editorial-page editor; nephew Martin S. Ochs, Chattanooga Times editor; granddaughter Ruth S. Golden, Chattanooga Times publisher; grandniece Nancy Adler of New York Times drama department; and son-in-law Arthur Hays Sulzberger, chairman of the board. At lower right is the domed plant that Ochs built for the Chattanooga Times

Photographed by David Attie

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for the modest sum of $375 a year, to his home in Beverly Hills.

Its attempt to publish a Western regional edition failed, but *The New York Times* is still the closest thing there is to an American national newspaper. It sells in 11,464 U.S. cities and towns and in 2,578 (or 84 percent of all) U.S. counties. More than one third of its Sunday edition is sold outside the metropolitan New York area.

The *Times* has buried the opposition. Its great old adversaries, the morning *World* and the morning *Journal* are dead, all dead; since 1890 the *Times* has observed and reported the deaths of 11 New York newspapers from the *Gazette* (1891) to the Daily *Mirror* (1963). The *Herald Tribune*, the only other full-sized morning newspaper in New York, survives at the pleasure of a multimillionaire, John Hay Whitney, who owns it and apparently finds publishing more interesting than banking.

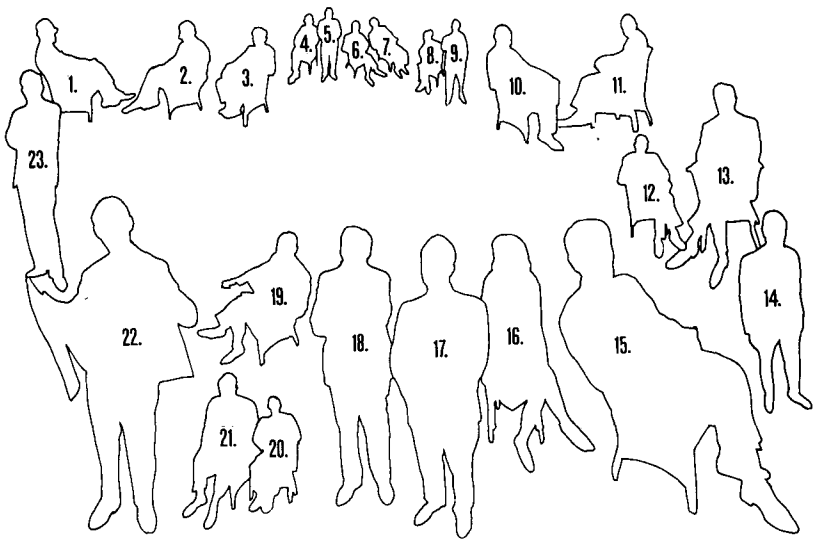
The *Times* showed a profit of $2,668,748 in 1964, about two percent of its income and the largest profit it has ever made. In 1964, the 46th straight year in which it led New York newspapers, it carried 67.7 million lines of advertising. Whitney's *Tribune* carried 18.5 million at lower rates. Circulation figures complete a lopsided picture. The daily *Times* outsold the *Tribune* 703,344 to 309,001 last year, and since then the *Trib* has slumped. The Sunday competition was embarrassing: *Times:* 1,413,093; *Herald Tribune:* 386,302. (The *Daily News* outsells the *Times* by almost 3-to-1 and makes a lot more money, but the *News* is a tabloid, profiting from sex, violence, comics and etiquette tips to teen-agers. It does not attempt to compete with the *Times*.)

The *Times* charges advertisers about $5,500 a page in the daily paper and about $7,000 on Sundays. All told, advertisers invested $116 million in the *Times* during 1964. After agency commissions, about $100 million filtered through to the treasury. The nickels, dimes and quarters of readers added about $31 million more and a variety of other activities yielded the final few million in revenue. The exact total was $136,691,927.

Not much stayed in banks gathering interest. The *Times* spent about a million dollars a week—$48,400,000—on salaries and wages. Paper and ink cost about $38 million annually. (Actually the paper and ink in an average 4.6 pound Sunday *Times* costs the company 33 cents, or three cents more than its newsstand price.) Another $33 million went into other "production and distribution, and operating costs." Among these were the costs of maintaining bureaus in every major capital except Peking, shipping 232,270 pounds of newspaper across the country every week, and buying dinner for journalists at seminars sponsored by the American Institute of the Press.

But unless a strike or other disaster occurs, the *Times* may earn $5 million this year, which is remarkable since it is not wholly dedicated to the profit motive. Any major *Times* editor may, at his discretion, "kill" an ad. This means that the editor, needing more space for news, may have advertisements thrown out of the paper if he feels that the pressure of late-breaking news requires it. Rebates to advertisers follow. "Of course," concedes a *Times* editor with this power, "it isn't something you do lightly, or even very often. Maybe it happens once every two or three weeks. And you know it isn't the General Motors ad that's going to go. But just having that power, just knowing that the news always takes precedence over the advertising, is a damned important thing." It is also a rarity among American newspapers.

It is a positive point of honor at the *Times*, much as it is at White's or Boodle's, that mere money cannot buy in. The sort of advertising that the *Times* accepts, along the way to its first hundred million, is governed by rules, considered by attorneys and physicians and reviewed by its Department of Advertising Acceptability.



Each day key staff members gather for the 4 P. M conference. Participants, identified by number: (1) Claude Sitton, national news director; (2) James Roach, sports editor; (3) Lawrence Hauck, assistant news editor; (4) Nathan W. Goldstein, circulation director; (5) Raymond O'Neill, national news editor; (6) Elliott M. Sanger Jr., WQXR news director; (7) Rob Roy Buckingham, editor-manager, Times News Service; (8) Emanuel Freedman, assistant managing editor; (9) Irvin S. Taubkin, promotion director; (10) Lewis Jordan, news editor; (11) Theodore M. Bernstein, assistant managing editor; (12) Harding Bancroft, executive vice president; (13) Turner Catledge, executive editor; (14) Arthur Ochs Sulzberger, president and publisher; (15) E. Clifton Daniel, managing editor; (16) Charlotte Curtis, women's news editor; (17) Thomas Mullaney, financial editor; (18) Joseph Herzberg, cultural news director; (19) John Radosta, picture editor; (20) Robert E. Garst, assistant managing editor; (21) Harrison E. Salisbury, assistant managing editor; (22) Sydney Gruson, foreign editor; (23) A. M. Rosenthal, metropolitan editor.

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One cannot advertise for a wife in the pages of the *Times*. That violates the Advertising Acceptability Code. One cannot advertise in a foreign language unless the English translation is included. Nor can one sell horoscopes, offer to tell fortunes, solicit investment in nonproducing mining property, or offer any drugs which, in the opinion of the *Times* Medical Department, lead "to self-diagnosis of any serious condition or illness." The *Times* rejects "vulgar or suggestive" advertising, and on the grounds of overstatement, it changes "the best buy in town" to "one of the best buys," modifies "the finest coat we have ever seen" to "the finest coat we have ever sold" and edits "unheard-of prices" to "amazingly low prices." These changes are totally rigid expressions of policy.

But it was the Los Angeles *Times*, not *The New York Times*, that instructed its technicians to paint out—the technical term is "airbrush"—the navel of a young lady whose body, trim in a bikini, comprised most of an airline ad not long ago. "We admit that women have navels," Ivan Veit, *The New York Times*' vice president for promotion, says proudly.

The institutional quality of the *Times* is without parallel. It was not until two years ago that anyone bothered to prepare a budget, within which various news departments were requested to function. Before that, all hands estimated, generally assuming that "it would cost about the same as last year, or maybe a little more." Unless someone put in for chartering an aircraft carrier, the expense accounts were usually honored.

Even now the budget is described as "advisory" by the young publisher, Arthur Ochs Sulzberger, son of Iphigene Sulzberger, grandson of Adolph S. Ochs. Black-haired, candid and four months shy of 40, "Punch" Sulzberger says that he would be horrified and pretty damned upset if he heard of anyone on the paper putting budget ahead of story. No one at the *Times* knows how much it cost to print the gigantic report of the Warren Commission. "I wouldn't have any idea," concedes the publisher. "Why don't you go and ask Frank Cox?" But Francis A. Cox, C.P.A. and secretary-treasurer of The New York Times Company, can't say himself.

"I wouldn't even be able to find something like that out without really going to a lot of trouble," Cox remarked with an air of embarrassment, three months after the report was published. "I mean that isn't the way we work around here, adding up the paper and ink and extra man-hours." Cox smiled, and added, as if remembering his profession, "On a morning when I come to work and see the delivery trucks still pulling out, say after an election, I do tell myself, uh-oh. This has been a bad one." Everywhere one is reminded of the ruling family's indifference to yachts.

The *Times* is too many things to fit anyone's concept of a newspaper. It is too institutional, too big, too powerful, too familial, too honorable, too judicious, all at once. Andrei Gromyko used to laugh at it at the United Nations. A good Russian editor, he once said, could

'I'm not saying that the way we do things is the only way . . .'

condense the whole *Times* to four pages and make a better paper.

Sometimes Punch Sulzberger finds himself protesting at a party, after some attempt at encyclopedism has failed, and somebody has erred. "Well, look, it's put out by just guys. People." To many Americans, the *Times* does not seem to be the product of breathing, imperfect legions of humanity, any more than, say, Lycidas flowed from the hand of a living man who made mistakes and had to rewrite and cross out. But among the 1,003, give or take a few, who put out the *Times* daily and Sunday, is a wide variety of fallible people; people who get threatened by racists, who sit at desks, who are gassed in Seoul, who ask to go home early, or who get shot at in Vietnam, where they are trying to do an honest day's work under no instructions from anybody anywhere to do anything else. The *Times* prints about 72 million words in a year, under a rapid fire of deadlines, and it makes mistakes. Too frequently outsiders, catching a mistake, invent malice, conceive schemes or imagine deviousness where all that really existed was plain uncomplicated error. Thus in Harlem one hears that a careless reporter is anti-Negro; a priest insists that a poor writer is anti-Catholic, and a Parisienne swears that a *Times* man whose French is weak despises De Gaulle.

Such confusion is understandable. The *Times*, like the Holy See, does not encourage speculation about its fallibility. "I'm not saying that the way things are done here is the only way to do things," Elbert Clifton Daniel Jr., a complicated man who is managing editor, and son-in-law to Harry Truman, remarked during a discussion of his work. Clifton Daniel winced faintly, sighed and said, "If I were managing editor of the *Journal-American*, I might do things differently and"—the wince became more pronounced—"if I were managing editor of the *Herald Tribune*, I don't know *what* in the world I'd do." It was obvious, when he mentioned the other papers, that Clifton Daniel of the *Times* could never go to work for either of them.

The *Times* is smug and self-important. It is slow-moving and enormous. It is naked to the public. In short, a perfect target. A chrestomathy of critical comments could be prepared to rival Bartlett in length:

The *Times* has no editor and reads that way.

The *Times* stays half a generation behind the date of each issue.

The *Times* did not so much as try to hire Walter Lippmann, Heywood Broun, Ring Lardner, Westbrook Pegler, Franklin Pierce Adams, Don Marquis or Dorothy Thompson.

The *Times* did hire Joyce Kilmer.

The *Times* wouldn't hire William Shakespeare if he were reincarnated and applied for a writing job. ("I'm sorry, but the kid's stuff is too flowery; and did you see that silly beard? Besides, he drinks.")

The *Times* is laid out in Braille.

The *Times* thinks pictures are frivolous.

The *Times* is afraid people will think that it is edited by white southern Protestants.

The *Times* is edited by white southern Protestants.

The *Times* is afraid people will think it is owned by Jews.

The *Times* is owned by Jews.

The *Times* is high-handed and full of opinions.

The *Times* is dull and afraid of controversy.

The *Times* is desperately anxious to change.

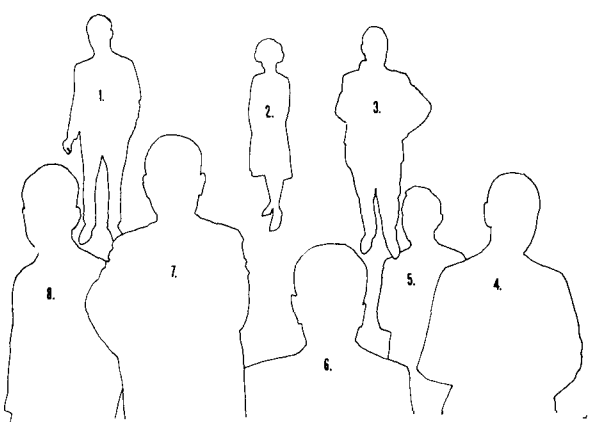
Change terrifies the *Times*.

The *Times*, sufficient unto itself, is the Fifth Estate.

Allowing for hyperbole, all of these observations are true. They might hire Shakespeare, but only if his reading habits proved acceptable, he submitted to a complete physical examination, underwent six weeks of indoctrination and, *res ipsa loquitur*, shaved. Even then they'd probably keep him out of the drama department, which would probably be a good thing for current Broadway.

The culmination is the most important. The *Times* is the Fifth Estate, the standard against which others are judged, the chosen paper. It knows it, boasts of it and, for all the protestations one may hear, it never wants to be anything else. "I've thought about quitting," an intense feature writer named Gay Talese confessed to other journalists, when he was having a profitable run of sales to magazines. "But you just don't understand what it is to be on"—pause, inhale, shrug—"*The New York Times*." The last four words come out like a doxology.

"The First Amendment was not written for the *Times*," observes Harrison



As the newspaper of The Intellectual Community, the Times maintains a Cultural Affairs Department of 40 staffers. Among the main ones: (1) John Canaday, art; (2) Ada Louise Huxtable, architecture; (3) Harold C. Schonberg, music; (4) Charles Poore, books; (5) Allen Hughes, dance; (6) Jack Gould, television; (7) Bosley Crowther, motion pictures; (8) Howard Taubman, drama.

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E. Salisbury, an assistant managing editor and former Moscow correspondent, "but it might as well have been, the way things are." Salisbury, an unpretentious man who brought the *Times* one of its 34 Pulitzer prizes, grins beneath his thin moustache, but he is not making a joke.

"Our primary responsibility," says James B. Reston, an associate editor, columnist and former chief Washington correspondent, "is not, perhaps unfortunately, an obligation to the commuter reading the paper on the train down from Westchester. Our primary responsibility is to the historian of fifty years from now. Unique among newspapers, the *Times* is prime source material—and we must never poison the stream of history." Reston is another Pulitzer prize winner. His square-cut face has graced the cover of *Time* magazine, and he basks in the description of "the conscience of the *Times*."

"I knew the President when I worked in Washington," says John B. Oakes, editor of the editorial page and cousin to the publisher, "and for a while, after Kennedy's assassination, he used to call up quite a bit. He hasn't called in about a year, though, and I'm honestly relieved. I guess he's found out we don't work that way."

It stirs no wonder that the workings of the *Times* perplexed Lyndon B. Johnson, who is after all neither a journalist nor a New Yorker. The President visited the publisher's dining room last winter, and although he spoke freely, ate well, stayed late and thanked the kitchen staff, *The New York Times* remained exactly as it had been before Lyndon Johnson arrived (which is more than you can say for the Senate or the presidency).

A note of stubbornness, honeyed but evident, invades the drawl of Turner Catledge, the *Times*' top editor, raised in Neshoba County, Miss., when he encounters critics with suggestions. "We've got here this great big package of habit," Catledge asserts, "and we don't want to change it quick at all. We are in no hurry to change. We want to make the kind of changes that you as a reader won't even be aware we're making."

The *Times* is very proud of itself, proud of its honor, proud of its integrity. What you have to concede about it, says Bertram Powers, the ferocious negotiator who runs the printers' union in New York, is that the people who own the *Times* mean well, and that the executives who speak for them are as good as their word, which is more than he will say for some of the executives on some other papers.

The *Times* has also been proud of its ancient, leisurely ways. Powers refuses to comment on a report that he once ordered a slowdown in the composing room of the *Times*, which failed under unusual circumstances.

Nobody noticed.

II

Walking into headquarters, a graceless, sooty building in which the *Times*' architecture critic adjusts her blinders before starting to peck out essays in behalf of beauty; riding erratic elevators up and down the 14 stories, of which approximately one twenty-eighth—half

'The President hasn't called in a year and I'm relieved.'

the third floor—is given to the newsroom; wandering the long bare corridors and halls, one is constantly and comfortingly reminded that serious, responsible American journalism begins and ends right here. It is pointless, *Times* men say, to look down 42nd Street, where the *News* prepares a silly spice cake for two million silly readers. It doesn't matter what goes on north and east, they insist, among the slick magazines, which copy us, and among the television journalists, who wear toupees. Here, right here at 229 West 43rd Street, zip code 10036, amid deserted theaters and shoddy beer bars and teen-agers squealing at some idiot idol, here over Sardi's and under the four-sided Paramount Clock, here in a corner of New York City that is neither fashionable nor clean, where panhandlers in shirt-sleeves proclaim the spring, here is the journalism capital of the cosmos.

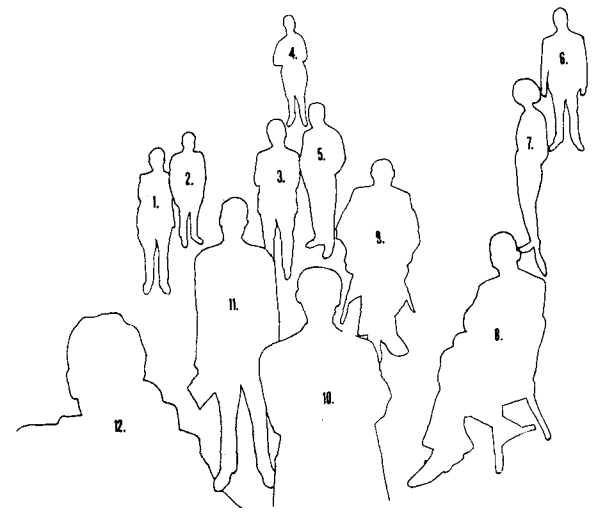
The presiding officer, dead 30 years, gazes across the lobby with eyes of bronze. The bust stands against a gray wall and faces a revolving door and a machine that sells the *Times*. The mouth of the figure curls downward, and the high brows are imperious, haughty. The sculptor has carefully fashioned a necktie and even provided the hint of a vest. This was a formal man, proper and distant. His name was Adolph Simon Ochs, and he was born before the Civil War, in 1858, and did not die until 1935, when Hitler was in power. He was an immense figure and protean. He spent a lifetime writing pronouncements and phrases that were vague and platitudinous. But in action he was brief and decisive. He longed for position. He wanted to succeed in New York and to meet the best people, and he was never happier than when he received an invitation from a President. But he despised newspapers that courted political favor. He would not even call them newspapers. They were "organs." He had an obsessive sense of family, and he provided for all his brothers, all his sisters and all of his brothers-in-law. But never in a way to hurt the paper. He longed to be a patriarch, longed to found a line. But he had no sons. He tried to leave lasting monuments everywhere he lived and twice went deeply into debt to construct buildings. He did not seem to understand that newsprint was making monuments that would endure far longer.

This morning's *Times* is Adolph Ochs's newspaper. It is a family institution as he intended. It still provides for all his descendants, all the grandsons and the granddaughters, and the in-laws, and the nieces and the nephews. If the bronze eyes were touched with sight, and Ochs could read his paper, he would not be displeased. His name is carried on the masthead. His attitudes, postures and beliefs infuse the pages. That was what he hoped for resolutely. That is what he ordered in his will.

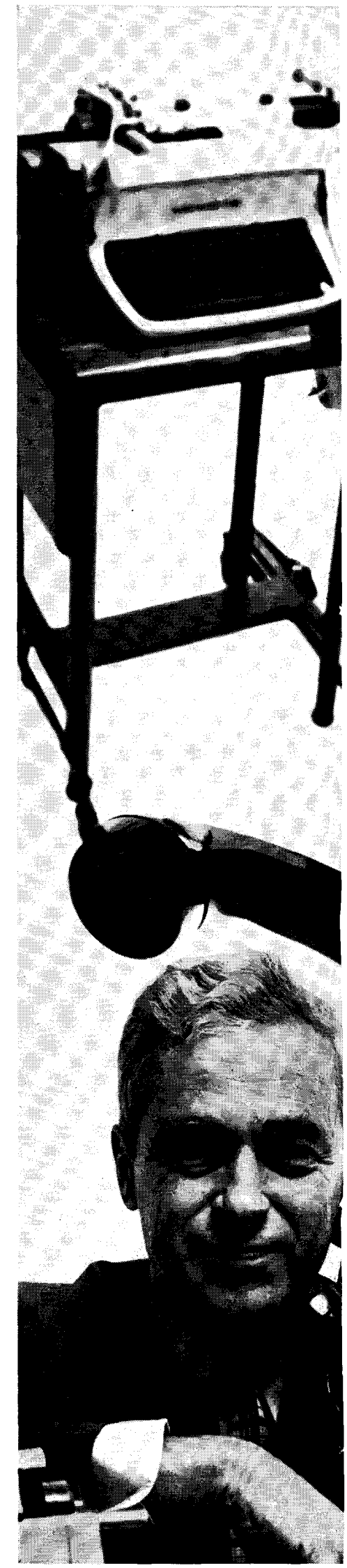
So his paper and his building are a little like a shrine, although more lively. The bust of Ochs stands beside the security guards in the lobby, and 14 floors up, in the executive offices, there is a portrait of Ochs here, a clock he liked there, photographs inscribed to Ochs somewhere else. He was a printer's devil once, and one can imagine him grinning a small, tight grin as he considered his own success. But not throwing his head back and roaring laughter. He was too serious a man. When Ochs was past 60, someone told him that he resembled George Washington. After that Adolph Ochs always brushed his white hair into the closest approximation he could manage of George Washington's white wig.

A confluence of sources shaped the man. The Germany of his parents, the Judaism they practiced and the American South in which he grew up mingled into a high formal morality. It was becoming the time of Victoria all over the world. There was a sense of order and social structure. The distinction between right and wrong was clear and sharp. A good life presumed good hard work. Patriotism, fear of God, love of family were the essentials. Virtue was rewarded (or if not, was its own reward). Nor was there any questioning of the standards of the house. One obeyed. Always afterward, looking backward, one remembered.

"The Chattanooga country in the days when he was there was created by three strong forces. It was a frontier city; Indians had been there only 30 years before. It was a Civil War city, a center of activity during much of the fighting. And it was filled with young



The Times takes pride in its enormous variety of experts. Among them are: (1) John Cogley, religion editor; (2) Fred Hechinger, education editor; (3) Lewis Bergman, Sunday magazine editor; (4) Arthur Daley, sports columnist; (5) Francis Brown, book review editor; (6) Craig Claiborne, food editor; (7) Patricia Peterson, fashion editor; (8) Lester Markel, associate editor; (9) Daniel Schwarz, Sunday editor; (10) A. H. Raskin, assistant editorial page editor and expert on unions; (11) Hanson W. Baldwin, military editor; and (12) Walter Sullivan, science editor.



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The New York Times.
YANKS BEAT SENATORS, 5-4; CARDS DOWN METS, 4-1;
STAUNCHNESS FIRST IN $82,150 DWYER AT AQUEDUCT
The Argyles
Are Coming
Rice Is Nice

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men on the make; after the war it attracted thousands, among them young Mister Ochs." The speaker is Dr. Gilbert E. Govan, historian and librarian emeritus of the University of Chattanooga. He is speaking in a small office of the Chattanooga *Times*, across a corridor from the large office of Mrs. Ruth Sulzberger Golden, publisher of the paper and granddaughter of its first successful publisher, Adolph Ochs. A bust, identical to the bust in New York, but less formidable here than in Manhattan, rests in the corridor. "Only about 2,000 people remained in Chattanooga in 1865," Doctor Govan is saying. "In the years afterward, it had to become a melting pot. It was an exciting place. Things happened here, good things and bad."

On the desk is a bound volume containing copies of the Chattanooga *Times* from the summer and autumn of 1878, soon after Adolph Ochs had purchased his first newspaper for $250 and a promissory note. The brittle pages tell an unhappy story. Yellow fever—Bronze Jack, the townsmen called it—struck Chattanooga, killed 336 people, emptied the city and reduced the Chattanooga *Times* to two pages. ("The hospital is awful handy to the graveyard. Eleven deaths yesterday and more coming. Trot out your next funeral," the paper's star reporter wrote one day.)

Doctor Govan cannot define all the forces shaping Ochs. Nor could Gerald W. Johnson, in a biography called *An Honorable Titan*, published in 1946. Nor could Elmer Davis (1921) nor Meyer Berger (1951), who wrote official histories of *The New York Times* under close family supervision. In all these books, particularly the one written while he was alive, Ochs is a benevolent presence lacking blood, sweat, vitality. Remarkable, for so public a man, he succeeded in covering his tracks.

The clues come hard. We know he was born to German-Jewish immigrants, Julius and Bertha Levy Ochs, at Cincinnati in 1858. Julius served in the Union Army as a captain, but Bertha favored the South. We know that he had two younger brothers and three younger sisters and that his father was an unsuccessful merchant. But the home itself has been closed tight. What motivated Ochs toward journalism when the father's clothing business failed and the boy had to go to work at 14? What prompted him to sweep up newspaper offices, rather than dry-goods establishments or meat markets? All the answers are speculative. Nobody knows.

But sweep Ochs did and run errands and learn printing, and he was a vital and impressive young man. At 20 he was able to buy the Chattanooga *Times*, a shaky but important property. By March 12, 1879, his 21st birthday, he had stabilized the paper. "Today we are 21 . . . a man," he wrote in a jubilant editorial. "Notwithstanding, a *boy* has published the *Times* since . . . July, the *Times* has . . . increased in circulation and patronage, so that today we can boast . . . as large if not a larger circulation than any paper in East Tennessee."

Curtains open wider on the young manhood of Adolph Ochs. Now he was a resolute do-gooder. He helped raise an emergency fund during the yellow fever epidemic, and when frost had finally ended the plague, Ochs exhorted, "Will this ruin Chattanooga? No! If this city was born to be ruined, it would have been blotted out years ago." In calmer times he served on the school board and helped organize reunions of the men who had lived through Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge. You can still see pictures of young Ochs, clean-shaven among bearded veterans who group self-consciously together near a cliff high on Lookout Mountain.

He was a wonder at keeping a business alive. His notes from 1879 reveal: "Jan. 3 borrowed $300 from First National; Jan. 4: H. H. Suder paid me $108, a Godsend; borrowed from Ewing brothers $125 for a few days. Asked Mr. Z. C. Patten for the loan of $200 for a few days, but he could not do it." Ochs signed checks with a flourish, especially those checks which he feared he might lack funds to cover.

He was a less casual creditor. "The *Times* will be discontinued if not paid for within five days after the presentation of the account," he warned his readers. "We will not carry a Deadhead list. Everyone must pay."

He had a rigid, independent concept of what his newspaper should be. "It will be the foremost purpose of the management of this newspaper to make it indispensable (to) the business, commercial and productive [life] of Chattanooga, and of the mineral and agricultural districts." Unlike the customary

In The Nation:
By ARTHUR KROCK
NEWPORT, R. I., July 28 —
"The essential fact is that this is war," said the President at his news conference today. His candor will be the more appreciated by the American people because of the long official hesitation to apply the term to a military involvement of the United States that theoretically does not attain this stage until Congress has formally proclaimed it. But there is another essential fact implicit in the conflict in Vietnam that the President passed over.
Other Costly Programs
It is that the huge expansion he has ordered in the American military forces there, immediate and in the near future, including doubling the monthly call-up of the draft, cannot conceivably be carried out in a domestic condition of business as usual, and in full pursuit of all his costly Federal programs for the rapid establishment of The Great Society. Yet when he was asked for comment on this second "essential fact," Mr. Johnson temporized. The current affluence and its continued promise, he said, obviate any necessity to declare the national emergency which would activate his latent powers to deal with the strains which war imposes.
And he dismissed the issue with a homily—no less evasive of reality because of its unquestioned

The Times Washington Bureau is a major power in the nation's capital. Among its important figures: Associate Editor and Columnist James Reston, Columnist Russell Baker, Bureau Chief Tom Wicker, Diplomatic Correspondent Max Frankel and Columnist Arthur Krock.

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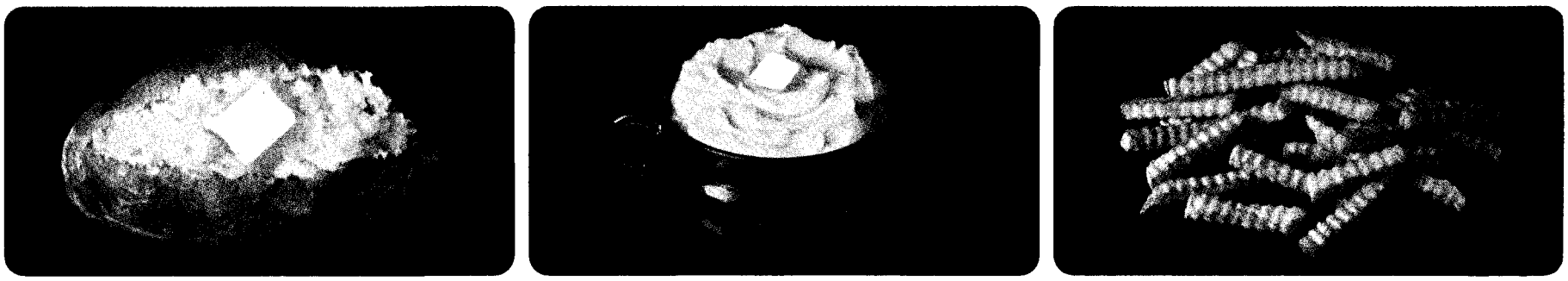
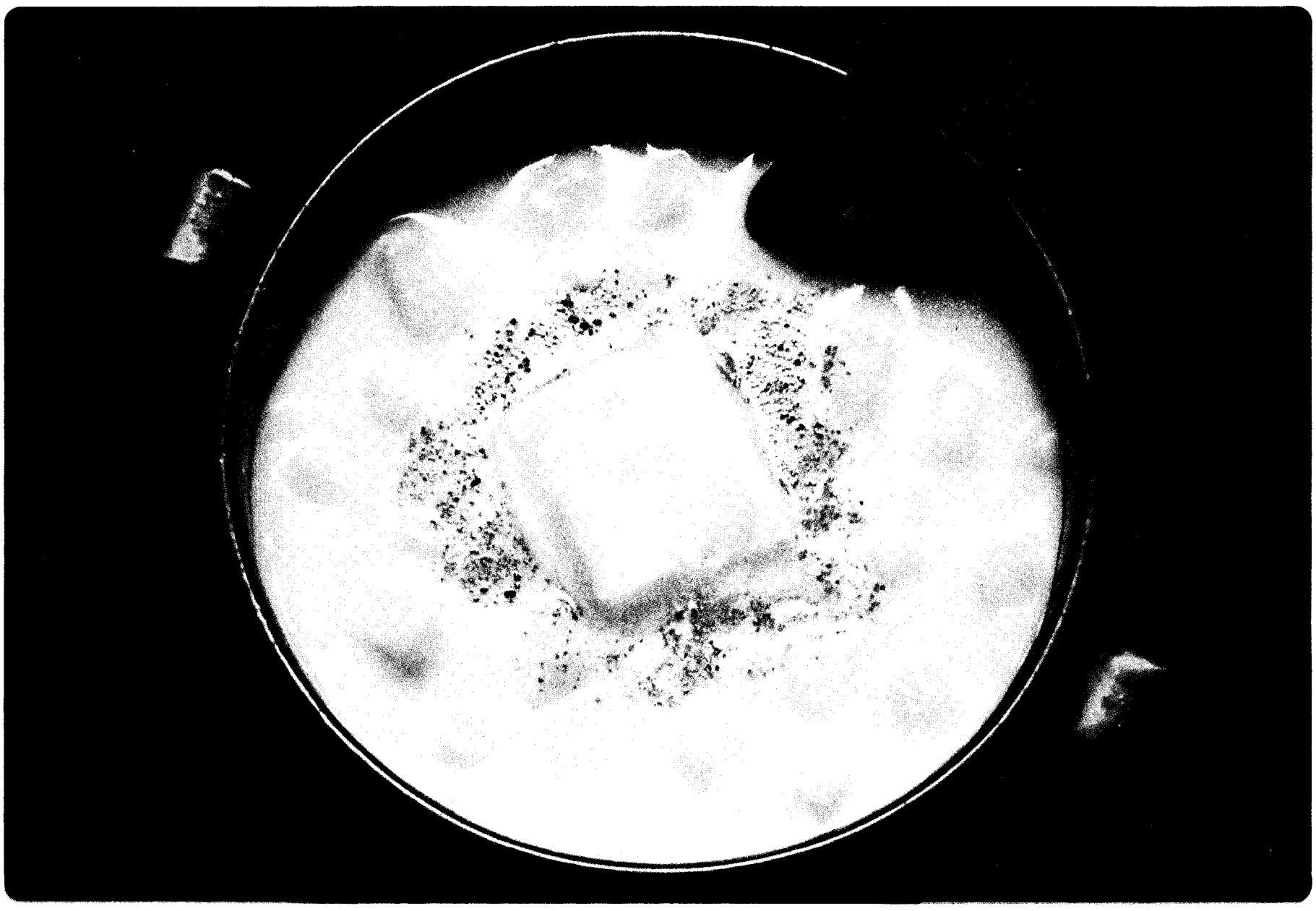


If you like potatoes...you'll love

Campbell's Cream of Potato Soup



it's some potatoes!

Now add a new favorite to your list of pet potato dishes. Campbell's deep-down-delicious Cream of Potato Soup. A strapping potato purée with flavory, fine-diced white potatoes, sweet country cream. Some potatoes! For a party touch, add a butter pat and paprika.

They always eat better when you remember the Soup

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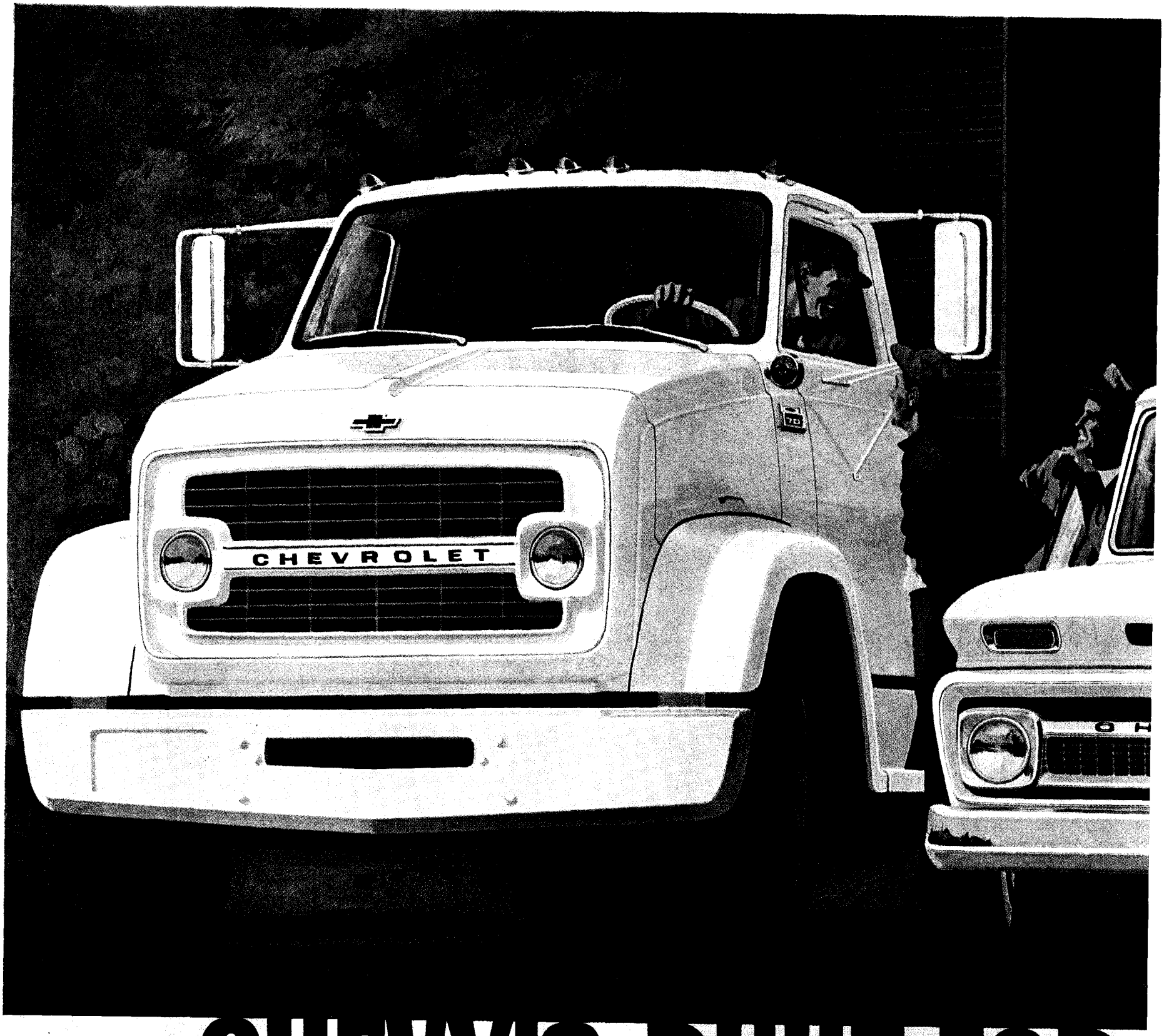

CHEVY'S BUILT FOR

NEW HEAVYWEIGHTS UP TO 65,000 LBS. GCW!

The all-new Series 70000 and 80000 models are here—the biggest Chevies ever built, out to do the biggest jobs any Chevrolet trucks have ever done! They're ready to put famous Chevrolet truck economy to work on tough highway hauls; ready to start cutting costs with new V6 gasoline engines up to 478 cubic inches, new V6 and V8 diesels as big as 637 cubic inches. They offer, also, a new 92" cab that's the best yet for working efficiency and riding comfort, new higher capacity frames and axles and a high 65,000-lb. GCW rating. These new Chevies highlight a longer, stronger heavy-duty lineup that includes 93 new models for '66—93 great new ways to reduce a trucker's overhead. Here are big trucks built for bigger things, from new city-size Chevrolet diesels to mighty giants of the open highway!

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NEW CHEVROLET

WORKPOWER

IS HERE!

BIGGER THINGS IN '66!

NEW LIGHT-DUTY WORKPOWER!

The most widely used of all truck engines—the famous Chevy light-duty Six—is built for bigger things in '66 with a big new 250-cubic-inch design that offers even more efficiency with a score of new and improved components. It's the standard power plant in '66 Chevrolet pickups, panels, Step-Vans and Carry-Alls. Also, users of ½-ton models can now specify a big 327-cubic-inch V8—the most powerful engine ever offered in a ½-ton Chevy truck. Advancements such as these make Chevrolet light-duty workpower better than ever for '66. And your choice of trucks has never been wider; pick from 18 pickup models and the industry's broadest selection of covered delivery trucks, including the popular low-cost Chevy-Van. They're waiting for you, now, at your Chevrolet dealer's. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

CHEVROLET

NEW '66 WORKPOWER TRUCKS!

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The House of ADOLPH OCHS

apologia of the day, this did not commit the paper to any particular political cause or to any particular politician.

He had high dreams for himself and for his family. In one note to his mother he wrote of his brothers and sisters: "May God spare to see Nannie married to a millionaire; George, President of the United States; Milton a Senator; Ada a famous author and Mattie a successful merchant or a large-salaried rabbi's wife." Then he added, "As for myself, my prayer is that I may soon be able to make for you all a comfortable home where want is unknown."

The curtains part a little, but we are never permitted to hear Adolph Ochs utter a cry of anger, or of pain. His brother, George Washington Ochs, while never President, did become mayor of Chattanooga twice. George carried a pistol, drank hard in Paris and left a rollicking, opinionated autobiography when he died. The closest thing to a personal statement preserved from the young manhood of Adolph Ochs is a series of answers he gave in a parlor game. His favorite time was dinner hour, Adolph conceded; his favorite tree was oak, his favorite season was spring, his favorite poet was Pope, his favorite prose author was Macaulay, his favorite character in history was Lincoln and "the book not religious" he would part with last was *Webster's New Unabridged Dictionary.*

Before he was 25, Ochs had the Chattanooga *Times* prospering sufficiently for him to court and win the daughter of a prominent rabbi, Dr. Isaac Wise, of Cincinnati, who founded the Hebrew Union College and was a leader of the Reform Jewish Movement, which is, broadly, that portion of Judaism which adjusts religious practices to contemporary mores, dispensing with beards and dietary laws. He had met Iphigene Miriam Wise, called Effie, while visiting her brother and, after an awkward start, pursued her ardently. The wedding in Plum Street synagogue in Cincinnati under blazing gas-lit candelabra was a major social event. According to the Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette,* the bride was "a petite brunette . . . with magnificent eyes and level brows," who possessed "gaiety of temper and brilliant wit." Adolph promoted an invitation to tea from President Chester A. Arthur, and the couple spent their honeymoon in Washington.

Ochs had at most one contented decade in Chattanooga, but that was enough to assure jobs for his brothers, schooling for his sisters and the success of his Chattanooga *Times.* From the evidence, he was more concerned with dynastics and amassing a fortune than he was with the romance of journalism. It is from George, often the grasshopper to Adolph's ant, that we get the best sense of those early days.

As "city editor" in 1883, George recalled in his autobiography, he was examining court records when he found a divorce action naming "a prominent county official as co-respondent." According to George, "this official was known as a dangerous man . . . his uncle was chief of police and his brother sheriff in an adjoining county." Observing the 20-year-old city editor at work, the official "with an oath warned him" that if the divorce story ran "he would shoot him full of holes." George printed the item, and a few days later the official cracked a cane across George's skull. George shot the official in the hip. No one pressed charges.

Chattanooga boomed through the 1880's, partly through the vigor of its newspaper, which trumpeted the news that iron had been discovered in nearby hills. Chattanooga dreamed of becoming a steel-manufacturing center until the ore turned out to be too sulfurous for first-class steel. Then the boom moved on to Birmingham, and a series of crashes and panics struck Chattanooga. Ochs had been speculating wildly. One real-estate investment cost him $103,000. He paid with a personal check. It was years before he could pay off other creditors. After that he never invested in anything but newspapers and the buildings to house them.

Effie had lost one child at birth and another at the age of two months. In place of a fortune, Ochs had debts, but he told his wife, "We must move along." He borrowed a fresh $150,000, half of it from an insurance company in New York, and built the most lavish newspaper plant in the South, topping it with an odd little dome that was painted gold. The Dome Building still stands in Chattanooga, although now it houses more prosaic firms, including the Chattanooga Button and Badge Company.

Borrowing against a golden future

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was Ochs's forte. Often he trudged about New York, where the money was, for days, homesick, but driven toward his confusion of goals. Once he wrote to Effie, "It is a very disagreeable business, this borrowing money, but I will get through with it someday, I hope." The best solution to his mortgaged future was to establish himself in a grander arena than eastern Tennessee. Though he had first come to New York for loans, he now began to look for a newspaper. He was looking hard on September 19, 1892, when Iphigene Bertha Ochs, "a great big baby with much dark hair," was born. Ochs wrote his mother, "I bought the kid a handsome cloak." He then "drank enough to drown the whole family" and went back to looking for a newspaper. Meanwhile, his brothers, George and Milton Barlow Ochs, saw to the day-to-day details of publishing the Chattanooga *Times*.

Ochs bought *The New York Times* at 3:30 P.M. on August 13, 1896. The event did not seem momentous when it happened. The *Times* was a relic. It was selling 9,000 copies a day against the morning *Journal*'s 300,000. Other publishers had already started a death watch. But to Ochs, approaching 40, the dying *Times* was the promise of all the dreams of boyhood.

"Here I am in New York ready to negotiate for the leading and most influential newspaper in America," he wrote his wife in March, with wild exaggeration to lift her spirits or his own. "The supreme gall of a country newspaperman burdened with debt."

Then Ochs laid siege. He got about New York on foot, in hansom cabs and by bicycle. He sought loans from bankers, insurance men and lawyers. When conservative money men wondered about his competence to run a newspaper in New York, Ochs solicited 51 testimonials, including one from President Grover Cleveland. "You have . . . so bravely supported the ideas and policies which tend to the safety of our country . . . that I should be glad to see you in a larger sphere of usefulness," Cleveland wrote. "I wish you the greatest measure of success possible." The wonder is not so much that Ochs, deep in debt, was able to purchase the *Times*. The wonder is that the *Times* held out as long as it did.

"An army of men stands ready to carry out my wishes," he wrote Effie when the *Times* capitulated. "I have succeeded. I will move from the Madison Avenue Hotel to the Astor House tomorrow. I will reside there till you come. Address your mail care of The New-York Times."

The *Times* of 1896 had only tradition. Founded in 1851, with "its main reliance upon Christianity and Republicanism," the *Times* had quickly established its sobriety and reliability. It had run a brave campaign against Tammany Hall in the 1870's, but by 1896 it was losing at least $1,000 a week. The staff was dispirited. Its editor, as Ochs noticed very quickly, was putting in a two-hour day. When Ochs took over, he fired no one, but neither did he allow anyone to work short hours.

He all but exploded his theories into practice. The *Times* had run short stories. Ochs killed fiction. He believed newspapers were for news. His newspaper was to service the business community. He began publishing a daily list of visiting buyers from out of town. He started a weekly book section. Book reviews attracted "the very finest kind of newspaper reader." He created a Sunday magazine that responded to and anticipated current events. The magazine was in the news business too. He concentrated on improving "the neglected and non-sensational departments," such as financial and real-estate transactions. While Hearst trumpeted the United States toward the Spanish-American War, Ochs was following his credo that it is the function of a newspaper not to make news, but to report it, within proper limits. "The *Times*," he announced, "will not soil the breakfast cloth. It can be read by a fourteen-year-old girl without offense."

With his editors, he chose a slogan: "All the News That's Fit to Print" and offered a $100 prize for a better one. There was an enthusiastic response and the contest judge, a magazine editor, selected: "All the World News, but not a School for Scandal." Ochs gulped, paid D. M. Redfield of New Haven, Conn., $100 for his help, and stayed with his own slogan. It was first printed on the editorial page in October, 1896. On the following February it was moved to the spot it now occupies: an ear, atop the front page.

But triumph was coming too slowly for Adolph Ochs. He enjoyed gambling when he knew the odds, and in 1898, when he was 40 years old, and the eventual success of the *Times* seemed certain, he cut the price from three cents to a penny. Circulation was about

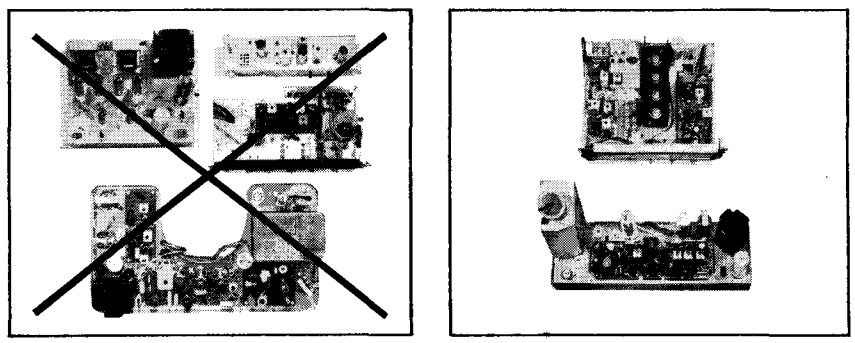
Another Magnavox Innovation—A Big Picture Stereo Theatre Without Tubes

Astro-Sonic stereo theatre 390 in authentic Spanish styling is only $495—no more than many stereo radio-phonographs without TV!

Now, solid-state components replace "tubes"—the principal cause of breakdowns—in TV as well as radio-phonographs, to give you magnificent pictures and sound as well as lasting reliability.

This revolutionary family entertainment center gives you bigger, clearer pictures on a 330 square inch screen—twice as big as the average TV—and the glorious sound of Astro-Sonic high-fidelity on TV programs as well as FM/AM radio-phonographs. It flawlessly re-creates the most beautiful music you have ever heard.

Yet this fabulous instrument uses less power than conventional 12″ portables — saving you power as well as service costs—and it costs $100 less than comparable tube models. The component-damaging heat of 32 tubes is eliminated, assuring you trouble-free performance. It is so reliable, *parts are guaranteed for 5 years!**



Tube radio-phonograph-TV chassis replaced by solid-state units (right), eliminating component-damaging heat of 32 tubes.

Select from the wide variety of furniture styles priced from $399.50; solid-state TV from $179.90 . . . sold *direct* through franchised dealers (Yellow Pages) saving you middleman costs.

the magnificent **Magnavox**
270 Park Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

*Solid-state components replaced by dealer if defects develop under normal use.

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25,000. Within three years it stood at 102,472. The triumph was here, and now all that remained was following through and establishing the dynastic succession.

He dispatched George to Paris for the 1900 World's Fair, there to supervise publication of a temporary Paris edition. Ever afterward George remembered the night Clemenceau took him on a backstage tour of Paris nightlife. "Everyone genuflected," he recalled.

His brother Milton, born in 1864, had married Frances Van Dyke, whom George had called "one of the belles of Chattanooga." "Though they were of different faith," George added in his autobiography, "Bertha Ochs gave her full consent." Milton Ochs's future lay for the most part in the Chattanooga country and the family's successful paper there. Milton's grandson, Martin Ochs, is now head of its editorial page.

The middle sister, Ada, born in 1866, married Henry C. Adler in 1890. When George left Chattanooga, Adolph appointed Harry Adler to replace him as general manager of the smaller *Times*.

Ochs's youngest sister, Matilda, born in 1868, married a Philadelphia lawyer named Bernard Talimer in 1896. When Ochs dabbled in Philadelphia newspapers, Talimer went to work for him there as an executive.

Everyone worked in journalism for Adolph, everyone except the oldest sister, Nannie. For years Nannie Ochs was nurse and companion to her mother, who lived until 1908. When George Ochs's wife, Bertie, died in childbirth in 1913, Nannie dedicated the rest of her days to raising George's two motherless sons.

In 1903 Ochs began building the most remarkable newspaper plant in the world. It was a curious triangular structure which started with a hole 55 feet deep that became the talk of Manhattan, all but a tourist attraction, and ended with a tower 362 feet high. According to Ochs's imaginative architect, the plant was based on Giotto's Tower in Florence, which is square. It was a functional fiasco, and within 10 years the *Times* Annex had to be built half a block away. The Annex is still the paper's headquarters. The promotional value of the *Times* Tower was ultimately worth vastly more than the $2.5 million it cost, however. The Tower's bulletin board of electric lights that flashed the news became world-famous. A more immediate effect was purely local. The New York Board of Aldermen agreed to change the name of the plaza in front of it. Thus Longacre Square became Times Square.

Amid all the promotion Ochs quietly hired a new managing editor, who had been working for the *Sun*, a chilly intellect named Carr Vattel Van Anda. Some years later Van Anda read a verbatim translation of one of Albert Einstein's lectures, which the *Times* planned to publish, and found a mistake. Despite fierce resistance along the way, Einstein himself was finally consulted. He studied his notes, then nodded. "Yes," he said. "Mr. Van Anda is right. I made a mistake in transcribing the equation on the blackboard."

Van Anda believed with Ochs in thoroughness, accuracy, hard news. Unlike the present managing editor of the *Times*, who seldom is at the office by night, Van Anda stayed for as long as the news warranted, sometimes till dawn. Perfect hours, he believed, for "the keepers of St. Peter's daily ledger." He was in the office at 1:20 A.M. on April 15, 1912, when an Associated Press bulletin clattered in from Cape Race, Newfoundland. It announced that the *S.S. Titanic* had called "CQD" to a wireless station and said that immediate assistance was required.

The *Titanic*, 45,000 tons, pride of Great Britain and the White Star line, was making her maiden voyage and consequently carried a register of society among her 1,300 passengers. Her collision with an iceberg was immediately a great story. But since the *Titanic*, constructed with honeycombs of watertight safety compartments, had been advertised as unsinkable, there were disturbing questions. What kind of story? Was it a disaster or a close call? Carr Van Anda had about half an hour in which to make up his mind.

His first reaction, he recalled later, was, "It can't be true. The *Titanic*'s equipped with extra safety compartments." But a large staff was there, and he put everybody to work. Calls went to the *Times* correspondent in Halifax, to the man in Montreal and to every White Star official that reporters could find. As the information was brought to him, Van Anda drew conclusions:

The *Titanic* had indeed crashed into an iceberg. She had sent first a message for help and then an SOS. Her radio operator reported the ship was sinking. Soon afterward the radio stopped transmitting. White Star executives in New York, although quick with such assurances as "Of course she's unsinkable," had no definite word.

So much was hard news, all pointing toward doom. Beyond that, Van Anda considered circumstantial evidence. The Cunard liner *Carmania* had reached New York a few days earlier after a dangerous voyage through floating ice. A French liner, *Niagara*, had arrived with two dents in its hull, the result of glancing bumps with Atlantic ice.

Carr Van Anda, a seeming conservative like Adolph Ochs, abruptly gambled on the unbelievable, and his staff functioned superbly in the hours before that April dawn. Some put together a list of notables on board. Some worked on sidebar stories about the *Carmania* and the *Niagara*. Others prepared a general history of ships that had crashed with icebergs. "Turn it out, lads," the night city editor is quoted as saying. "Five minutes to go."

Van Anda, nervous, was puffing a cigar. He paced the room, stopped and calculated from sailing schedules the *Titanic*'s last position. Then he made sure that Lat. 41.46 North, Long. 50.14 West was written high up in the story.

In other newspaper offices, editors were inserting such words as "rumored." But Van Anda was sure now; he knew, and the great staff was still there to keep St. Peter's daily ledger. Van Anda's three-column headline proclaimed:

NEW LINER TITANIC HITS AN ICEBERG;
SINKING BY THE BOW AT MIDNIGHT;
WOMEN PUT OFF IN LIFEBOATS;
LAST WIRELESS AT 12:27 A.M. BLURRED

The final edition, sent down to press at 3:30 A.M., reported flatly that the *Titanic* had gone down. Not until 8:20 the following evening did White Star officials confirm Van Anda's deductive story. They had spent the day prattling optimism, and even spread a story that the *Titanic* was under tow to port.

Carr Van Anda's deduction brilliantly carried the black night. A staff was there, large and sober, to execute his wishes. "That's one of our troubles, now," an editor of the *Times* maintains. "We always have to have 20 or 30 reporters sitting around the office doing nothing, just in case the *Titanic* sinks again."

Both the newspaper and the family grew more conscious of their position and their reputation. During World War I, George claimed to be desperately unhappy with the name of "Ochs"—the German meaning is "ox"—and went to court to have it changed. "By reason of the atrocious crimes of

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Hey—the Sunday editor of the Times *just called, and he wants to know if you guys realize he's got an edition to get out!"*

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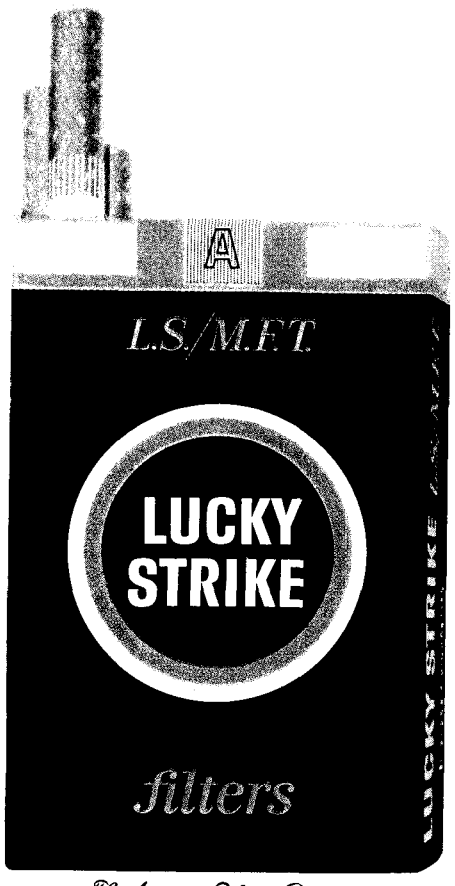
"Show me a filter that really delivers taste and I'll eat my hat!"



Product of The American Tobacco Company © A. T. Co.

New Lucky Strike Filters put back the taste others take away.

L.S./M.F.T.—Lucky Strike means fine tobacco...and now Lucky Strike means filter tip. So you get—unchanged—Lucky Strike's famous fine-tobacco blend. And Lucky's filter tip actually enhances the taste.

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the German armies, and the impenitence of the German nation for the submarine iniquities," he testified, "a German name, for many years to come, will be obnoxious in this country." The judge, one Charles Audenried, granted the petition. George assumed a hyphenated last name "Ochs-Oakes" and his sons became simply Oakes.

Adolph Ochs's daughter, Iphigene, was courted during World War I by Arthur Hays Sulzberger, a New Yorker who was handsome, gracious and uncertain about his own future. The son of a cotton merchant, Sulzberger had studied engineering at Columbia, where he made the swimming team, but not the dean's list. When Iphigene told her father that she had decided to marry Sulzberger, Ochs asked in mild surprise, "Why do you want to do that? You already have a fine home."

"I explained that I was not getting married just to have a home," Mrs. Sulzberger recalls, "and that satisfied him." The couple were married on Nov. 17, 1917, with the bride's cousin, Capt. Julius Ochs Adler, son of Ada Ochs and Harry Adler, as best man.

Now the *Times*, which continued to prosper and to build its reputation for responsibility and solidity, served as a base for more relatives as a new generation rose. After the war, Captain Adler, who won a Distinguished Service Cross in France, became vice president and treasurer; Sulzberger, who had served as a lieutenant, became a vice president. Both also were listed as assistants to the publisher, and Iphigene joined her father and Uncle George Ochs-Oakes on the board of directors.

The New York Times printed the full text of the Versailles Treaty, eight pages in type, because that was what people had come to expect of the *Times* and that was what the *Times* had come to expect of itself. It continued in its own tradition of presenting long, accurate stories of exploration, archaeology and adventure. It covered Einstein's theories as news. But the *Times*' handling of Lenin's revolution, an event without precedent, was hopelessly distorted. It offered the wildest White Russian rumors as news. In domestic affairs, the *Times* editorial page actually attacked the investigations that ultimately uncovered the Teapot Dome scandal. Lindbergh and the stock-market crash won full, orthodox *Times* treatment, but more complicated stories had better coverage elsewhere. The Scopes Trial, which matched Darrow and Bryan, reason and fundamentalism, belonged to H. L. Mencken and the Baltimore *Sun*. The Sacco-Vanzetti case, which pitted left against right, intellectual against know-nothing, fish-peddler against Lowell, was the property of Messrs. Broun and Lippmann in the New York *World*. The *Times* then, as now, was the paper of record, without being the paper of intellectual excitement.

The darkening world of the 1930's made Adolph Ochs despondent. His ambitions for himself and family had come to pass. No private dream of boyhood had been too wild. His great, heavy, honorable newspaper was the finest in the world, and his own life was a fairy tale come true. George had told him that. George was gone now, dead in 1931, and the old man wondered all alone about meanings, purposes and the ways of God. To what end had he really lived? In Germany, land of the gentle, unsuccessful father, whom he remembered from long ago, a monster was arising, smashing the synagogues, the holy places of his father's God. What proof were the Hebrew prayers against such barbarism? What did it matter that he, Adolph Ochs, had been fair and honorable and done high deeds and helped his fellow man, Christian and Jew alike? It was as if Hitler had smashed the very meaning of his life. On October 5, 1933, Adolph Ochs entered the Neurological Institute of Columbia Medical Center for treatment of melancholia.

There was only a little left for him to do. Iphie had given him grandchildren: first, three girls, Marian, Ruth, and Judy; then a boy, with jet-black hair, Arthur Ochs Sulzberger. The only thing left to do, the old man knew in moments when his despondency eased, was to provide for the paper and the family after he was gone. It was both a matter of business, which lawyers could arrange, and of succession, which he would have to decide for himself.

Ochs completed the 31 pages of his will on January 7, 1935. He seemed to brighten somewhat the following spring. He visited the *Times* office and chatted with his nephew, Julius Adler. He talked about making a trip to Chattanooga. There were things to do there, he said, and the dogwoods would be white on Lookout Mountain. He spoke of wanting to see them again.

On April 6, accompanied by a nurse, Ochs took a train to Chattanooga and the dogwoods. Two days later at lunch with his brother Milton he slumped while reading the menu. Adolph Ochs had suffered a cerebral hemorrhage, and he died two hours later, without regaining consciousness. When the news spread, the Associated Press paid the dead man tribute by stilling its chattering teletypes for two minutes.

Before the will was read, it was not certain whether Ochs's successor, the next publisher of the *Times*, would be Julius Adler, the favorite nephew, the war hero, or Arthur Sulzberger, the son-in-law who had abandoned engineering for journalism. It had taken the old man a long time to decide, almost 15 years, but his decision when he reached it was firm. He rested all power in the hands of three trustees, two of whom were (and are) Iphigene and Arthur Hays Sulzberger. Julius Ochs Adler was the third. Control lay with Sulzbergers over Adlers by two to one, and, as the creator had intended and decreed, his son-in-law rather than his nephew succeeded him as publisher of *The New York Times*.

"I am satisfied that my executors and trustees without any recommendations or suggestions from me will exercise their control," Ochs wrote in codicil 53. He then proceeded to issue recommendations and suggestions. The trustees were to "carry forward . . . my endeavor to maintain *The New York Times* as an independent newspaper . . . free of ulterior influence, and unselfishly devoted to public welfare. . . ." The editorial pages were "to reflect the best informed thought of the country, honest in every line, more than fair and courteous to those who may sincerely differ with its views." The news columns were "fairly to present, without recognizing friend or foe, the news of the day—'all the news that's fit to print'—and to present it impartially, reflecting all shades of opinion." The business departments were to continue "to conform to the highest standards of business ethics. . . ." And, as to the staff, from copy boys to vice presidents, "I trust . . . all persons associated or connected with any of the departments of *The New York Times* organization may be treated justly and generously."

These statements are not simple exercises in verbosity. In his indirect manner, Ochs had issued a direct order. "Change nothing!" Adolph Ochs was ordering his inheritors. For a long, long time, *The New York Times* was preserved as the creator had left it, just as one leaves untouched the library of a great man who has died at his desk without pain.

The reign of Arthur Hays Sulzberger—A. Aitchess, as he liked to sign light verse—Son-In-Law I in the dynastic numbering, endured until 1961, when, weakened by strokes, he withdrew into partial retirement as chairman of the board. Adler was dead by then. As new publisher, the Sulzbergers appointed Orvil E. Dryfoos, a personable man from Wall Street who had married their daughter Marian. In the dynastic numbering, Orvil Dryfoos is Son-In-Law II.

From 1935 until 1963, when Dryfoos died unexpectedly of heart failure, the *Times* existed under the guidance of grateful sons-in-law, who always were aware of the shadow of the creator, and who were desperately anxious not to mar the jewel that had fallen so fortuitously into their laps. They kept it dusted. And clean.

Both here and in Chattanooga the papers have remained family businesses run by the close heirs of Adolph Ochs, paying dividends to heirs close and distant, and providing fresh generations, fresh sets of in-laws with good and useful work, as the creator intended and demanded.

Last August *The Gallagher Report*, a publication which describes itself as "a confidential letter to advertising, marketing and media executives," printed a critique of the *Times*. "Too much management inbreeding," the report declared. "Not enough varied experience at top level. Chairman Arthur Hays Sulzberger and president and publisher Arthur Ochs 'Punch' Sulzberger have never worked anywhere else. . . . Needs shaking up. Outside top talent should be hired."

The heirs of Adolph Simon Ochs were so amused that they printed *The Gallagher Report*'s comments verbatim in *Times Talk*, the glossy house organ of *The New York Times*, under a headline that read: No Comment Dept.

III

Punch Sulzberger was ordained from birth to become publisher of *The New York Times*, but when he assumed the role at the age of 37, his mother felt somewhat nervous, and his staff felt distinctly concerned. "Orvil Dryfoos's death was so shocking," Mrs. Iphigene Sulzberger says. "We had all hoped that Punch would have many years more training before having to take over."

As it was, command was thrust upon Sulzberger after a lifetime divided among good schools, two hitches in the Marine Corps, stabs at journalism and *la dolce vita*. He had been a reporter for the Milwaukee *Journal* and a minor foreign correspondent for the *Times* without displaying any unusual flair. When Dryfoos died, Sulzberger's title at the *Times* was "assistant treasurer," and to many staffers he seemed to be a lightweight. He was pleasant, everyone agreed, and it was better to have a publisher who was pleasant than one who was not. But that was all. Perhaps in a decade or so Punch might work up enough courage to change something. Until then it might be best to hope simply that he would grow up.

Arthur O. Sulzberger became publisher on June 20, 1963. Since then *The New York Times* has appointed its first executive editor, a new managing editor, two new assistant managing editors, a new foreign editor, a new national news editor, a new city editor, new bureau chiefs in Washington and London and, to the hoarse cheering of the staff, benched its resident ogre, former Sunday editor Lester Markel. "There will be some more changes, of course," Sulzberger says mildly, "because a few key people are near retirement age and will have to be replaced."

Punch Sulzberger is boyish and smiling and smokes a pipe. His mother says

" Well for crying out loud—what's this about you and Harry Schneider running off to Brazil?"

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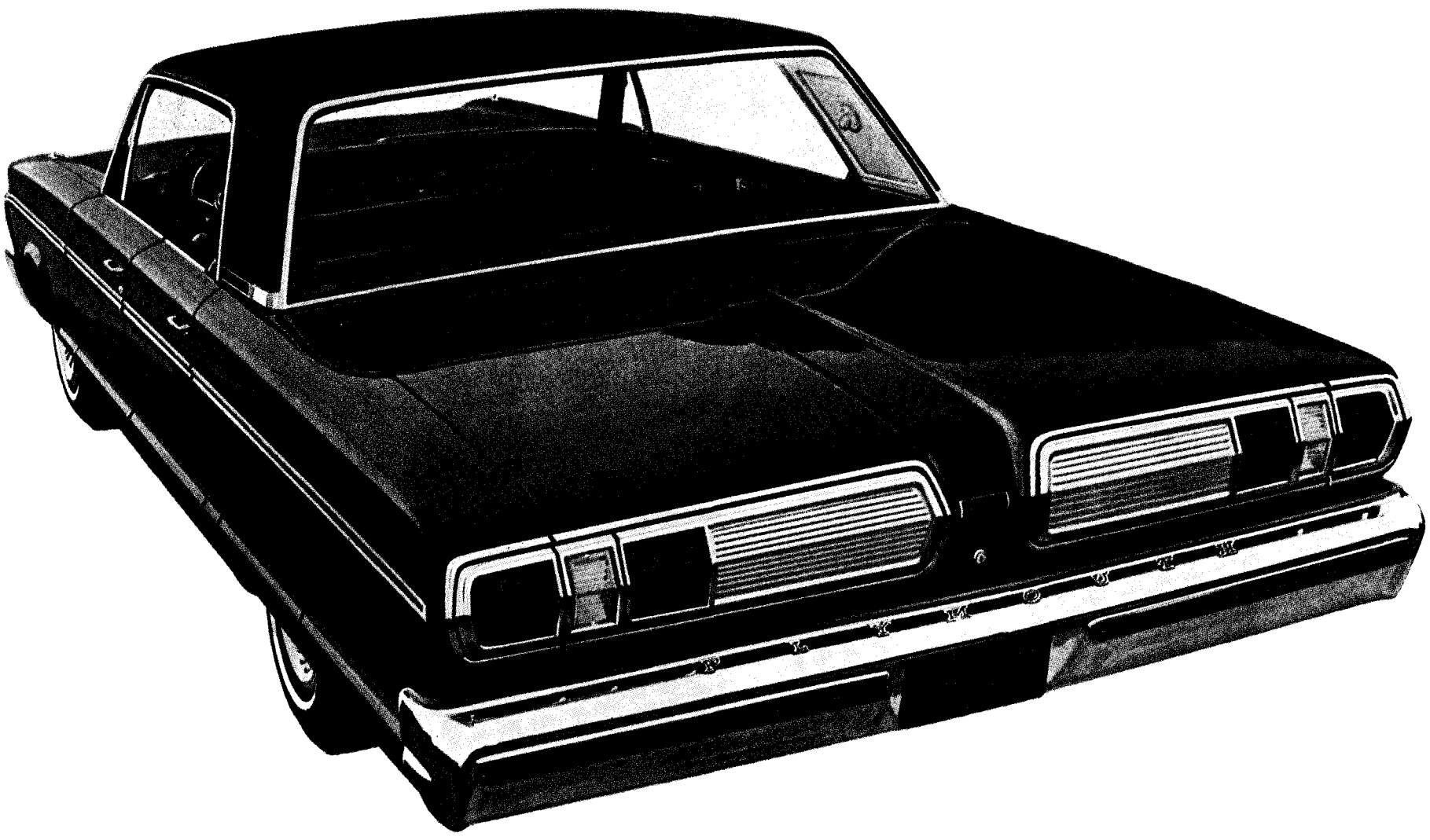
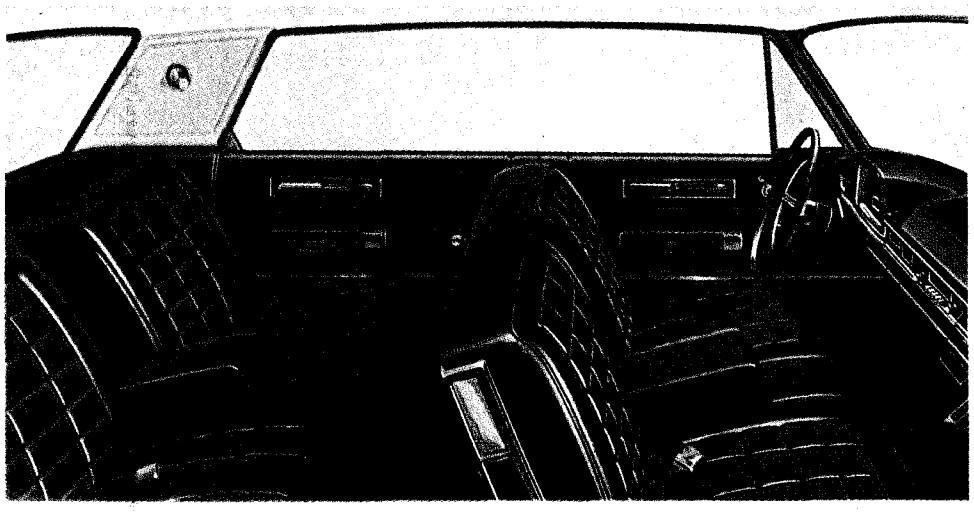
Let yourself Go Plymouth '66





There's something for everyone in Plymouth '66 starting with the totally new, elegant Plymouth VIP.

Luxury is a low-cost item this year.
VIP is a limousine in looks, power, and ride.
But it's a Plymouth in price.

And this is just the beginning. Turn the page.

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Let yourself Go Plymouth '66

Hot new '66 Satellite...spirited leader of the all-new Belvedere line.

Plymouth's terrific new line of highway performers, leading the way with brand-new styling for '66.

PLYMOUTH DIVISION CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

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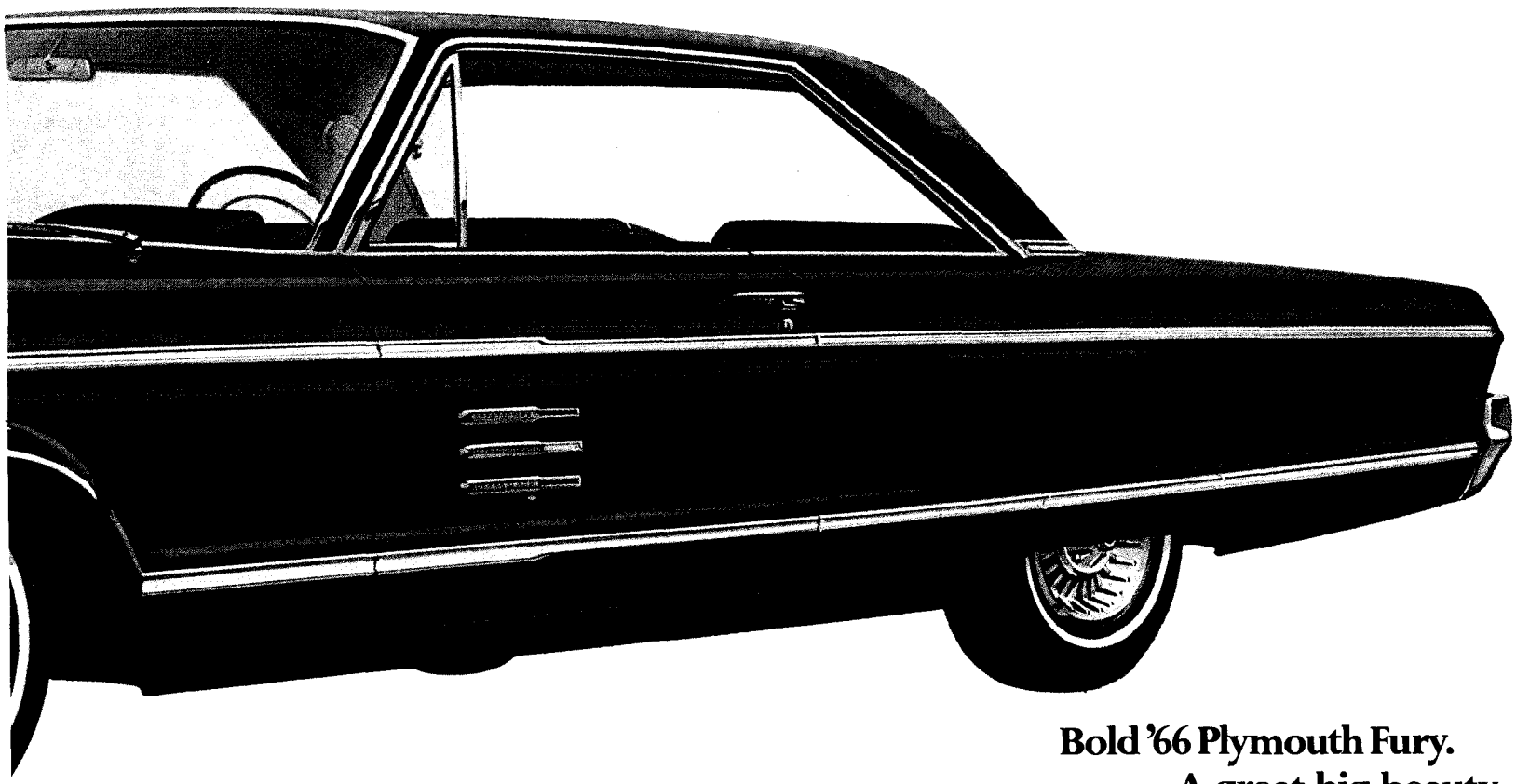
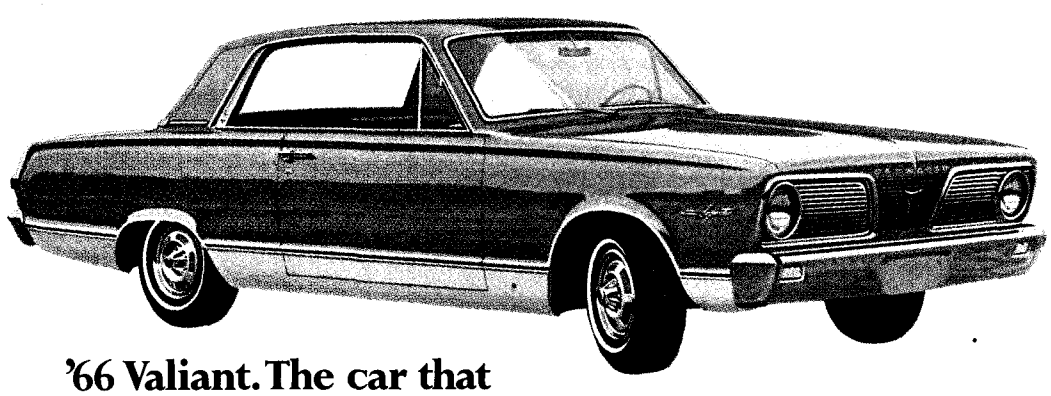


Bold '66 Plymouth Fury. A great big beauty in a great big hurry.

Hardtops, station wagons, sedans, convertibles—the Fury way is the big way to go Plymouth for '66.



'66 Valiant. The car that really lets you live... within your budget.

You can take your savings plain or fancy—Valiant 100, Valiant 200, on up to our bucket-seat hardtop, the Signet.

Fast new version of the car that got America thinking fastback. '66 Barracuda.

If you go for front bucket seats, room for 5, a 7-foot-long cargo space, and maybe the new optional Formula 'S' performance pack—here you go.

See Plymouth in action on the World Series, AFL Football and the Bob Hope Show, NBC-TV.

Let yourself go... *Plymouth*

VIP FURY BELVEDERE VALIANT BARRACUDA

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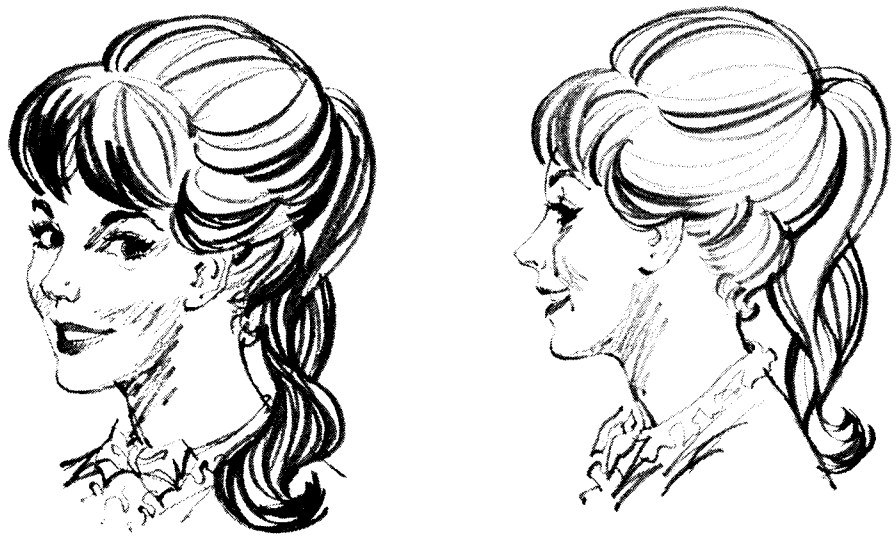
Test your talent

WIN ONE OF THREE $595.00 COMMERCIAL ART SCHOLARSHIPS PLUS CASH PRIZES

For many years Art Instruction Schools has conducted art talent contests. These contests helped to uncover new talent for the many fields of commercial art. Hundreds, who are successful commercial artists today, started their exciting careers by sketching the famous "draw-me" heads. With these triplet drawings our professional artists can evaluate the trainable talent you may have.

As you try each of these drawings you'll probably find Laura the easiest to draw because she is a simple draw-me type profile. The sketch of Louise is "full-face"; the planes of her face are equal and symmetrical. Linda may be the most difficult for you to draw. Hers is a "three-quarters profile", using perspective to give the illusion of depth. Even if you feel you could only draw Laura, we can train you to draw the others.

Because of the varying degrees of difficulty of each of the heads your drawings of the triplets will be individually judged as three separate contests, cash awards plus scholarship prizes go to the winner of each contest: $25 for Laura, $50 for Louise, and $75 for Linda.



LINDA

LAURA

LOUISE

Draw one or "triple your fun" and draw all of the triplets. Make your drawings, in pencil, larger or smaller than those above. If you win one of three commercial art scholarships you'll receive a complete home study course in advertising art, illustrating, cartooning or painting. You'll be taught by professional artists from America's largest home study art school, Art Instruction Schools. Even those who do not win will receive an honest professional appraisal of their talents. Entries for these three contests must be in before November 30, 1965. None can be returned. Our students and professional artists are not eligible. Start your drawings now; mail your entry today.

ART INSTRUCTION SCHOOLS
Studio 10375
500 S. 4th St., Minneapolis, Minnesota 55415

Please enter my drawing(s) in your Draw-the-Triplets contests. (PLEASE PRINT)

Name_____

Occupation_____ Age_____

Address_____ Apt._____

City_____ State_____

County_____ Zip Code_____

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The House of ADOLPH OCHS

that Marine Corps drill instructors did more for him than the faculty at either of the two prep schools he attended. For his ultimate graduation from Columbia (B.A. 1951), she thanks the Marines. Sulzberger's sister Ruth describes him in detail. "Never remembers anyone's name," she says, "but is skillful in disguising the fact or in making Old Nameless feel wanted. He likes his surroundings orderly and polished and, given a few minutes to spare, he will get to work on yours. If your car needs washing, invite him to lunch Sunday. He gets hot according to the calendar, and if it happens to be a cool day in June, he will still be miserable without air conditioning. He thinks ahead about flat tires and has a glove compartment full of inflaters, blinkers, patchers and instant road blockers. His reading tastes jump from Mickey Spillane and worse to Bruce Catton and better. He likes profiteroles and Jell-O and Scotch—separately. He wires, woodworks and tinkers. He got his nickname from his father, who once wrote that 'he had come to play the Punch to Judy's endless show.' Judy called herself and her brother 'the two oneses,' but the other nickname stuck. As I think about him, I always find myself realizing that he inherited more than his ears from his grandfather."

An unlikely picture of a revolutionary, but Punch Sulzberger is working a semi-revolution at the *Times*. He is overthrowing the rule of 1912 and the *Titanic*. He is suggesting that The New York Times Company, like any other company, must continually make changes in its product. He is suggesting, at least by implication, that not everything his grandfather said and thought 50 years ago was unalterably right for all time.

These things impose minor strains on conversations with loyal old *Times* men. There is a tradition they respect. This above all, to thine own past be true. Loyal old *Times* men seem a little embarrassed now that they are caught between the past and the future.

"So you're making some pretty sweeping changes around here, aren't you, Mister Catledge?"

"Not really, when you think about it," says the executive editor. "We wouldn't be foolhardy enough to change much."

"So you aren't really making changes of consequence?"

"Well, actually, we are making a lot more changes than you realize."

Well, actually, the *Times* is reappraising everything. At the age of 114, it is wondering if it really looks all right. Are the gray headlines, almost a trademark, still effective? Is the body type—the type in which stories are set—too small? Are there too many stories on the front page? Are most stories too long? Are there enough pictures? Is television making everyone, even *Times* readers, more oriented toward pictures, more insistent on the visual, less comfortable when faced with naked type? What about those people raised on the *Times* who have come to expect gray headlines, and endless columns of type, with coffee every morning? How can the *Times*, at the age of 114, change its appearance for new readers, without antagonizing the old?

Writing quality concerns Punch Sulzberger's *Times* too. Adolph Ochs, who was not a literary man, did not leave a literary paper. He built his *Times* on complete coverage and accuracy, not eloquence. (Remember, Ochs's favorite poet was Alexander Pope, not Keats.) Impersonal, prosaic journalism was the standard. Ochs's disciples believed that the tone, which was far more important than any individual's style, had to be serious. It was better to be dull than to be flippant. Now, after so many years of heavy, windy (but not flippant) prose, how can quality of writing be brought to the pages of the *Times?*

Finally, and perhaps most important and complex, the *Times* is trying to redefine the nature of its reporting. How much and how often should it break from its traditional policy of printing only what is announced? How can it best respond to the threatening field of news management? How can it contend with the efforts of politicians, lawyers, the medical lobby, civil-rights groups, police, to create and manipulate "news" for selfish ends? To what extent should the *Times* embark on the dangerous business of investigative reporting, of looking for things that are not announced, even denied?

Answering these questions, or finding men who can, and puzzling out fresh questions to be raised is the collective

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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assignment of Punch Sulzberger's *wunderkinder*, a mixed and contentious assortment of newspapermen, some of whom are gray, and all of whom are harried but comparatively well paid, earning $25,000 a year and up. Few have offices. Most work in a newsroom, one city-block long, under the scrutiny of copy boys, messengers and groups of 10 or 20 visitors on one of the regular guided tours provided free by the *Times* promotion department.

The *wunderkinder* all started with the *Times* as reporters, rather than as copy readers. Unlike the inside men, who put in regular nighttime hours writing headlines and contending with the technical problems of putting out a paper, the *wunderkinder* are not entirely dedicated to the old *Times* system. They were not immersed in it night after night. But as Punch Sulzberger knows, wherever they were, they thought of themselves not as mere reporters but as *Times* men. There was a shade of difference, they believed. They are all committed to the old *Times* just enough to tear down nothing rashly, to move with deliberate speed, to make only a semi-revolution.

The signal for change was the unification, on September 1, 1964, of the daily and Sunday *New York Times* under a single editorial chief. Until then, when Turner Catledge became executive editor of the *Times*, nobody ran the greatest paper in the world. As managing editor, Catledge ran the daily paper. Lester Markel ran the Sunday paper. The two competed, almost like editors of rival publications. At one meeting, when they were arguing whether a now forgotten article should appear daily or Sunday, an assistant editor said, "But what difference does it make? It's all one newspaper, isn't it?"

"I know that," said Orvil Dryfoos, Son-In-Law II, the publisher, "and you know it, but does everybody know it?" Everybody did not, but Dryfoos was a mild man, and his query was treated as though he had not spoken.

Lester Markel, Sunday editor for 41 years, outlasted two managing editors and three publishers. He had the absolute assurance of an Adolph Ochs appointee, and he knew the dynastic ways so well that he once hired his own son-in-law as articles editor of *The Times Magazine*. To staffers Markel was "The Sun King" and the son-in-law, Jack Stewart, was "The Dauphin" or "The Sorcerer's Apprentice." *Times* men still vie with each other in telling stories about Lester Markel's ways.

When Brooks Atkinson decided to step down as theater critic of the *Times*, according to a favorite tale about Markel, his colleagues arranged a Sunday-night dinner party for which Sardi's Restaurant, ordinarily dark on Sundays, was specially opened. The restaurant quickly filled with actors and actresses, many of whom Atkinson, a man without social ambitions, had never met. Almost every prominent *Times* man was there too. But Lester Markel had not been invited, because Mrs. Oriana Atkinson, the critic's wife, had been asked to review the guest list several days earlier. The event delighted Atkinson, and people talked about it for days at other parties, some of which were attended by Markel. He could only fume until one evening at a gathering he saw across a crowded room the late Marilyn Monroe. Drawing on ancient reservoirs of grit, Markel, a chunky man who wears eyeglasses, barreled over and presently he was asking Miss Monroe to lunch.

"Where shall I meet you?" she asked.

"Sardi's," Markel cried.

According to a *Times* man, Markel was 20 minutes late, an attention-getting tactic that failed when Miss Monroe was 45 minutes late. But they lunched luxuriously, and afterward Markel, impatient for gossip to spread through the *Times* building, took Miss Monroe on an extensive tour "to see how we put out our paper." They stopped near an important editor here, a policy maker there, tramping up and down hallways and staircases until Miss Monroe's feet were tired and Markel's ego was restored.

"In my lifetime," Punch Sulzberger concedes, "I have had easier assignments than going down and telling Lester that he was not going to be Sunday editor anymore. People forget that it was Lester who made the Sunday paper. It was his baby." To ease Markel's pain, and possibly his own, Sulzberger created two new positions called Associate Editor. One went to James Reston. The other was given to Markel. *Times* men applaud Sulzberger's strategy as ingenious. Since the associate editors are listed alphabetically, Markel's name appears before Reston's in the masthead, masking the fact that he had been stripped of his former power for the greater good of the *Times*.

With Turner Catledge installed as

HER DREAM CAME TRUE.
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Mrs. Aston does not have a college degree; but she has certain traits that are even more valuable. She has personality, determination, high intelligence, and a keen desire to win. She was a Representative for a while; she is now a Sales Manager with 28 Representatives, and she won't be thirty for two years yet.

Perhaps you want to know more about this profession. Her 28 Representatives are among 3,000 independent Telephone Representatives selling The Saturday Evening Post, Ladies' Home Journal, Holiday, The American Home, and Jack and Jill to the homes of America for the Curtis Circulation Company. They earn generous commission each week from the sale of these and other fine publications.

Naturally, a few Representatives soon find that this work is not to their liking. But the 'average' of these 3,000 women has been a Curtis Representative for over four years. Some have served their expanding clientele from their own home for twenty-five years. Many are in their early thirties, and many more certainly appear to be. Our personnel records show many mothers assisting sons or daughters in college; former concert violinists, retired teachers, and former librarians.

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Our nearest District Sales Manager will write or phone you for an interview. At no time will you be permitted to pay for consultation sessions, refresher meetings, or supplies and report forms.

We hope you decide to write today!

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Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19105
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ADOLPH OCHS

editorial chief, responsible directly to the publisher, Sulzberger had a clear chain of command, something that he values highly, perhaps out of Marine experience in World War II and Korea. Sulzberger likes displaying charts, showing which major editor and which corporate vice president is responsible for what.

Catledge is a garrulous and somewhat old-fashioned newspaperman, born near Philadelphia, Miss., who tells a story well and takes a drink. In back of his vast office is another room he calls The Club. On the wall in The Club hang photostats of the front page of the *Times* on the day Catledge was born, the day he joined the paper, and the day he became its managing editor. Late in the afternoon, insiders—Sulzberger, Ivan Veit, a vice president for promotion, Nat Goldstein, the circulation director—gather in The Club for drink and talk. "News," Catledge likes to announce, "is anything you had forgotten, never knew or didn't understand. Now, gentlemen, what are we going to do about. . . ."

Catledge is out of the immediate bustle of the newsroom, although his office is on the same floor. Deeply rooted in old *Times* ways, he is charged with organizing an orderly transition. He is close to retirement age. The future of the new *Times* will belong to others.

Clifton Daniel, the druggist's son from the shaded hamlet of Zebulon, N.C., who grew up to find happiness at the side of a President's daughter, works as managing editor in an office adjoining Catledge's Club. Gray, sharp-faced and extremely formal, Daniel is a source of contention among *Times* men. His critics are severe and caustic. They invent thoroughly unpleasant nicknames for him. They attribute his prominence to his marriage to Miss Truman. They tell tales about his idiosyncrasies. ("So just before he marries Margaret, he goes up to the society editor and says everybody is wondering what *she's* going to wear, doesn't anybody care what *he's* going to wear. And he pulls out a swatch of cloth.")

Defenders rally behind this sparse, aloof figure who walked Manhattan streets long ago with Thomas Wolfe and who, according to Harrison Salisbury "was the only man who could run the Associated Press London war desk for eight hours without raising his voice and losing his temper." Mostly he has been a foreign correspondent, for A.P. and the *Times*, in London and Cairo, in Moscow and Israel. "The British virtues," he has said, "are the ones I hold most dear: understatement, liberality of mind, an atmosphere of justice."

Except for the reshuffled Sunday staffers, who work on a separate floor, the other new *Times* leaders are all on public display, from 10 A.M. to 7 P.M., in the newsroom. Salisbury, 56, the new assistant managing editor, an advocate of "a more exciting paper," sits with his back to the 43rd Street wall. On his desk are stacks of publications with Cyrillic lettering. Salisbury, a tall, lean man who wears steel-rimmed eyeglasses, was the *Times*' Moscow correspondent for years.

Nearby, in a nest of desks, A.M. Rosenthal, 43, the metropolitan news editor, tells the local and suburban staffs not to be afraid of "they." Reporters used to shy away from stories that "they wouldn't let us do," Rosenthal says. But Abe Rosenthal, who is black-haired, round-faced and intense, claims to have discovered that "there isn't any they." Rosenthal was called back from Tokyo to become city editor, a radical innovation variously explained as "he was supposed to look at New York as if it was a foreign country," and "we wanted him to spawn 200 little Rosenthals." Sulzberger and Catledge say they are pleased with the results.

Claude Sitton, 39, the national news director, sits in a smaller nest and talks on the telephone to his staff of correspondents. A southerner with a kind, stoic face and gentle manner, Sitton wakes his correspondents early and keeps them up late, exploring "long-range ideas." He covered violent civil-rights disturbances throughout the South and recently urged his correspondents to go beyond police barriers into the Watts district of Los Angeles. He believes that a good reporter should

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"And just when will he be ready for marriage?"

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- **Hard Cover Book**
- **Tells How The Pros Play**
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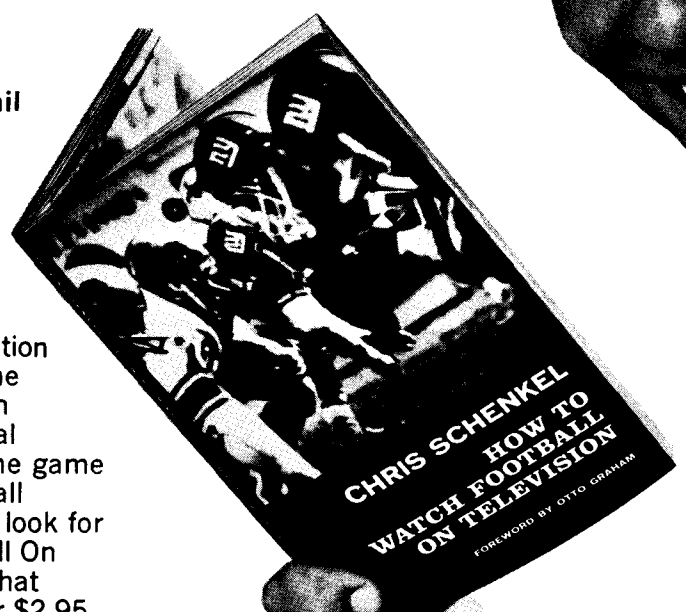

Football! . . . and all across the nation millions of fans will be watching the pros battle it out each weekend on television. Chris Schenkel, National Sportscaster of the year makes the game even more exciting by giving you all the inside information on what to look for and when. "How to Watch Football On Television" is a hard cover book that sells in bookstores everywhere for $2.95, *but it can be yours free!* Just send 25 Phillies Tips cigar bands together with the coupon below and Chris will send you his new book, absolutely free! This is our way of introducing you to new Phillies Tips. Chances are, you'll become a Phillies Tips "regular" once you've enjoyed its good taste and special kind of mildness. The price...just 25c for a pack of five (plus tax where applicable)

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Dear Chris...Send me "How To Watch Football on Television"...Free (Value $2.95)

I enclose 25 Phillies Tips cigar bands
Please send me my copy of "How To Watch Football on Television".

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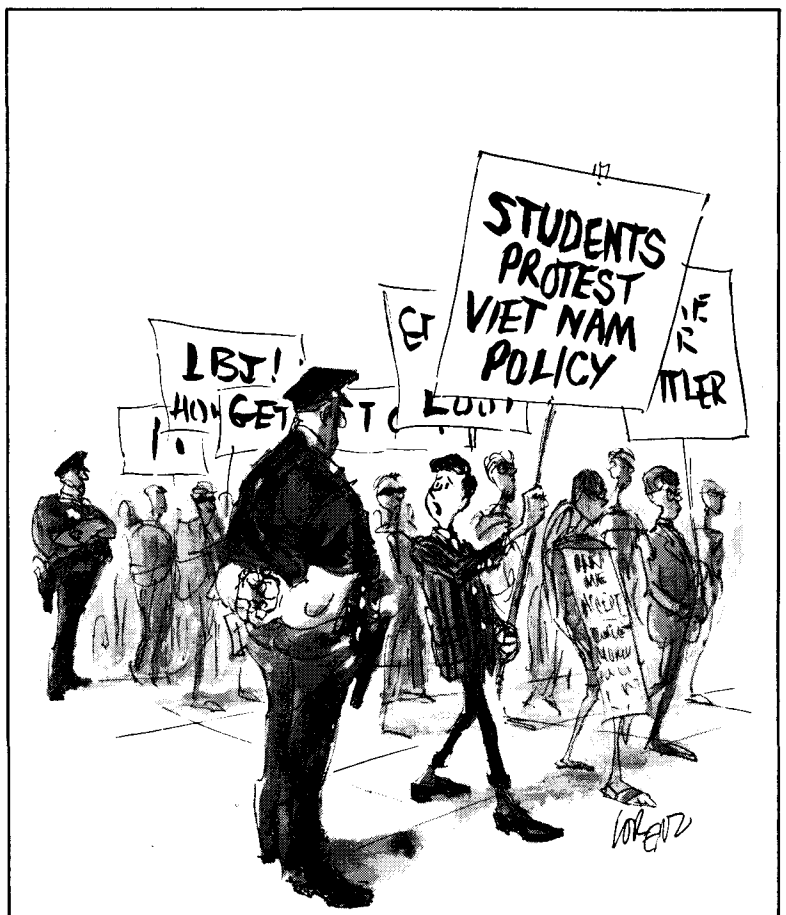
America, America



"Officer, may I be excused to go to the bathroom?"

be able to survive, and he has invented the Sitton Notebook, a pad cut down to a size where it can be hidden inside a jacket pocket. "Prior to Claude's invention," one of his colleagues points out, "reporters in the South were regularly getting hell beat out of them because they carried old-fashioned stenographer's notebooks that protruded from their pockets like lifetime membership cards in the N.A.A.C.P."

Sydney Gruson, the foreign news editor, is red-faced, energetic and a drinking companion of Punch Sulzberger's. He is just settling into his nest of desks and his job after years as a correspondent in Europe. He appears harried, working under an assistant managing editor and a managing editor who were both foreign correspondents themselves.

It is a huge room where these men sit, nondescript, only enormous. Kafka might have liked it, but Orwell would have been unnerved. A faceless voice pervades the enormous room. When Rosenthal wants somebody, he tells an assistant, who then picks up a microphone. "Mr. Arnold," says an amplified voice, carrying the length of a city block. "Metropolitan desk, please."

Reporters sit in rows facing south toward 43rd Street. There is Homer Bigart, superb at wars, who came in the front door actually asking for a job. He'd had enough of the *Herald Tribune*. Near him is Peter Kihss, the vacuum cleaner. "Pete scoops up every fact," *Times* men say. And Dick Witkin, whc once covered the U.N. with Abe Rosenthal, and who was switched from "aerospace" to New York politics when Rosenthal began reshuffling. And Phil Dougherty, whom Rosenthal rescued from the society department and assigned to crime. And Ted Jones, the only Negro on the staff. And Talese, dour and sensitive, and McCandlish (Long John) Phillips, who keeps a Bible on his desk, and R. W. (Johnny) Apple Jr., who started at more than $300 a week and was so proud of himself that he mentioned his salary to older men who were earning $50 a week less.

Around a corner sits Joseph G. Herzberg, director of cultural news, formerly city editor of the *Herald Tribune*. "They told me they were shorthanded on one of my first days here," he recalls, "and I looked out to see who was sitting at the desks." He named five or six very good reporters. "They would have called that 'overstaffed' at the *Tribune*," Herzberg says, and laughs.

Nobody drinks in the big room. Against policy. There are no poker games. A high proportion of men keep their jackets on. Irving (Pat) Spiegel, the specialist on Jewish news, does imitations of other members of the staff, but most people and even The Voice are subdued. Those irresponsible reporters in the old movies, "Scoop" Gable and "Crusader" Stewart, would not know how to act in the newsroom of *The New York Times*. The building-security men would have to be summoned to remove them from the premises.

Everybody's workday begins not in the big room but at home, or on a commuter train, or in the subway, with a reading of *The New York Times*. "Hardest part of the job," editors like to maintain, "is reading the damn paper every day." Getting through the entire paper in less than two hours is considered very professional, very good.

When Harrison Salisbury comes to the office, he has read both the *Times* and the *Herald Tribune*, and he at once begins writing a critique in the form of a memo to "Mr. Daniel," who presumably has also read both papers. Salisbury's criticism covers a wide range. Often he offers praise, with a short jab at the opposition. "Roy Reed has done an outstanding job on the Liuzzo story; contrasted with [*Herald Tribune* writer Jimmy] Breslin's barroom style it looks very good." But he knows, too, the uses of faint praise. "Lots of news this morning—but the kind of solid, sober news that doesn't race pulses—redistricting, antipoverty, taxes, budgets. We did well on those stories—not brilliantly." And civil leer. "Why do we say reaction to the Barnes plan (for making two more New York avenues one way) was generally favorable? And why do we play cab drivers' reactions? I hope that the traffic pattern in the city is not being laid out to meet the neurotic needs of the cab drivers." Sometimes Salisbury is carried away. "Where but in *The New York Times* could a reader turn the inside pages to story after story—all first-class, interesting? . . . Start with the best: Craig Claiborne's superlative layout on the Busch family in St. Louis. One that any mag in the country would pay thousands for. . . ."

The morning pace is leisurely, contemplative. Rosenthal is talking to an interviewer about the old days, when he was a correspondent at City College of New York and so skinny that someone told him, "Close one eye and you'd look like a needle."

Wandering 11 floors below his office, Punch Sulzberger calls to the interviewer, "Take everything that he tells you with a grain of salt." Sulzberger grins and keeps going.

"When that guy appears," Rosenthal says of the publisher, "it just seems to cheer everybody up."

"Why do you have only one Negro reporter on your whole staff?" the interviewer asks.

"Looks terrible," Rosenthal says. "I know it. You know it. But what the hell is there to do when for all these years Negroes have not been getting the education and the training that you have to have, white or black, to be a reporter on the *Times?* There just isn't any big pool of Negro talent out there waiting, or if there is, I haven't been able to find it."

Sitton is on the phone to a correspondent in the South. There is a conservation story he is wondering about; not urgent, but it ought to be looked into. Gruson is trying to contact a correspondent in Asia. He wants some digging done in Singapore.

Clifton Daniel is talking by telephone to Tom Wicker, 39, the new Washington bureau chief. The Washington bureau does not come under the national news department but reports directly to the managing editor. Wicker is a former White House reporter, and a former North Carolinian, young to run the huge bureau in the big building on K Street. But Reston, his predecessor, is only one flight up. If young Tom gets in trouble, Reston can come downstairs and bail him out.

In the big room assistant editors are organizing the news of the day into orderly lists, but it is early. The pace will not quicken for hours. At 12:30 a few editors leave for the daily publisher's lunch in the executive dining room. There they will meet a public figure for off-the-record talk. No liquor is served in the executive dining room, which bothers some *Times* editors, but not Salisbury, who is a teetotaler.

Ted Bernstein arrives at two o'clock. He is another assistant managing editor, and since he has a private office and seniority, he might seem to outrank Harrison Salisbury. But this is an era of transition. Salisbury's photograph appears ahead of Bernstein's among the "principal news and editorial executives" whose faces fill page five of the *Times* Annual Report. The significance of the order of photographs is what any sound Kremlinologist would suspect.

Theodore M. Bernstein is a slight, almost birdlike man, who works with his sleeves rolled up. His arms are thin. He is gentle, unpretentiously scholarly, and important even though he represents a view of journalism that is going out of fashion.

He represents the old *Times* and, in a sense, the old *Times* readers. His chief complaint against the old paper was that it had too many long lead sentences. As a remedy he urges as a general rule one idea to each sentence. ("But not, of course, 'The American flag is red. It is also white. It is also blue.'") Punch Sulzberger's *wunderkinder* try to be courteous in their dissents. "Ted," they say, "is a superb technician."

The tempo changes after lunch. There is a news conference for all the editors at four. That means preparation. And now there is a paper to get out too. Bernstein's presence signifies that. His people are the ones who handle it. Assistant editors are rounding out the lists of news, the so-called budgets—one-sentence summaries of stories that will come later. The summaries come from overseas and from Washington. In New York reporters are required to write a summary before beginning their stories, which irritates some because "it makes you try to come up with a lead twice."

Joe Herzberg has an idea before the conference that a critic with a new book might make a good feature as "Man in the News." He walks over to Ted Bernstein and suggests it.

"Nah," Bernstein says pleasantly. He is working at his critique, *Winners & Sinners*, "a bulletin of second-guessing issued occasionally from the southeast corner of *The New York Times* News Room."

"Who have you got instead?" Herzberg says. "A Yugoslav diplomat? A politician from Chile?"

Bernstein grins. It is an old accusation: That the *Times* would rather use a story from far away. Sometimes it is called Afghanistanism. Bernstein chuckles now. He doesn't believe it. The *Times* just judges news as news. "No," he says and Herzberg retreats.

Salisbury is concerned with a correspondent who has not been feeling well. He calls the correspondent and asks him to call the physician who runs the *Times* medical department (five internists and a visiting psychiatrist).

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Then he calls the physician and tells him to expect the call.

A lady from the fashion department wants to run a story about new ski fashions. "It's exclusive," she says.

"Oh, it's a little early for skiing," Salisbury says mildly. "I'd rather read about those new bell-bottomed slacks."

"Oh, I wouldn't," says the lady, misinterpreting conversational tone for conversation.

Salisbury repeats himself. After the lady has gone, he says, "I wouldn't order her to write something she didn't want to. But I would get somebody else to do it."

Abe Rosenthal is talking to a reporter who has been talking to the police. ". . . and the lieutenant said he wasn't going to give me any details of the arrest because that was the new policy."

"What?"

"Don't worry, I'm putting it in the story."

"Artie," Rosenthal says to Arthur Gelb, his chief assistant, "if the cops have a new policy of not giving out details of an arrest, that's a story in itself, isn't it?"

Gelb, tall, rabbinically solemn, nods. "It sure is, Abe."

"Let's get somebody to [District Attorney] Hogan and let's get the police commissioner," Rosenthal says. "If they've got a new policy going, we want to know."

"Sorry, Abe," says the reporter. "I mean . . ."

"OK," says Rosenthal. "Just give us the best piece you can." (There was no new policy, it turned out. Just a police lieutenant ducking a reporter.)

The four-o'clock news conference is probably the only meeting of its kind that has a guest list. Auditors attend regularly. So do many but not all of the important editors of the *Times*. John Oakes, from the editorial page, will not go. He wants no intercourse between editorials and news. The Sunday people were not present under Markel. They are not now. "Personally," says Harrison Salisbury, "I think you'll find the whole thing soporific."

Daniel sits at the head of a large table in his office. A huge, dull photograph of a bridge covers one wall. Editors sit around the table with him. The others sit near the wall and the dull photo. Today's visitors are two advertising salesmen, two circulation men, a group from a new African nation, Punch Sulzberger and Turner Catledge, and somebody who is taking notes. Punch whispers that he hasn't been feeling well; maybe the conference will cheer him up. Salisbury, who does not sit at the table, winks and sighs.

At four the editors file into Daniel's office, in the southwest corner of the newsroom, past Daniel's secretary, acclaimed as the prettiest of the few girls on the floor. Daniel introduces the new visitors and opens the conference, calling on editors with a nod. Each in turn reads a brief account of the news of the day in his department. Nation. Local. Business. Cultural. Sports. It is like listening to a television newscast, except that the men are not professional readers and stumble more frequently. There is little cross-chatter. The editors read, each in turn. They do not comment on one another's stories.

". . . interesting little feature about a man who told girls he was a spy pilot, flying something called the U-4, that flew higher than the U-2."

"*Twice* as high," Ted Bernstein says. Everyone chuckles. The conference ends in 45 minutes.

It is Ted Bernstein's show now. With his assistants he allocates space, determining what chunk of tomorrow's *Times* goes to national affairs (Sitton); a special feature on culture in California (Salisbury and Herzberg), foreign, local and the rest. The editors have furnished summaries of their stories. Ted Bernstein considers them, chats with his assistants and then sketches in a dummy of tomorrow's front page.

The makeup men dummy the rest. They arrange the foreign stories into a sequence; then the national news and Washington stories and finally the local or metropolitan news. The front page of the second section—split page on most papers, "second front" at the *Times*—will display local stories. "What we try to do, say with foreign," explains a makeup man, "is kind of pretend we have a globe. So if page two is full of Vietnam, then page three is full of India. Get the idea? Just like you were spinning a globe."

While Bernstein and his staff work, higher executives and vice presidents of the *Times* linger in Turner Catledge's Club. They leave at 6:30. Reporters' typewriters clatter, but Daniel and Salisbury are gone by 6:45. Sitton goes home soon afterward. Then Rosenthal leaves, and Gruson and Gelb. At eight Ted Bernstein goes home to his apartment on Fifth Avenue. The paper, which will not be locked up until 9:15,

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is now in the hands of Lewis Jordan, news editor, whose photograph does not appear on page five of the *Times* Annual Report among "the principal news and editorial executives." He is 52, a quiet and husky native of Ohio, who graduated from Marietta College, went to work as a reporter in Detroit and joined the *Times* as a copy editor in 1940. He taught journalism at Columbia for 10 years as "an assistant professor, the lowest rank."

It is almost nine o'clock when Lew Jordan rides a tiny elevator up to the fourth floor, where the printers are working. Other makeup men have already put much of the paper to bed. In the composing room Lew Jordan is going to concentrate on page one.

He stands before the stone—the iron-topped table—where the type is to be locked inside a metal frame. It is noisy on the fourth floor; a clang of hammering. Jordan is in his shirt sleeves. Above his head, as he looks at the frame for page one, an overhead conveyor belt takes something from somewhere to somewhere else, which is not his concern.

Jordan gets proofs of the page one headlines, prepared by copyreaders. Are they clear? He changes one or two quickly. An assistant stands with Jordan now. Proofs of the stories come. The men look for typographical errors and confusing leads. Other pages are being finished elsewhere, but not as carefully. One makeup man handles several at a time. There are clanging sounds as type is hammered, and as the pages, now finished, are lifted onto metal wagons and rolled away.

At a blackboard nearby a production man keeps a list of how many pages have closed. By 9:15 the 68 pages of tomorrow's *Times* should be all done.

Jordan has caught two typos and rewritten another headline. Printers are bringing type. Above page one is a photostat of the dummy Ted Bernstein sketched. You can see, by comparing the dummy with the type in the frame, what stories are there and what are missing. Two missing. It is 9:12.

"Not much to worry about," says Lew Jordan, worrying. He looks at fresh proofs. Another typo. He corrects it. An apprentice printer hurries off, carrying the correction.

The Linotype machines have made the composing room hot. The machines melt lead into type. The last two stories come through the heat, and the experienced printer, working under Jordan, slams them in, drops tiny slits of lead between the lines so that the page will not look cramped, and locks the frame. "OK, Lew?" he says, grinning.

"OK," Jordan says.

It is 9:16. Jordan is perspiring. "I told you not much to worry about," he says.

Now the type is hurried to a machine, which forces it against thick slabs of papier-mâché under 3,000 pounds of pressure. The slabs look like the front page of *The New York Times*. They drop down chutes to the press room, just below the street. There they are pressed against curves of molten metal alloy. The impression is transferred. Now drums of metal fill the last space on the cylinders of gigantic machines. The pressmen wear hats that are folded out of old newspapers. "OK," they yell, "OK, OK."

Someone throws switches. The presses begin, drawing paper from huge rolls in the subbasements. A rumble grows into a wail. The presses deafen. Batches of papers ride rollers to the street floor, faster and faster. They stream up the rollers in thousands. Outside, in the street which seems to shake from the screaming presses, the first of 75 delivery trucks hurtles off.

By 11 o'clock the first edition of tomorrow's *Times* will reach newsstands. Copies are sent specially to the residences of Punch Sulzberger, Turner Catledge, Clifton Daniel, and the other news executives, all of whom left for home hours before the presses began their thunder.

IV

Nobody else puts out a paper the way the *Times* does. Is there another paper in the country without an editor? Is there another where the managing editor goes home without knowing what will appear on page one? Is there another where all the detail—makeup and headlines and pictures—almost everything that gives a paper form and tone, is left to an autonomous department? Probably not. But a newspaper, not a system, is the issue, and the vast *New York Times*, which is probably inefficient and unquestionably parochial, is the finest paper in the world.

The majority of its problems are indigenous, the inevitable result of its size. On a small paper, say the Chattanooga *Times*, which shares most of *The New York Times* board of directors, "Marty" Ochs, the editor of the editorial page, writes the editorials himself. Several times a day he sees "Johnny" Popham, the managing editor, who puts the paper to bed. When problems arise—as when the Ku Klux Klan was allowed to enter a team in the Chattanooga municipal softball league—the two men try to work them out together. (Straight news plus editorial comment put the Klan team out of business.) Ruth Sulzberger Golden, the publisher, doubled as music critic for nine years. The Chattanooga *Times* is a small paper, fairly efficient and relatively free of factions.

The enormous *New York Times* is deeply divided. John Oakes and his 11 editorial writers sit in private offices on the 10th floor. Some reporters in the newsroom resent them. Dan Schwarz's Sunday staffers—now under Catledge's direction—fill the eighth floor. Retirement at full pay, a few reporters say. The Washington bureau has complaints about New York. New York editors feel Washington reporters are too involved in protecting sources. Ted Bernstein's technical group insists that Punch Sulzberger's *wunderkinder* are turning the paper into a daily magazine. And one of these comments, "It took a lot of work, but I kept the Churchill obit out of Bernstein's hands. That saved it from being chopped up into short sentences."

There is a modicum of office politics too. People at the paper enjoy telling how Anthony Lewis, the best reporter who ever covered the U.S. Supreme Court, didn't get the job he most wanted because of his overbearing manner. Lewis, twice the winner of a Pulitzer prize, hoped to succeed Reston as Washington bureau chief. But other Washington correspondents protested that Lewis would be an impossible boss. A few threatened to quit. *Times* staffers marvel at the ultimate compromise that sent Lewis abroad to run the London bureau and made Tom Wicker the new Washington chief.

The paper sometimes suffers from rigidity. There is an inevitable inertia, an inevitable tendency to "look up the clips and see how we played it last year." Because the *Times* is so rich in tradition, it lacks the easy, occasionally desperate, freedom of some of its competitors who have lost touch with their history. No one, including Tom Wicker, knew what to do with Wicker's moving account of how he covered the Kennedy assassination. It was personal journalism, and the story was printed only in *Times Talk*, the house organ.

There are certain fixed organizational ways, among them promoting from within, which can lead to absurdity. When Brooks Atkinson retired, the *Times* found as its new drama critic its old music critic, Howard Taubman. Turner Catledge says, however, that the *Times* is "the one paper right now that is not only able but *willing* to spend the money for outside specialists." He cites as proof the *Times*' recent hiring of John Cogley, a former head of *Commonweal*, as its religion editor.

What is so difficult for the changing *Times* is the knowledge that the wrong change can have appalling consequences. Abe Rosenthal, a gifted journalist, still bridles when someone mentions the way Harlem was covered by a Negro reporter he once hired. Rosenthal had gone looking for a Negro reporter specifically to deal with the Negro movement in the North. He found one who was courageous, likable, had been a Marine, knew karate and could keep his feet after a drink.

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The Negro reporter moved into Harlem in the spring of 1964 and after a while came back with a story about Blood Brothers. According to the reporter, the violent Black Muslim philosophy, which had begun spreading through Harlem in 1959, was reaching "youth gangs." A number of these gang members, the report said, 400 in all, were pledged to kill white people simply because they were white. The gangs had already committed at least four murders, he said.

Rosenthal trusted his reporter, a great and necessary newspaper tradition. He spoke to a high police officer—he will not say which one—and the police officer "confirmed" the story. The *Times* carried it on page one on May 29, 1964.

"A significance of the *Times*," James Reston has said, "is its multiplier effect. What appears in the *Times* automatically appears later in other places." The Blood Brothers story in the *Times* was displayed in conservative type. With the multiplier effect, however, it spread elsewhere under such wild headlines as HARLEM MAU MAU. A few weeks later came the Harlem Race Riots, the long-dreaded, long-predicted, long, hot summer, an ultimate in multiplier effect.

Rosenthal insists that there actually was a gang of Blood Brothers. Others are not so sure. They cite the fact that the reporter later resigned, and point out that it is in the nature of police officials to overstate dangers, because that leads people to give more power to police officials. Right or wrong, the *Times* is not proud of the story, or the way the paper itself was "used" by the police. An honest attempt to change, to provide investigative reporting in a dangerous area—went wrong. Because of the *Times*' enormous prestige, the results were grave.

The *Times*' courage in its Vietnam coverage, then, is even more remarkable. It has steadfastly refused, under a variety of pressures, to cover the war there according to safe, official U.S. Government lines. Instead, it pursues its independent way. It sent Homer Bigart to Vietnam in 1962, and he wrote bleak, discouraging dispatches. David Halberstam succeeded Bigart and consistently reported that the war was going badly, in the face of Washington assurances that it was not. President Kennedy suggested to the *Times* that it would be a good idea to change correspondents in Vietnam. He was refused. Eventually Halberstam won a Pulitzer prize for his stories.

The *Times* has continued to cover Vietnam with its most forthright and talented reporters. It continues to ask in its editorials for a clear definition of what our soldiers are doing there, and for a statement of "long-range purpose."

Lyndon Johnson was offended when the *Times* suggested in a news story that he had asked for a recent supplementary appropriation for Vietnam "as a vote of confidence." The President summoned the nearest available *Times* man—a reporter—and reprimanded him. Then, in a different tone, he told the reporter to call a certain friend of his, who could provide him with an interesting and exclusive story.

As the President suspected, the reporter told his superiors about the reprimand. As he did not expect, it had absolutely no effect at all. Among recent *Times* correspondents in Vietnam has been Scotty Reston, who survived the crash of a Navy plane while flying near Da Nang in August. Charles Mohr, who once covered Vietnam for *Time* magazine and resigned when his dispatches were distorted by editors in New York, has been going out on patrols for *The New York Times*. The *Times*' Vietnamese coverage is an example of its finest work as the leader of an independent and impartial press.

The *Times* will not, like *Time* magazine, rewrite foreign correspondents' dispatches to please opinionated editors in New York. Punch Sulzberger, an opinionated publisher, might fire anyone who tried.

It will not, like the *Herald Tribune*, abandon full news coverage, however expensive, and substitute lively but less-consequential columnists.

It will not, like the *Daily News*, traffic in sex and violence to sell more papers and make more money than anyone else.

It will not, like television news directors, avoid stories that might offend advertisers.

It will not even let its reporters accept Christmas gifts from news sources.

It will not repudiate its solid and serious tradition.

In short, for all Punch Sulzberger's changes, for all the critics' wails, it will not stop being *The New York Times*. □

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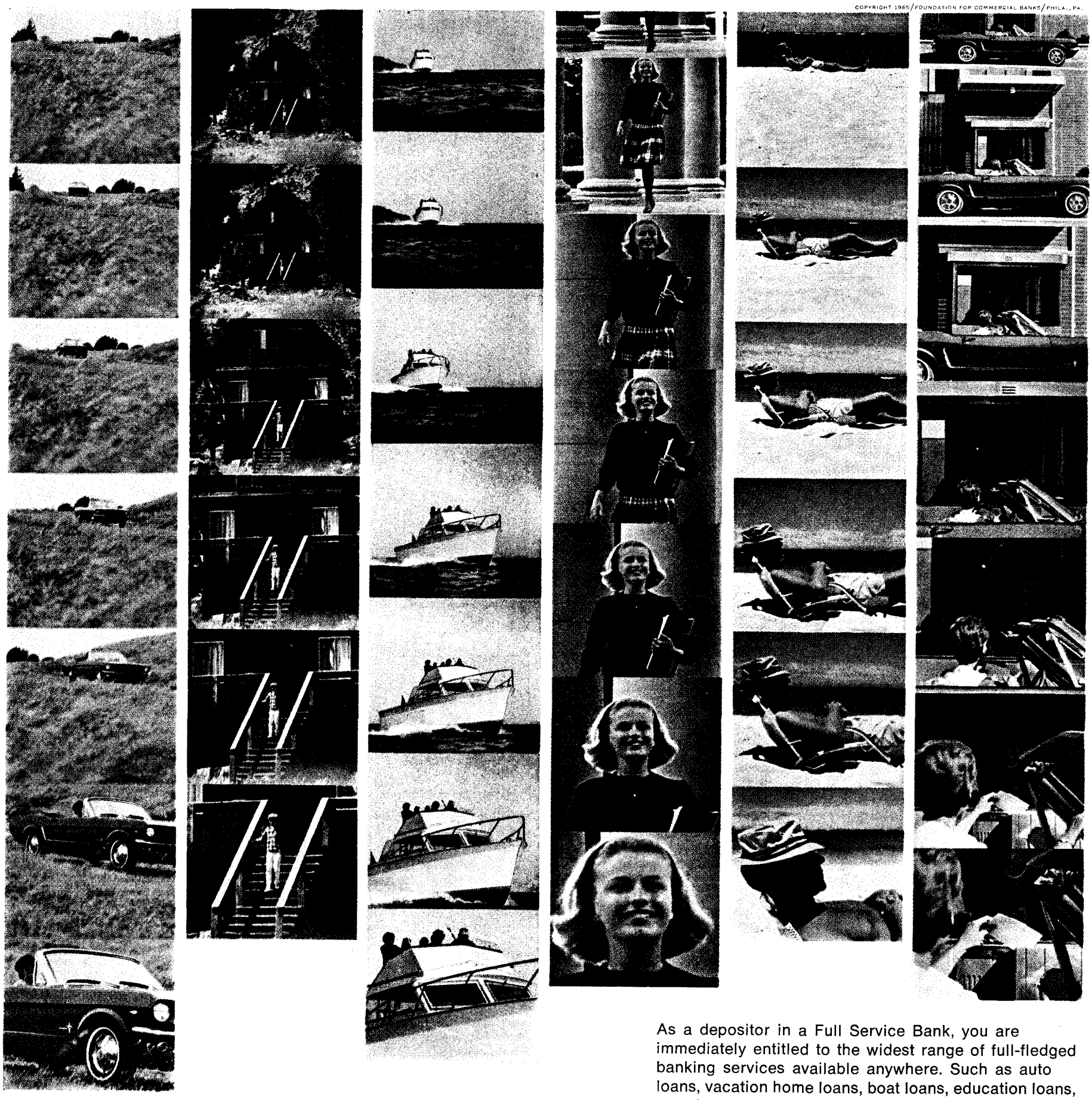

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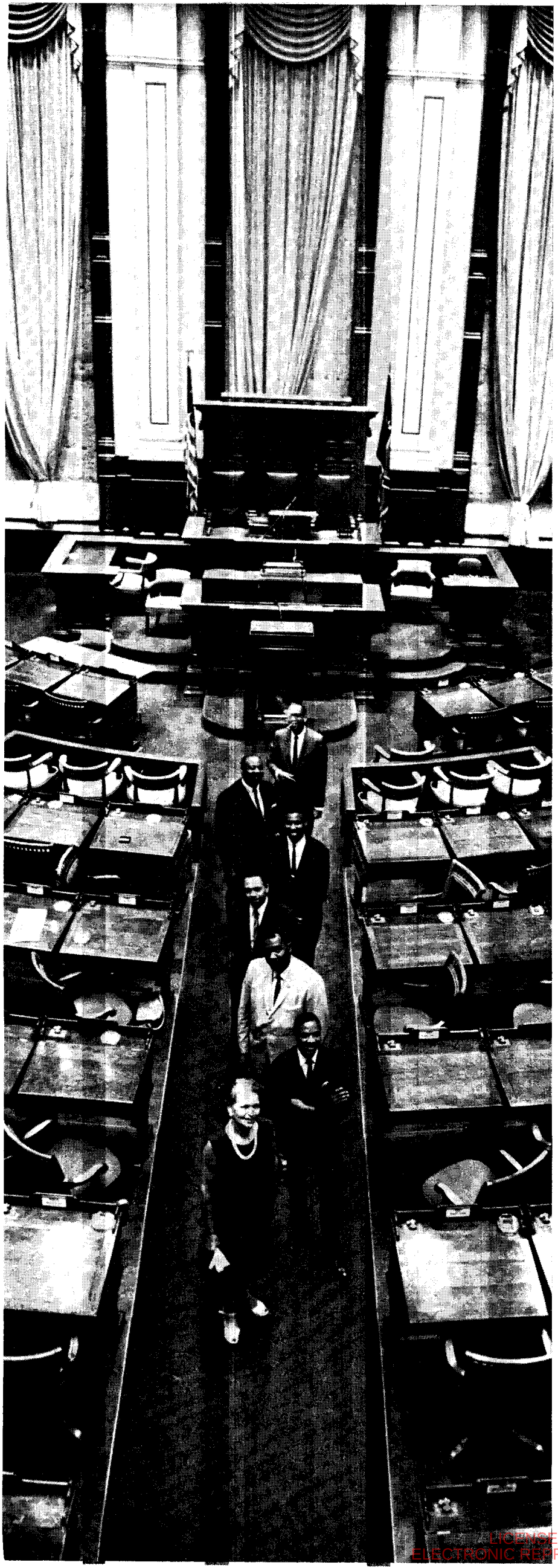
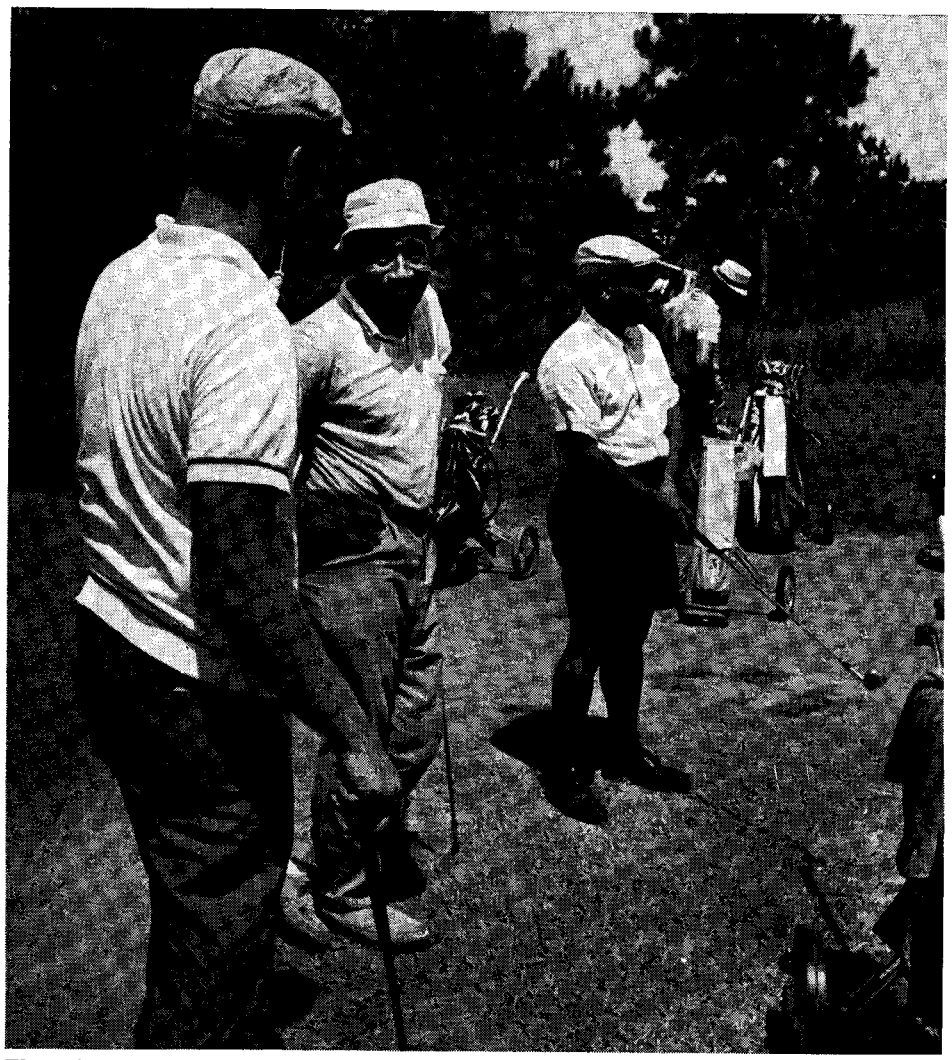


Seven of the nine Negroes serving in Georgia's legislature stand proudly in aisle of the House.

"George Wallace is softening up. He sees what's happening, and he is



The sight of Negroes and whites playing on same golf course still shocks most southerners.

New era for the South

continued from page 25

to fill jobs as file clerks and stenographers. And all over the South, "Head Start," a pre-school teaching program that is beneficial mainly to the Negro child, is getting underway.

In small ways, and in surprising places, the white man is beginning to hold out a friendly hand to the Negro. "We did one thing the law didn't say we had to do," said Edward B. Bailey, the tall, redheaded mayor of Demopolis. "We changed the names of the alleys where the Negroes lived to 'Court' or 'Place.' We thought it would be embarrassing to them to get mail addressed to such-and-such an alley."

As the white southerner shows signs of softening, the less erratic Negro leaders of the various organizations of the movement show signs of changing the direction of their attack, holding, with Greenville's articulate and aggressive Donald Sampson, that the time has come to concentrate less on direct action, and more on the hard, sometimes frustrating task of preparing the Negro for his new responsibilities.

"It can nearly run you crazy sometimes," said Sampson. "Here's a man who can tell you Willie Mays's batting average every year he's been in the big league. He can tell you every lottery number that's hit since he started playing the bug. But you take him down to register to vote, and he can't remember what year he was born in."

In his cluttered office on Dryades Street in New Orleans, Richard Haley, tall, graying Southern Director of the Congress of Racial Equality, explained the new thrust of his organization.

"We are putting no particular emphasis now on direct action—on sit-ins, picketing, demonstrations. We haven't abandoned that tactic, but we are using it only in direct proportion to the opposition we encounter. Take Bogalusa, for example. We push hard there because the resistance is strong. Wherever we find resistance, we will continue to push, press, picket, boycott and sue. We have had our scouts working down in Plaquemine Parish, and when the time is ripe, we'll have to move down there and have a showdown with Judge Perez. But right now we've got a lot of work going on that creates no friction and attracts no headlines at all. We are working quietly in more than a dozen counties in northern Louisiana, getting the people registered, teaching them what it means to be a citizen, and how to use the vote. We aren't talking to them about the theories of government, we are teaching them basic civics.

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beginning to ease over toward middle ground. He is a political chameleon. Two years from now he'll be sounding like Martin Luther King."

When you're ten or so, and the grass in the park smells of summer, you've just got to go jump and do cartwheels like the other boys. And it really doesn't matter what color their skins are.

Who is the man to see if you want a new light put in your part of town? How do you go about getting a street paved in Jonesboro, a burning trash dump moved in Monroe? How do you get your garbage picked up, or a brutal cop turned off the force?"

At Florida State University in Tallahassee, the Rev. Carl Thomas—big, bald, very black—peered through horn-rimmed glasses at the tip of his cigarette. He said, "Generally, in the South, the need for demonstrations is rapidly passing. Much more quiet progress is being made than anybody hears about. Whenever one little town flares up in violent reaction to a Negro demonstration, a half dozen others make up their minds they won't let the same thing happen. So the doors are opening up. Our job now is to prepare the Negro to go through these doors and take his place in the new environment. Take what's happening here. The Negro teacher on the elementary level has had a rude awakening. It is reflected in the number of Negro teachers enrolled in summer school. They know they have to upgrade their knowledge or they can't hold their own in an integrated school situation. The Negro church is taking on a new structure too. There is an obvious, blatant disapproval of the uninformed clergyman. So we are setting up training courses for the Negro minister, teaching him ways of making his church a powerful force for progress in the community." He smiled. "The Civil Rights Act made a citizen out of the Negro. To put it bluntly, I guess our task now is to make Negroes out of niggers."

In Macon, Ga., William Phillips Randall, heavy, slow-talking, soft-voiced Negro contractor, explained how his city had made progress in race relations with a minimum of strife.

"We have actually accomplished more here, with less furor, than nearly any other city in the South," he said. "But it didn't start out that way. When we began in 1960, trying to break the back-to-front seating in the buses, there wasn't any communication between the races. When the bus company had 15 of our people arrested, we started a boycott that was 100 percent effective. We had mass meetings in the churches, and formed car pools to carry people to their work. The cops harassed us. They harassed us with parking tickets when we met at the churches, harassed the people traveling in the car pools. Things got pretty tense.

"Then we had a conference with the mayor, and the police interference stopped. The mayor was a wise and foresighted man. He set up a biracial commission to talk things out. They were all local people, people with a stake in the community. As soon as we sat down together and began to talk, things began to smooth out.

"So the old fights are over now nearly everywhere in the South—police harassment, police brutality, that's no big issue now. The courts are still bad. The Negro who injures a white man can expect to feel the heavy hand of the law. The white man who injures a Negro still will go scot-free. That's why we've got to have the vote, to get good judges on the bench, honest prosecutors, not persecutors, in the courts."

Registering to vote in Macon is no longer a great problem for the Negro. "Employment is still our sore spot," said Randall. "The hiring of Negroes is not going on as fast as it should. Public accommodations is no problem anywhere. Public facilities is not a problem—the schools, the hospitals, the welfare agencies. Title 6 is the whip there. They have to comply, or their federal funds are shut off. But Title 7, the right of a Negro to work wherever he is qualified, has not yet been put into effect as it should. Right now we are working on that."

Some farsighted southerners believe that Title 7 of the Civil Rights Act will in time prove to be the greatest boon to the South since the invention of the cotton gin.

"It will be the salvation of the textile industry in this state," said a South Carolina mill man. "Our mill hands were the white people from the hill country who came down out of their dirt-floored mountain cabins to work in the textile towns. But the sons and grandsons of these people don't want to work in a cotton mill. They want to work in the higher-paying plastics and electronics plants. We are running short of hands. Now the law has uncovered a huge new pool of labor."

The "new" labor force has been there all along, of course, but until now the mores of the community have forbidden the hiring of Negroes in most industries. Title 7 breaks that barrier.

A philosophical Charleston businessman, sipping an after-dinner liqueur in his mansion on the Battery, sees Title 7 as an explosive stimulus to the economy of the whole South.

"It frees the tremendous productive potential of the Negro that we never used before," he said. "And it opens up a huge new market for consumer goods, because the Negro, who has had so little for so long, is going to spend every dime he makes. When I sell out my business and retire," he continued, "I'm going to invest every dollar in the South, in southern banks, insurance companies, utilities and industries. There never was a time in history when our future looked more bright."

Throughout the South there are hundreds of communities, large and small, which have quietly resolved that they would not sacrifice their own bright future on the altar of an ancient prejudice. In each city that so far has come safely through its time of crisis, certain moderating forces have been at work. Each has had a political leadership determined to keep the peace; each has had strong editorial leadership that calls for obedience to the law; each has been able to muster, from both the white and the Negro communities, influential business and professional men who were willing to sit down together

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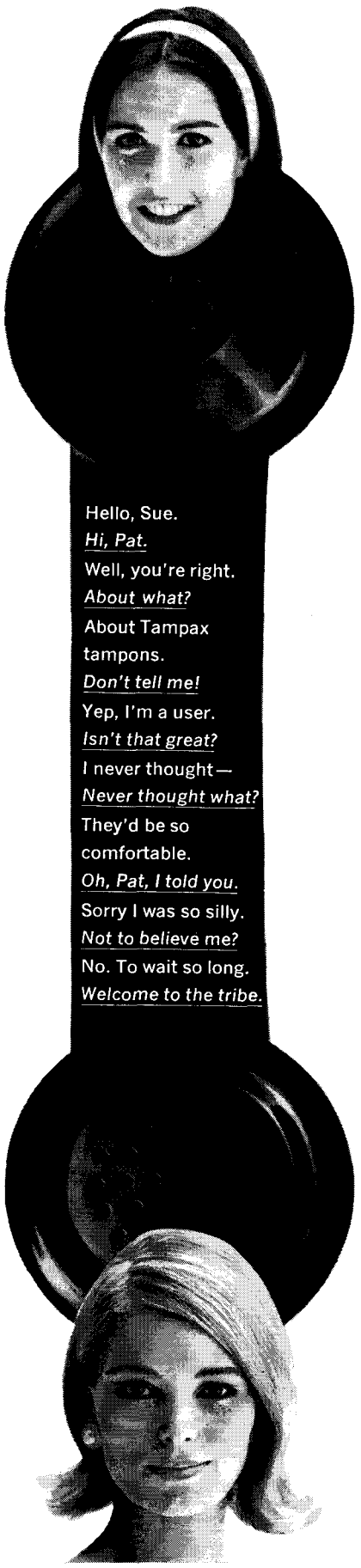

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and work out their problems, if not in a spirit of good will, at least in an atmosphere of mutual respect.

"For the man on the white side of the table it's not a matter of doing what's right out of a spirit of Christian brotherhood," a Negro leader said. "It has been a matter of facing up to reality. It is the higher caste dealing at arm's length with the once untouchable, giving way inch by inch."

In most cities these meetings are never publicized. Anonymous negotiators, representing both races, gather quietly in secret places to reach agreements that are never announced until long after they have been put into effect. "We kept silent because we didn't want to stir up the extremists on either side," said a South Carolinian who served on Greenville's biracial board. "If a Klansman doesn't know where to picket or burn a cross, or who to telephone and threaten, he's out in left field. Also, if you don't shout about what you are doing, the excitable, irresponsible Negro college students won't hit the streets hollering that progress is too slow."

These negotiations are by no means love feasts. White wattles grow red with anger, Negro voices rise in bitter complaint, and fists pound the conference table. But out of these angry private arguments come agreements that prevent even more explosive confrontations in the streets, when extremists on both sides take over, and passion obscures the simple issues that are at the heart of the controversy.

The story of the trouble spots is the story of the towns that refused to recognize the absolute necessity for such talks, where, out of fear or apathy, the decent people abdicated their authority, turning their destiny over to fanatical and malignant men. The story of the quiet towns is the story of those places, large and small, where reasonable and farsighted citizens of both races have worked together to avoid collision.

Mississippi embraces within its borders clear-cut examples of each. In Greenville, now an oasis of racial understanding in a segregationist Sahara, white and Negro leaders struggled from the start to handle its problems with wisdom and tolerance. In Greenwood and Natchez, by contrast, the white population have only recently begun to admit to themselves that a problem exists, and they have not yet begun to talk to the Negro. Even the so-called "good" communities—Greenville, Tupelo, Corinth—have known their moments of danger. Hodding Carter III, editor of the Greenville newspaper, reviewed his town's experience.

"This community," he said, "has followed the policy of punting on third down. There have been demonstrations and picketing, but we have always been smart enough to move before there was an explosion. We had a courageous and dynamic mayor who was determined that Greenville's growth and progress were not going to be wrecked on the rock of racial strife. We had one of the best police chiefs in the country, a man the Negro community could trust and respect, and a trained police force that knew the law. All in all, they've handled 150 demonstrations, involving nearly 10,000 people, and they've had to make only twenty-six arrests."

Greenville, like every other southern city, has its share of defiant men—the "Me surrender? Hell, no!" types. But they've never gotten a powerful foothold there. In 1964, when the Klan burned crosses all over Mississippi in a show of strength, Greenville was the only city in the state to react to the challenge. Three Klansmen were promptly arrested. One died of a heart attack under questioning, the others pleaded nolo contendere and were fined. When a white man threw hot coffee on a Negro, he was arrested, tried, and fined $60 for assault and battery.

In Natchez, a once serene and gracious old town on the bluffs above the Mississippi, the influence of the Ku Klux Klan, and the fear of Klan violence, holds its citizens in a benumbed silence broken only by passionate outbursts against trouble-making journalists and radical "agitators."

A Natchez citizen whom Klansmen had threatened said, "There are about 400 of them, and they have got every merchant in this town scared to death, for any merchant who hires a Negro can expect to find his store boycotted or stink-bombed. But the Klan is only the far-right wing in a town that is a battleground of two conservative factions. All this country around here is Goldwater country. That's why no progress in race relations has been made here. These people feel that any concession made to the Negro would give aid and comfort to Lyndon Johnson, and they couldn't stand that."

Even in Natchez, however, the realities of the law cannot be entirely ignored, and there is a dark rumor going around the town that two or three businessmen, acting in great secrecy, at last have begun trying to make contact with the Negro community.

Perceptive Mississippians see in the city of McComb the hopeful promise that a whole state can do what one small town has done to find its soul again. Throughout the spring and summer of 1964, McComb, where a small number of C.O.F.O. organizers were at work, was a symbol to the world of rampant, unchecked violence. A handful of local gas pumpers, store clerks and loafers, finding the McComb Klavern of the White Knights of the Ku Klux Klan too timorous in its opposition to C.O.F.O., formed a splinter group called the Black Knights. "They would lay out the flag and the Bible on a stump in the woods and go through the ritual," an investigator's report said. "Then they'd set a jug up on the flag and take a few swigs of corn to get their courage up. After that they'd draw straws to see who went out to burn a Negro church or bomb a Negro home. One of them was so nervous he would always vomit when he had to make a hit."

For speaking out against this hooliganism, Editor Oliver Emmerich, of the McComb *Enterprise-Journal*, had his office bombed. From spring until late September the town was paralyzed with terror. Then, one Sunday morning, two citizens, who still do not want their names revealed, had a talk with the sheriff. If he had some reward money, the sheriff said, he believed he could find out who was doing the bombing; $3,000 ought to be enough. With the help of two other recruits they raised $5,000 by Monday morning. It didn't take long for the money to do its work. Ten young white men were arrested, pleaded guilty or nolo con-

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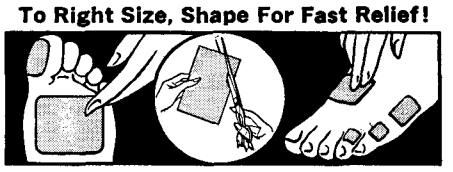

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tendere—and were given suspended sentences. The wrath of the nation fell on the head of the seemingly benevolent judge, but McComb's citizens recognized the wisdom of his decision. In the current state of Mississippi justice it would have been almost impossible to find a jury with the courage to convict them. By imposing suspended sentences and probation—to be revoked if any more violence broke out—the judge held a club over the heads of the men involved.

Out of the handful of businessmen who raised the reward money grew a secret "Committee of 20." And from this committee came "A Statement of Principle," laboriously put together after days of effort, which pledged the community to "stand for full guarantees of equal treatment under the law for all citizens, regardless of race, creed, position or wealth." Six hundred and fifty citizens signed the statement.

"These 650 men held the power in this community," a McComb citizen said. "The old power structure in the South was the plantation owner, the man who ran the crossroads store, the lawyer who owned the bank, the banker who owned a lot of land. Now the power lies in the hands of men who control industrial jobs and payrolls. Among these 650 were the men who hired and fired. They could starve to death anybody they wanted to."

Shortly after the statement appeared, the Negro community issued a public statement of appreciation. As this hand of friendship reached out, the white community was quick to grab it. The Negro statement was signed in the names of 12 Negro civic, political and religious organizations. Would each of these organizations, the Committee of 20 asked, name a representative to serve with 12 white men on a committee to talk things out? The Negroes agreed.

The committee was formed, and McComb citizens soon learned that the Negroes' demands were reasonable enough: better jobs, better police protection, and the right to register and vote. All these things were worked out. A few things they wanted, the Negroes agreed to push for slowly, to keep from stirring up violent resistance. They agreed not to swamp the schools with transfers the first year, but to let that most important right come gradually. They agreed not to push for immediate integration of the swimming pool, and not to hold any kneel-ins that would anger the church folks.

There was a reason for gradualism in these particular areas. Deep in the heart of every southerner is the dark fear of miscegenation. In the South the social life of the small community centers around the school and the church, and at school dances and church suppers romances flower that may lead to marriage. And the idea of having young people of both races and both sexes swimming together in a public pool is still unthinkable nearly everywhere.

"When we finally made contact with the Negro community," said Editor Emmerich, "we found that their basic goals were the same as ours: to take the resources we have here, our soil, our timber, our water, our people, and by using them all wisely, to make this a wonderful place for us all to live in. The future of our community was at stake, and we saved it. I'm not worried now about which way we are going. We are going forward."

McComb took another forward step that many other southern communities might follow. The authors of the Statement of Principle asked the county supervisor to put the name of every qualified elector in the county on the jury list. Then they got each of the 650 citizens who signed the statement to agree that when he was called for jury duty he would not beg off. This took justice out of the hands of the courthouse loafers who, having nothing much else to do, make a career of serving on juries. It placed jury service in the hands of men of honor and principle who presumably would look upon a white man who commits a crime against a Negro as a felon, not a hero.

For all the varied pattern of its compliance it is clear that Mississippi, without admitting it, has come a long way toward at least a token obedience to the law. This was brought about not by a change of heart but by a sudden awareness on the part of the Mississippi business and financial community that if the state lost the federal aid it was receiving, its economy would collapse.

W. F. Minor, a sharp observer of the Mississippi scene for the New Orleans *Times-Picayune*, reports from Jackson: "The box score of desegregation in Mississippi, though still not spectacular, has in the past six months become monumental, looking at it from the standpoint of where the Negro was a year ago and where he is now."

"We had to turn around," a chamber of commerce official said. "We were in deep trouble. Industry was not coming

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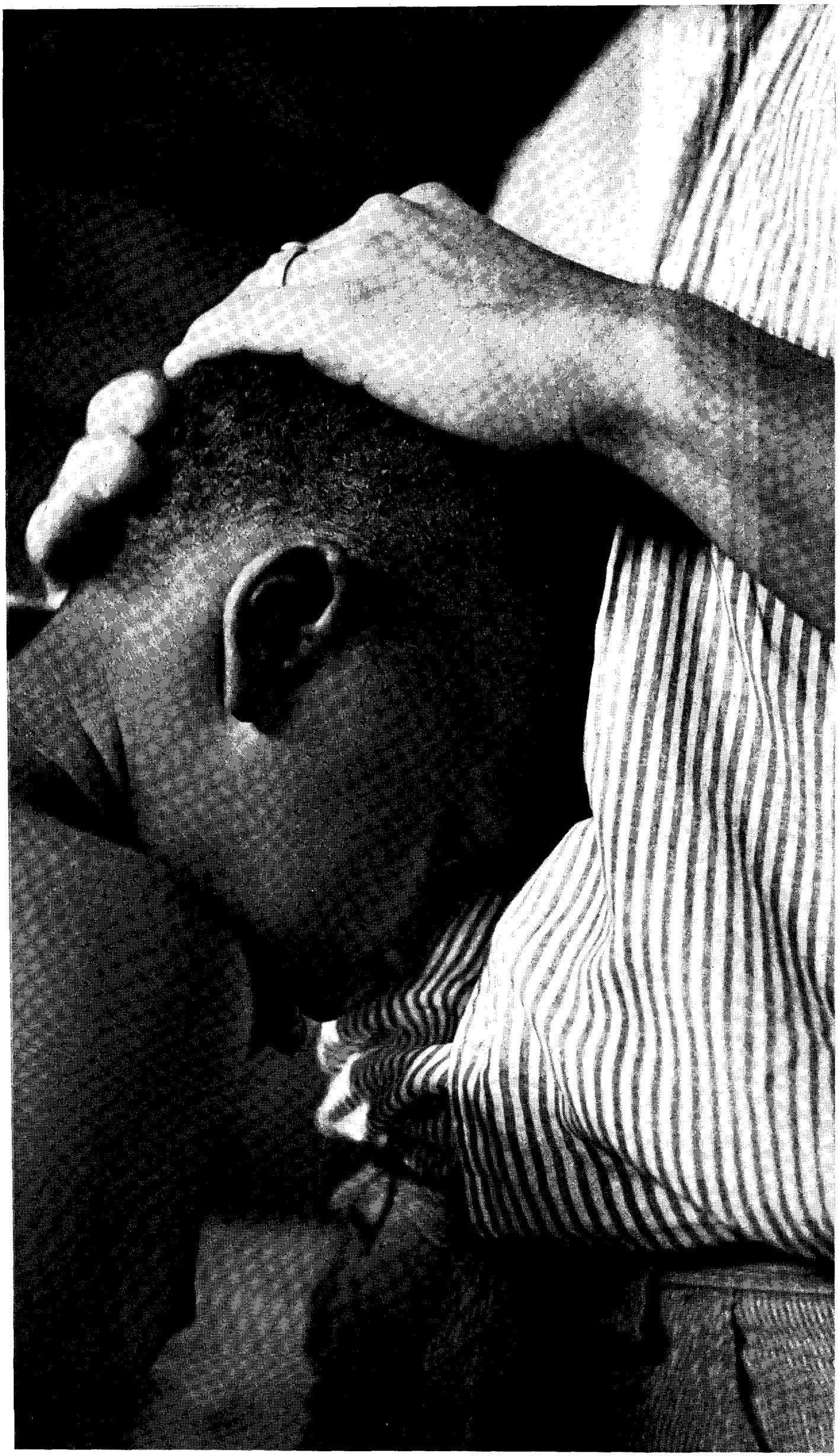

into Mississippi anymore, and we were about to lose some that we had. We would get several large firms almost persuaded, then some trouble would break out, and they would back away. Governor Paul B. Johnson helped a lot when he backed off from his old defiant 'Stand Tall with Paul' attitude and talked about getting back in the mainstream of America. The big industries started looking this way again, and some big ones came in. Now we've got several more good prospects lined up."

The Mississippian who is determined that his state shall change looks forward with foreboding to 1967, when, barring an act of God, Ross Barnett will be running for governor again. A tall, flint-faced man with a mind of similar flexibility, Barnett has nothing but contempt for those who want Mississippi to change.

"What is this 'mainstream' these left-wingers talk about?" he asks. "It is the overflow from the cesspools of intellectual maggotry, the waters filled with slimy things, poisonous reptiles."

Barnett's vision of the future is the same as his memory of a past he never knew—of pickaninnies rolling on the little cabin floor and happy field hands singing at the plow. "We are going to put everything back like it was," he promises. Even the most ignorant know he's talking through his wide-brimmed gray Homburg, but many of them want to see him back in the statehouse anyway, raising hell with Washington.

"Ross's red-neck following," said a Mississippi newspaperman, "are like Babe Ruth's old fans. They'll cheer him even when he is striking out."

In the business and industrial community there are two views of Barnett's chances. One is that, by the time he runs again, the state will have progressed so far that nobody, not even the wool-hat electorate, will want a governor who is pledged to turn the clock back. The other is that in two years the irritations growing out of mixing the races in the schools will have so angered Mississippians that they will sweep Barnett back into office in a new gesture of defiance.

As Mississippi looks with trepidation to the possible return of Ross Barnett, Alabama is also regarding the future with misgivings. Its business and industrial leaders—and a goodly number of its rank-and-file citizens—are beginning to wonder if Alabama can any longer afford the type of leadership provided by Gov. George Wallace and his staunch segregationist cohorts, Al Lingo, head of the state's Department of Public Safety, and Sheriff James Clark, the swaggering hero of the Klan and the White Citizens Council, who took over the handling of last spring's Selma march. In that once tranquil town, now striving to heal the scars of that tragedy, there is a murmuring against the three. "The Negroes," said one Selma citizen, "ought to erect a monument to Jim and Al and George Wallace. They've done more to speed the process of desegregation in Alabama than Martin Luther King."

Clark is blamed for the fact that in Selma the Negro and white communities had lost communication even before the worst troubles began there.

White teacher in Mississippi "Head Start" project comforts a tearful little Negro boy.

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"Eight or nine months before the march," said Roswell Falkenberry of the Selma *Times-Journal*, "a group of us had been meeting with the local Negro leaders, trying to come up with some plan that would avoid trouble. Jim Clark found out about it and started spreading the word around that we were trying to turn the town over to the Negroes. That wrecked the whole idea."

Selma today is still trying to reestablish the broken lines of communication. Falkenberry is hopeful that it can be done—as it was done in McComb. "We don't want any hotheads on either side," he said. "We don't want any politicians. We don't want outsiders. We want people who make their living here, bring up their families here. We want businessmen, lawyers, doctors, preachers, on each side of the table. We want to give a voice to the 90 percent of Selma's citizens who are honest, decent, law-abiding people who want to do what is right."

There is some evidence that Gov. George Wallace, though he may have no burning desire to do what the federal law says is right, is no longer willing to assume his old stance of "I draw the line in the dust. Segregation, today, tomorrow and forever." He has retired now to a new position, seeking to attack in federal courts the constitutionality of the civil-rights laws.

"George would hit me with his fist if he knew I said this," said a reporter in Montgomery, the state capital, "but he's softening up. He looks around now and sees a lot of things happening. He sees Georgia forging ahead, under Carl Sanders, who calls himself a segregationist but not a damn fool. He sees Mississippi getting new industry as things quiet down over there. He sees McKeithen in Louisiana walking a tightrope between the diehards and the moderates, but doing so smooth a job of it that Louisiana has had its greatest economic growth in years. So he is playing it cozy."

"The moderates of both races are beginning to take control," an Alabama policeman said. "Wallace no longer speaks for the people. The middle ground is coming into power. The business people, not the politicians, are beginning to call the tune. Wallace is no fool. He sees what's happening, and he's beginning to ease over toward middle ground himself. He is a political chameleon. Two years from now he'll be making noises like Martin Luther King—and the Negro voter in Alabama will be sucker enough to believe him."

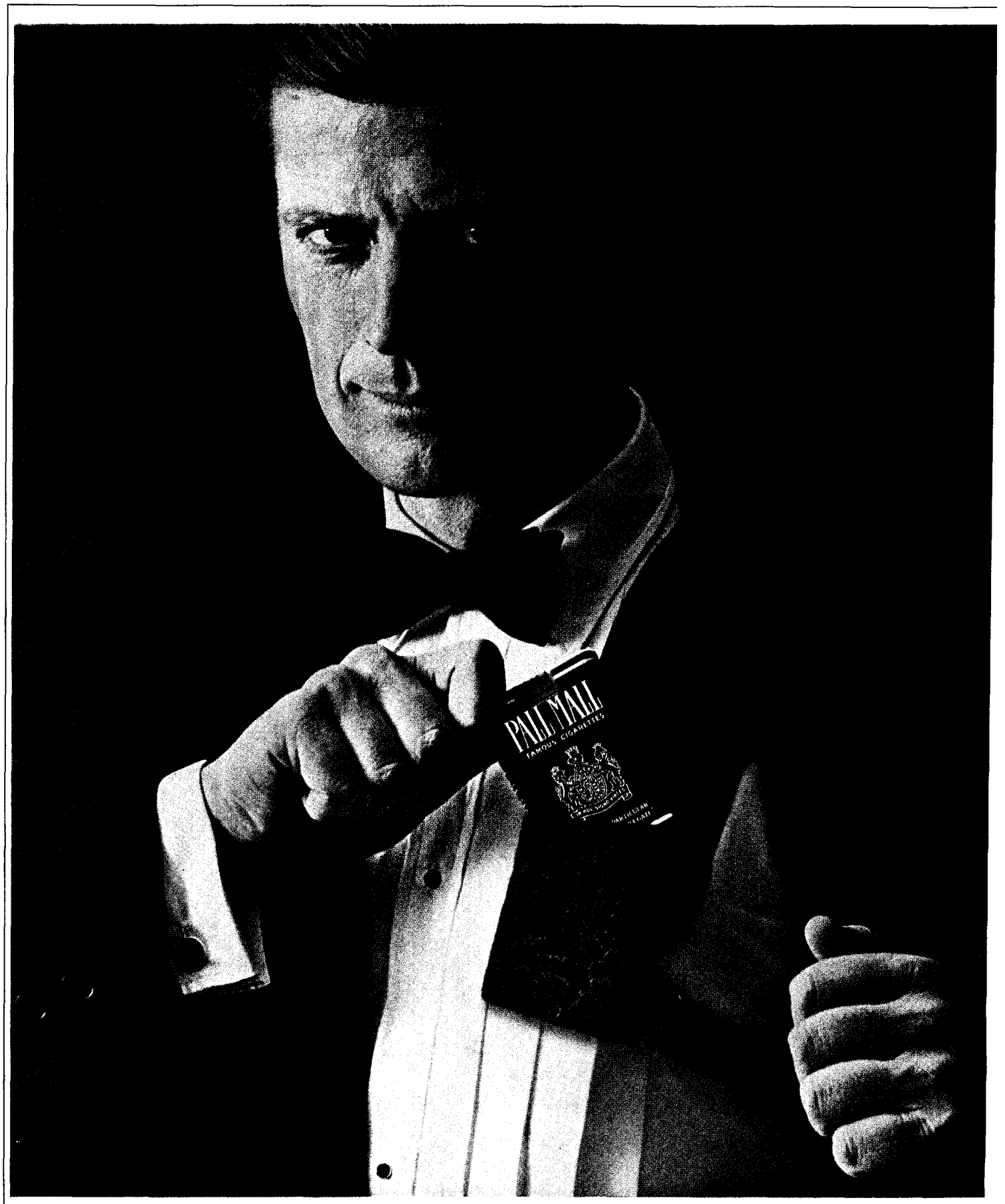
With South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and the rural counties of northern Florida swinging steadily, albeit reluctantly, back into the family of states, a four-year-old prophecy by a sensitive and perceptive observer of the Southern scene seems to be coming true at last.

In 1961, Leslie W. Dunbar wrote in the *Virginia Quarterly Review:* "Once the fight is decisively lost (and it must be decisive), the typical white southerner will shrug his shoulders, resume his stride, and go on. He has, after all, shared a land with his black neighbor for a long while; he can manage well enough, even if the patterns change. . . ."

The battle has been decisively lost, the pattern has changed, and there is evidence that many a southerner already is beginning to relax and to live within it comfortably. Time after time, to a reporter making a journey through the South, the same thought was expressed: "We've lived together too long, we need each other too much, to remain as adversaries. We can work this thing out." The southerner even looks forward, with a certain satanic glee, to the time when white and Negro will be working peacefully side by side in the South, while the North still struggles with its problem of the angry Negro in the big-city ghetto.

In different words Leslie Dunbar expressed a similar thought: "I believe," he wrote, "that the South will, out of its travail and sadness and requited passion, give the world its first grand example of two races of men living in equality and with mutual respect."

Though the old passion still flares occasionally in lonely places, it is good to be able to report that in the South today there are thousands of men, white and black, who share that dream. □



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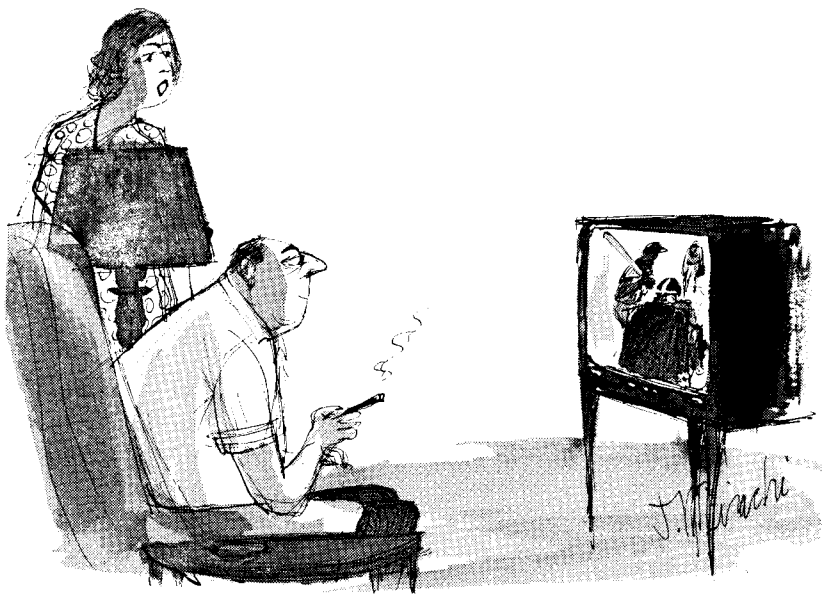
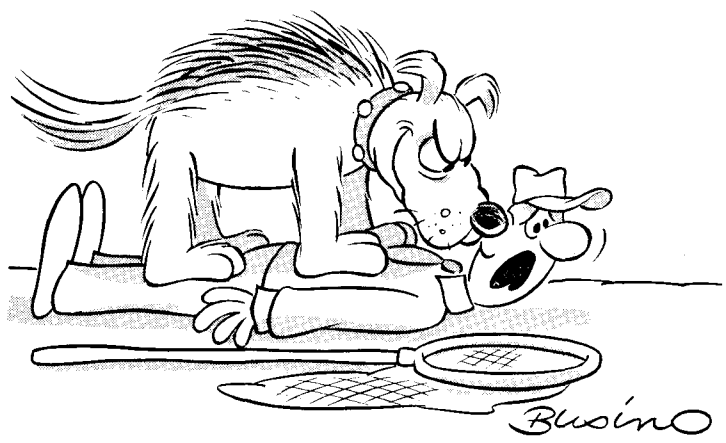


"*Why is the World Series played in this country every year?*"

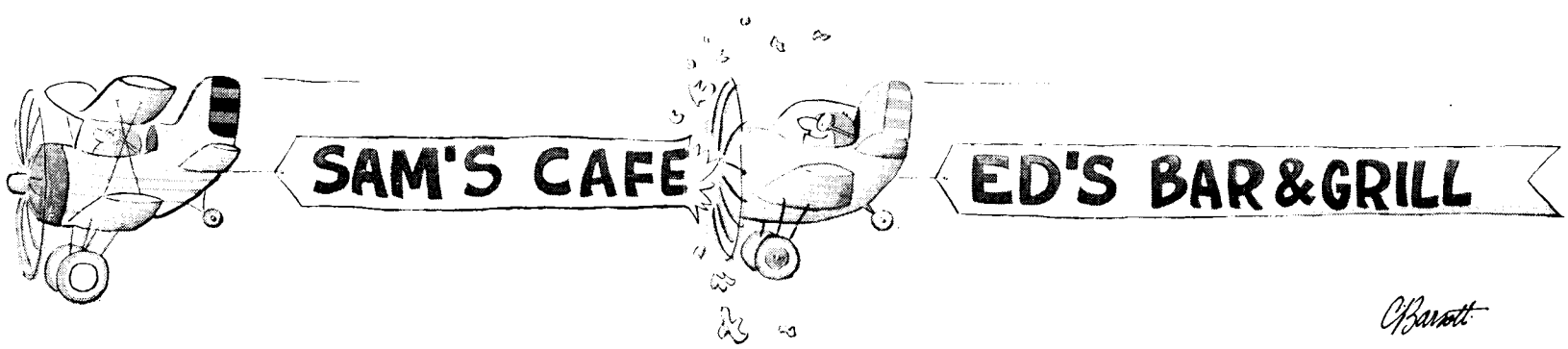


"*Bill! I caught another one.*"

"*Greetings, earthling!*"

"*Ready.*"

"*I was going home tonight, but then I thought, why wear out my welcome?*"



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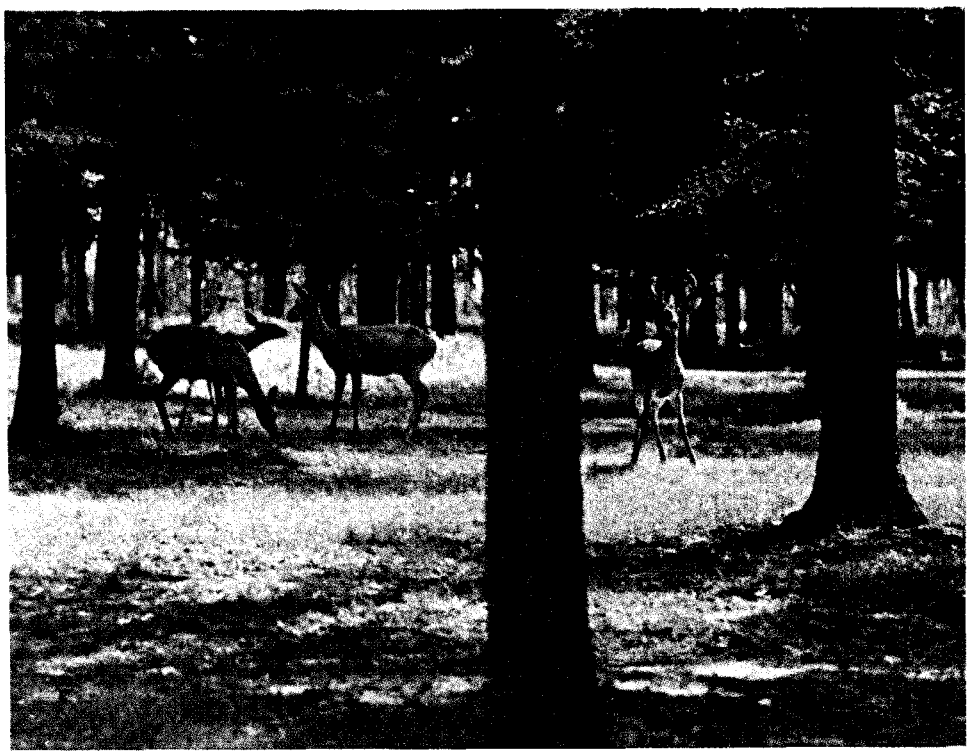

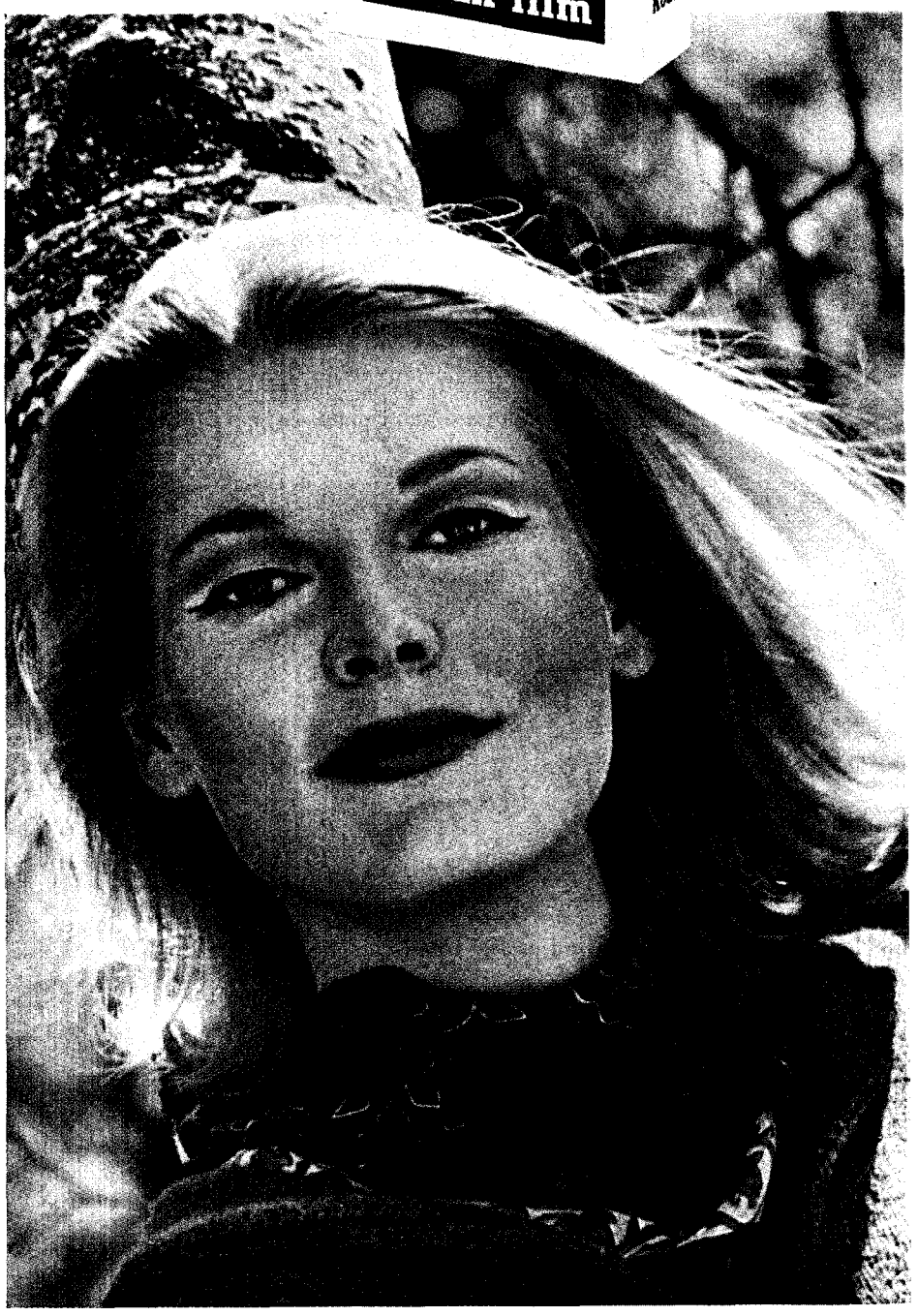

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THE BETTER MOUSE BEATS A PATH

The sight of Maury Wills on first makes strong men tremble—one reason why Wills so often ends up on second.

The base runner stands about eight feet off first in a slight crouch, leaning toward second, working his fingers and making slight body motions to keep everything in rhythm. Poised at the outer limit of safety, he has a look of intensity, of impatient energy, and the feeling projects itself. "Go, go, go," chants the crowd, and the pitcher tightens a bit in spite of himself as he clutches the ball at his chest. He considers a throw to first, decides against it, and moves into his delivery. The runner is off, head down and spikes digging. He comes into second so fast that it seems his skimming slide will take him all the way into left field. But his left foot is hooked on the bag when the catcher's throw hits the baseman's glove.

It is just another base for Maury Wills of the Los Angeles Dodgers, but somehow it produces more excitement than the average home run. As any child who can read a bubble-gum card knows, Wills is the man who stole 104 bases in 1962 to break the record of 96 set by Ty Cobb a half century ago. This year he is outdoing himself. As of September 1 he had stolen 83 bases, and barring a broken leg or any one of a dozen calamities he regularly risks, he has an excellent chance to exceed his 1962 performance by several bases.

Like Cobb, whose biography he carries with him wherever he travels, Wills is a fiercely competitive ballplayer who inspires more than ordinary resentment; the National League is full of sneaky-quick pitchers, rifle-armed catchers and hard-nosed second basemen who would give up a day's pay for the pleasure of making him look bad. Unlike Cobb, Wills has limited gifts. Now in his prime, at 32, he is no more than a respectable hitter, averaging around .285. At five-feet-ten and 170 pounds, he is too small to hit with power; his teammates call him "the Mouse," and the first time he hit a home run they pretended to faint with astonishment. He is fast, yet far from the fastest runner in the league. But Wills makes the most of what he has, with grit and guile. He studies pitchers like laboratory specimens to memorize their pickoff moves; he will lie awake for hours at night planning tactics or brooding about his batting or base-running technique.

Wills typifies the team he heads as shortstop and captain (following Willie Mays as the second Negro captain in the majors). The relatively weak-hitting Dodgers have led the league for most of the year by relying on peerless pitchers like Sandy Koufax and Don Drysdale to keep the opposition from scoring much, while employing speed and daring on the bases to exploit whatever singles, walks and lucky bounces may come their way.

The Dodger offense plays for the lone run the way teams did in the days when ballplayers wore striped caps, before Babe Ruth and the lively ball made the slugger the high-paid idol of the game. Even if the heavy hitters of San Francisco, Milwaukee or Cincinnati overtake Los Angeles this year, there are signs that a counterrevolution may be underway, because fans plainly take to the Dodgers' new-old style. They cheer loudly for such small matters as the stolen base, the well-placed bunt and the neatly executed hit-and-run. When Maury Wills in particular gets to first base, his very presence sets off a buzzing in the stands, and each threatening feint toward second elicits an excited shout. Wills seldom gets farther than first with his bat, but once he is there he can usually count on his legs to advance farther. "What's the difference between a Willie Mays double and a Maury Wills double?" Dodger general manager Buzzy Bavasi asks rhetorically. "Both wind up a hundred and eighty feet from home plate."

Both also wind up in high tax brackets, and Wills may be the only ballplayer to earn a $50,000-plus salary mainly for his base-running. "I suspect other players could match Wills at stealing bases," says Bavasi, "but he has a quality others lack. Maury is never afraid of being embarrassed. He is not afraid of being picked off base. When it happens, he just shrugs his shoulders and forgets it."

Actually, Wills is less inclined to shrug off embarrassment than to grit his teeth and plan revenge. "The instinctive thing is to be cautious, but I must force myself to be aggressive," he says. "If a pitcher picks me off or I get thrown out stealing. I must come back that much stronger—I must try to steal a base right away. I have to prove something to myself, and I must condition the pitcher to respect me."

Constant sliding keeps Wills's right leg swollen and bruised, and at one point in August, when he was limping, the Phillies played him on the assumption that he couldn't run. Wills stole two bases that day, a painful effort which delayed his recovery. "I had to do it," he explains. "I had the feeling [the Phillies] were glowing inside."

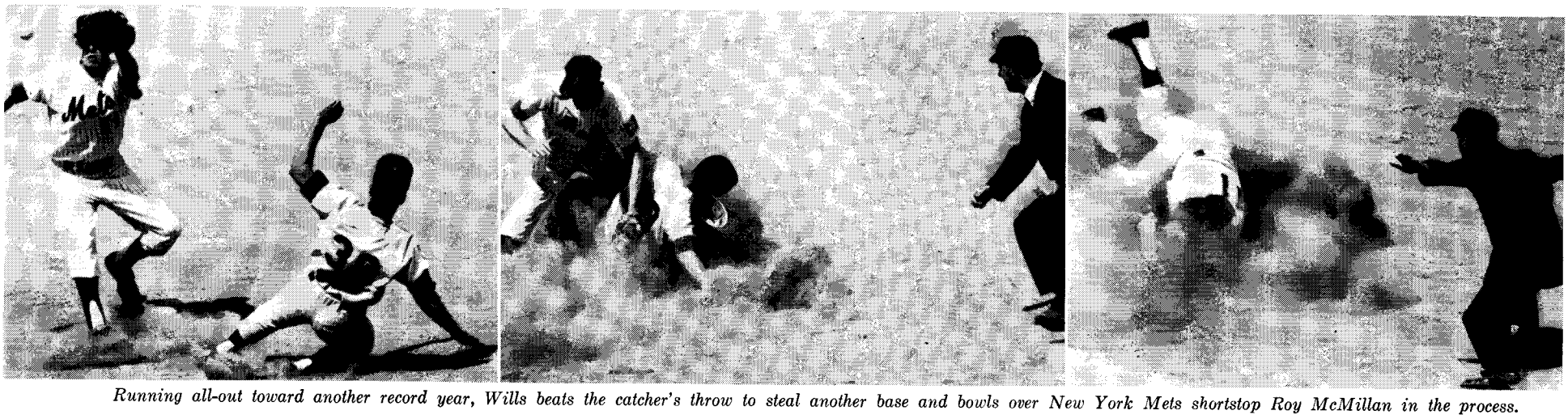
Manager Walter Alston normally leaves Wills on his own—trusting him not to run when it would be bad baseball. But Wills often risks a steal when there is no pressing need—say, when the Dodgers have a comfortable lead. "Any time I get on base I like to keep the other team hopping," he explains. "I want them to be tense, thinking I might try something. Sometimes I might try to steal just to test a certain pitcher or catcher."

This program has had its intended demoralizing effects. "It's amazing to me that catchers seem to go to pieces when Wills is on base," says Dodger pitcher Johnny Podres. "Joe Torre [of the Milwaukee Braves] is the only one who seems able to throw accurately when Maury is running." Cincinnati's Roger Craig presumably speaks for other National League pitchers when he observes that "you would rather have Wills hit a double against you than hit a single and steal second."

The respect that Wills inspires is often accompanied by other emotions. Cincinnati manager Dick Sisler cites an incident where Wills was on second with no outs and the batter hit a deep fly to right field. Wills could have tagged up after the catch and reached third easily, but didn't. According to Sisler, Cincinnati second baseman Pete Rose asked Wills why he held up, and Wills replied, "Because I can steal third."

He did steal third. But Sisler criticizes Wills for "putting himself before his team by not going on the fly ball." He feels that Wills is resented around the league because he "shows them up, by stealing bases unnecessarily."

"I don't understand why they resent me stealing a base more than another player hitting a home run," says Wills. "Perhaps it's because a home run embarrasses only the pitcher, but a stolen base involves the pitcher, the catcher and one of the infielders."



Running all-out toward another record year, Wills beats the catcher's throw to steal another base and bowls over New York Mets shortstop Roy McMillan in the process.

While not entirely indifferent to the hostility ("I've lost a lot of the guys I used to talk to," he says a little wistfully), Wills does not worry about popularity. "Too many people want to play honeymoon baseball. They seem to say, 'Let me down easy and I'll let you down easy.' Nuts to that."

He goes out of his way to avoid fraternizing with opposition players, and even weighs his public statements to make sure they give no aid or comfort to the enemy. Wills never admits that a pitcher's pickoff throws are giving him a hard time, for fear of encouraging him. When newsmen ask him the stock question about the pitcher who gives him the worst problem, he always gives the name of Warren Spahn, the venerable Giant lefthander whose pickoff move is legendary. "The answer will be Spahn until he retires," says Wills, "and then I'll think of somebody else."

Wills does almost everything with the same organized intensity. When a wiring problem developed in his off-season home at Spokane, Wash., he bought an electrician's manual and carried it around until he mastered the subject. A banjo enthusiast who could play only *Bye-Bye Baby* when he first arrived in Dodger training camp, Wills practiced four hours a day and became so adept that he has made professional appearances as the banjo-strumming leader of an ensemble called "The Maury Wills Singers." He arranges

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By Jack Murphy

his schedule off the field with an implacable dedication to routine. Wills never leaves the house in the afternoon before a night game, refuses to talk to sportswriters less than a half-hour before a game, and strives, as he puts it, "to bring my body to a peak at a certain time, between seven-thirty and eight each evening."

He quotes printed homilies he has seen on the office walls of certain executive friends, such as "The elevator to success is out of order," and "Successful people have a habit of doing what failures don't like to do"—and no up-and-coming businessman could take these more seriously. Like a conscientious executive, Wills even has a proper concern for his image. After the All-Star Game at Minneapolis last July, he joined some colleagues in the airport bar to have a drink and a cigarette while waiting for his flight. Suddenly, a group of Little Leaguers who had followed the stars to the airport piled into the bar, demanding autographs. Wills furtively snuffed out his cigarette, pushed away his highball and pretended that he had been merely sitting with the other players as he began scribbling his signature.

Only a few years ago it seemed unlikely that the nation's Little Leaguers would ever hear of Maurice Morning Wills, much less put him on a hero's pedestal. One of 13 children of a Baptist minister, Wills was raised in Washington, D.C., and started his career there as a schoolboy pitcher. He switched to playing infield when he turned professional and proceeded to bounce around the minor leagues, going nowhere in particular. His low point came in 1955, when he batted only .202 for Fort Worth and was demoted to the Pueblo, Colo., team. This not only meant a salary cut from $500 to $400 for a man with a wife and two children, but indicated he was being written off as a failure.

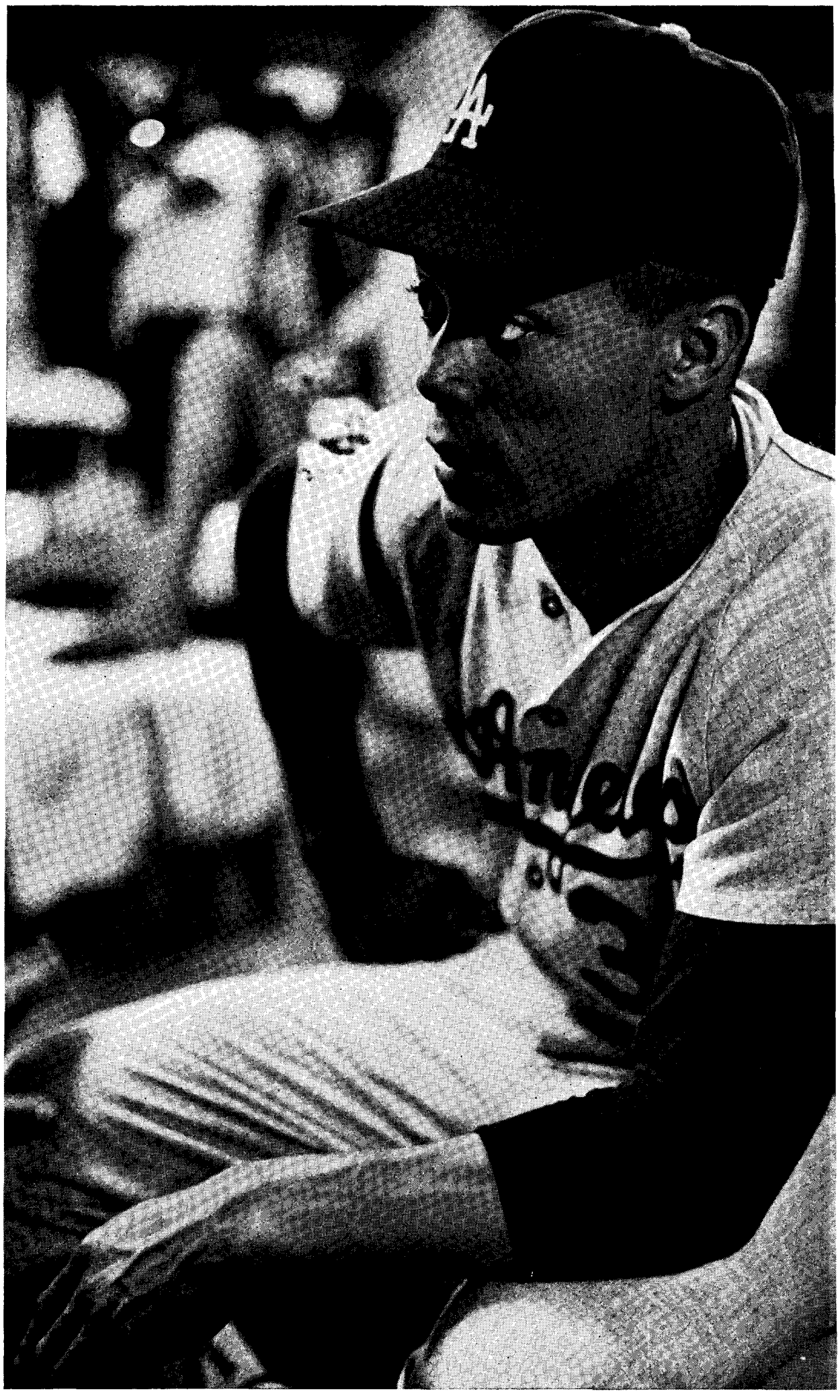
"I wanted to quit," says Wills, "but I swallowed my pride and reported to Pueblo because there was nothing else I could do but play baseball. I made up my mind I would have a good season and battle my way to the big leagues."

The Pueblo manager, a kindly man named Ray Hathaway, named Wills his team captain. "It was inspiring," Wills recalls—and he responded by raising his batting average 100 points. He moved back up to Spokane, and finally made the Dodger roster in 1959. While Wills had always been able to steal second, he credits several people for helping him develop the batting skills he needed to get to first—Hathaway, Bobby Bragan, his manager at Spokane, and Walter Alston and batting coach Pete Reiser of the Dodgers.

Alston, in turn, makes no secret of his admiration for Wills: "Maury is an inspiration to our players. His fiery spirit rubs off on them." It may be that Alston remembered Wills's crucial year at Pueblo when he appointed him to be captain at the start of this season. In any case, Wills responded to the honor as before, attacking the job with characteristic zeal. He was involved in a shoving-and-shouting match with teammate Jim Gilliam not long ago after he accused Gilliam of failing to slide and Gilliam reacted with anger. On another occasion, he asked Alston to fine outfielder Willie Davis for loafing in a game against Houston. Alston made the fine a mere $25, and Wills, miffed, resigned as captain (Nobody took him seriously, and he was soon back on the job).

Captain Wills asks no more from his teammates than what he gives himself, which is, roughly, Total Hustle. "If you feel everybody wants to win, you enjoy doing it," he says. "But if you feel only a few others are driving, it discourages you.

"You can't do it automatically," declares the Mouse. "Nothing's ever automatic in this game. You've always got to *drive*." □



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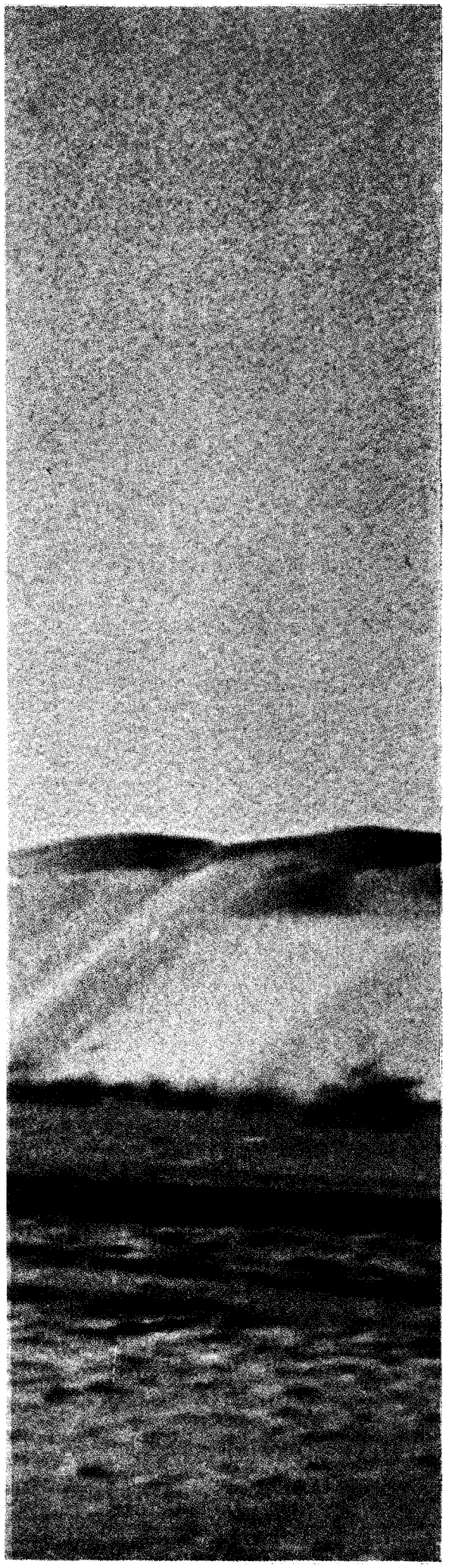


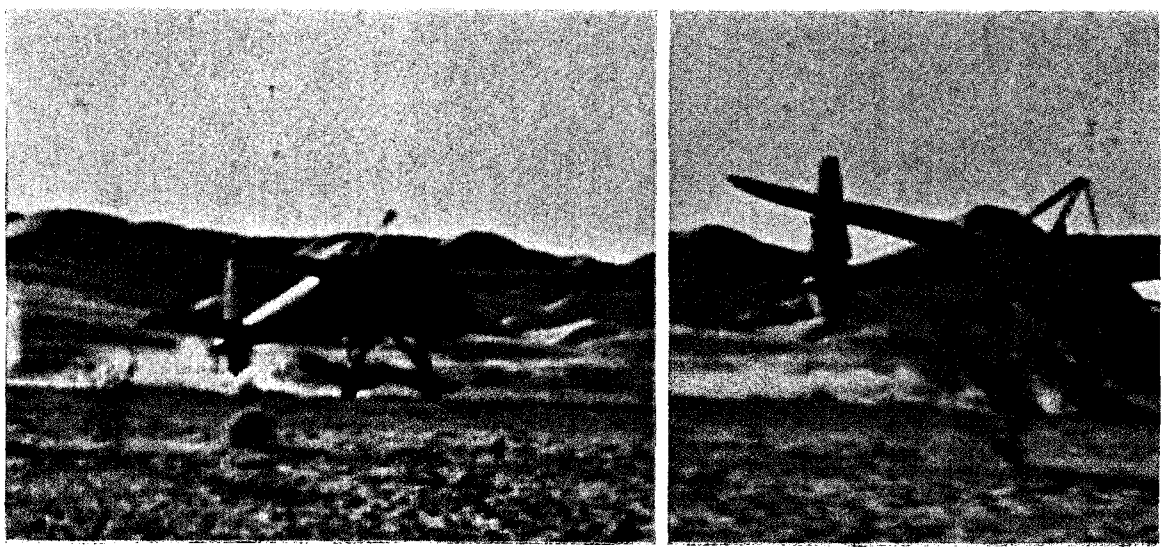
'I'LL PUT ON ONE HELL OF A SHOW'

By THEODORE TAYLOR and JAMES ATWATER

Paul Mantz, the legendary movie stunt pilot, could not resist the challenge of one more job before retiring.

He was 61 years old, and he looked it. The fact that he still had a crewcut didn't fool anyone. His hair was gray, what there was of it, and the skin at his throat was beginning to sag into folds. He had admitted to himself, finally, that he was becoming an old man, and he was planning to retire. Then Paul Mantz got the request to take on one more job. To the surprise of no one who knew him, he did not turn it down.

For over 30 years Mantz had been a daredevil stunt pilot who had been unable to turn down the tough assignments. He had flown under bridges, smashed his airplane head-on into another, clipped off wings by flying between two trees. He was the man who had crash-landed a B-17 in *Twelve o'Clock High*, and he was the man who had skimmed



The fuselage of Mantz's airplane begins to break, and the camera records this horrifying sequence . . .

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He wore a cloth helmet that was right out of World War I, and he talked of the past and how he had challenged a volcano.

a Stearman through a hangar in *It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World*. So when producer-director Robert Aldrich approached him earlier this year, Mantz decided to postpone his retirement for one more stunt. He wanted to go out on top instead of being remembered as a man who had once been the best in the business.

Aldrich needed Mantz for a tricky bit of flying that was absolutely necessary to make the audiences believe a most unbelievable movie he was making for 20th Century-Fox called *Flight of the Phoenix*. The plot was about an airplane that crashes in the Sahara. Instead of waiting to die of thirst, the crew members and passengers construct a weird aircraft from pieces of the wreckage. Hopefully, they name it the *Phoenix*, after the bird in Egyptian mythology that rose from its own ashes. In one wild, climactic scene, with some men strapped to the wings, the Phoenix struggles into the air and manages to fly to civilization.

It was the kind of scene that would have to be done live. The star of *Flight of the Phoenix* was Jimmy Stewart, and he, naturally, would play the pilot. But Stewart would be safely on the ground at the big moment. The man at the controls would be Paul Mantz. He would have the job, essentially, of taking an aircraft purposely designed to look as though it would not fly at all and making it fly—barely.

Twenty years ago, or even ten, no one in Hollywood would have doubted that Mantz could do it. But one 20th Century-Fox executive was appalled when he heard that Mantz had been given the job. "He's too old," he said. "Let him rig it, but don't let him fly it." The remark got back to Mantz, and he chuckled. "I'll put on one hell of a show," he promised.

The movie was shot near Yuma, Ariz., in a place called Buttercup Valley, a long, oval hollow in the desert floor, surrounded by 60-foot sand dunes. There are no buttercups in Buttercup Valley. There are rattlesnakes, but these are a relatively minor inconvenience. The main point about Buttercup Valley is that it is a huge, outdoor oven, which makes it perfect for shooting desert pictures.

The cast of *Flight of the Phoenix* worked in the same misery of sweat and stinging, wind-blown sand that has punished actors since Ronald Colman suffered in the valley for *Beau Geste* in 1926. The temperature soared as high as 130 degrees in the early afternoon. Inevitably, tempers grew shorter. To escape the heat, the members of the company started pushing to finish the film as soon as possible. Right from the start, the pressure began to build on Mantz to get on with the job.

The airplane Mantz was to fly was designed by an old friend and co-worker named Otto Timm, who was 73 years old and who had come out of retirement, over the protests of his wife, to take the assignment. Timm had designed and built his first airplane in 1911 and then taught himself to fly in it. Later he had taken a St. Louis boy named Charles Lindbergh for his first ride. When Timm roughed out a sketch of the kind of airplane the moviemakers had in mind, he stared at the drawing and said, "Good Lord."

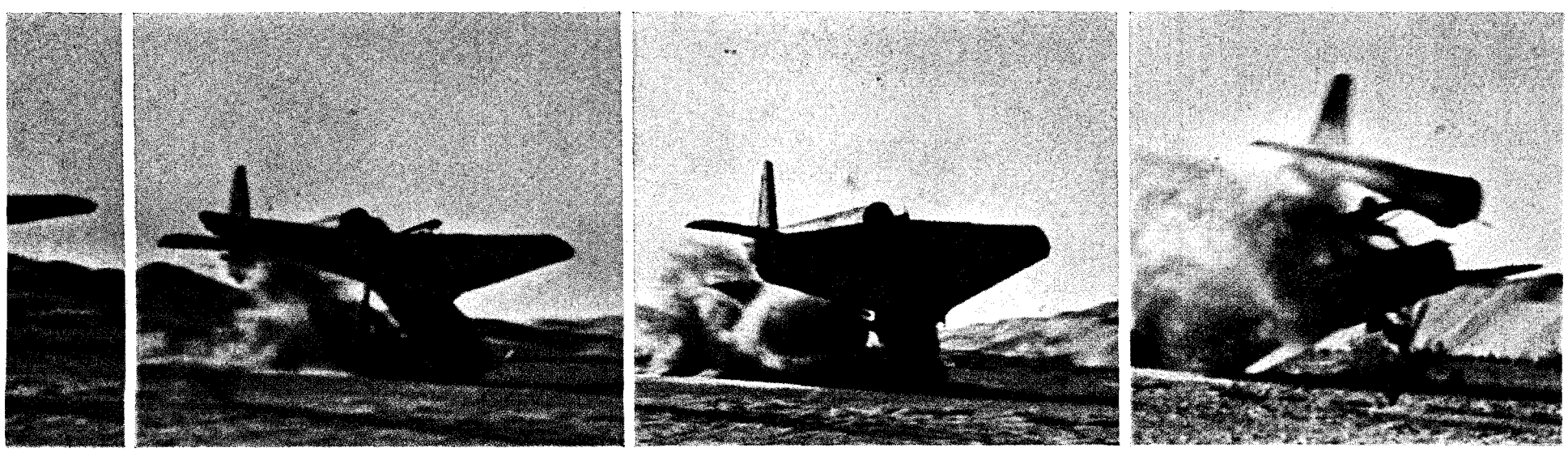
But Timm figured out a way to build it. He scavenged parts from an obsolete C-45 and an ancient AT-6 trainer, and Mantz himself supervised the construction of the aircraft. It had such a long, thin fuselage that it would have resembled a dragonfly except for one thing. Four poles slanted out of the fuselage right behind the cockpit and met in a single point about five feet above the pilot's head. The rig was a bit of Hollywood flimflam; it was supposed to be a mast that anchored the cables that helped hold on the wings.

The *Phoenix* had never flown when they shipped it to the Yuma airport in late June. The young marine pilots from the base across the runways came over to stand, fascinated, and stare at the strange aircraft and at Mantz, the man who wore a battered cloth helmet that was right out of *Hell's Angels* and *Dawn Patrol*. One day a *Phoenix* crewman asked a marine if he'd like to take a ride someday. "In *that?*" the marine jet pilot laughed. "I'm a cautious boy."

At first Mantz was anything but cautious. He was the wily, old, wisecracking stunt pilot playing the role that was expected of him. "I've got the 'hardly waits,'" he would cry as he strode jauntily around the landing strip and inspected the airplane he would try to get into the air. He talked often about his feats in the past. "Did a picture called *Chain Lightning*. Remember that one? Put the first jet on the screen. Didn't have one, of course, so we had to make one. Got an airframe, took off the engine, cut the wings down and stuck a JATO bottle—you know, jet-assisted takeoff—in the back end. Wanted to show it going down the runway. I touched off the JATO, and all of a sudden I'm almost airborne in a plane that didn't have an engine. Didn't think it would have so much power."

Then there was the time he had flown into the crater of an active volcano for Cinerama. He had heard there was no oxygen down there, and he knew that his engines might quit. "I figured I'd do it by going in fast enough so I could climb out if they quit. I was over three hundred when I went into the crater. Lost an engine for a few turns. No oxygen down there."

Everyone listened to Mantz and everyone believed every word. He had always performed even better than he talked. Mantz had once taken a standard airplane with no special bracing and put it through 46 continuous loops. He had won the Bendix Speed Trophy three times, and he had flown with Amelia Earhart. He had pulled off impossible stunts in more than 250 movies. In *Twelve o'Clock High* he had flown the camera-plane, which was a B-25 bomber. To show what a German



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fighter pilot would see, Mantz had casually barrel-rolled the B-25 through a formation of B-17's.

So they listened to Mantz, and they believed him when he said he could do the job with the *Phoenix*. But the very first time Mantz tried to get the *Phoenix* off the runway, he learned just how tough a job he had taken on. He lined up the aircraft on a runway, thumbed his nose at the audience of skeptics—it might have been 1925 all over again—and shoved the throttle forward. He got the tail in the air and then, just before takeoff, he cut the engine. Something didn't feel right. He tried a second time and again cut the engine. His instinct was correct. Seconds later, the right wheel broke into pieces. "You do get a feeling about these things," Mantz said later. "You know something's not right and you don't go. That's all."

A few days later Mantz tried again. He was as confident as ever. Before he got into the plane, he grabbed a roll of toilet paper. "You know what I'm going to do?" he asked his crewmen. "I'm going to drop it on those clowns in Buttercup Valley." This time Mantz got the *Phoenix* into the air, but he did not drop the roll. He found he had his hands full just flying the airplane.

When he landed, he still showed the old bravado. "Put some weight in her tail, and I'll take her inside a Coke bottle," he said. "She's nose-heavy, but she flies fine." But she did not fly fine, and no one knew it better than Mantz. After that first flight all the jokes stopped. Suddenly you realized that Mantz was a worried old man, a man so old he had to wear thick glasses to see well enough to fly at all.

He spent three days gingerly easing the *Phoenix* through the skies around Yuma, feeling her out, landing with orders for his crew to correct faults he had detected. As time went by, some of the younger members of the company began grumbling that Mantz would never be able to do it. He knew about the doubts, and he laughed them off. He had been hearing that he could not fly the big scene for one reason or another for 30 years.

The original plan called for Mantz to take off from the floor of Buttercup Valley. Mantz was supposed to make the *Phoenix* seem to haul itself into the air, bouncing along the valley floor, kicking up great clouds of sand, and then rising at the last instant to clear the dunes. But Mantz argued that he could never take off in the sand, and so the plans were changed. It was agreed that Mantz would simulate a takeoff by flying into the valley, dipping down until his wheels touched the surface and then pulling up to get over those dunes. That was tricky enough, but Mantz had no complaint. "I'm hired to lick the technical problems," he said. "They're right to expect the impossible."

On the morning of July 6 Mantz finally took off to try the stunt, but had to turn back when his engine overheated. The next day Mantz coaxed the *Phoenix* into the air again, and several times dipped into Buttercup Valley, touched his wheels down, and made it out. But when Mantz landed, he discovered that he had been too close to the camera. They wanted another try.

At 6:10 on the morning of July 8, Mantz strapped on his cloth helmet and said, "Well, here we go again." He sounded weary. In the rear cockpit was another old man, Buddy Rose, 64, who used to walk wings in flying circuses.

In Buttercup Valley, the technicians were talking to Mantz by radio and relaying some of his replies over a loudspeaker system that echoed them up and down the valley. Mantz came over the dunes at about 100 feet. The tiny cockpit was so shallow that the upper half of his body seemed to be sticking out in the open air.

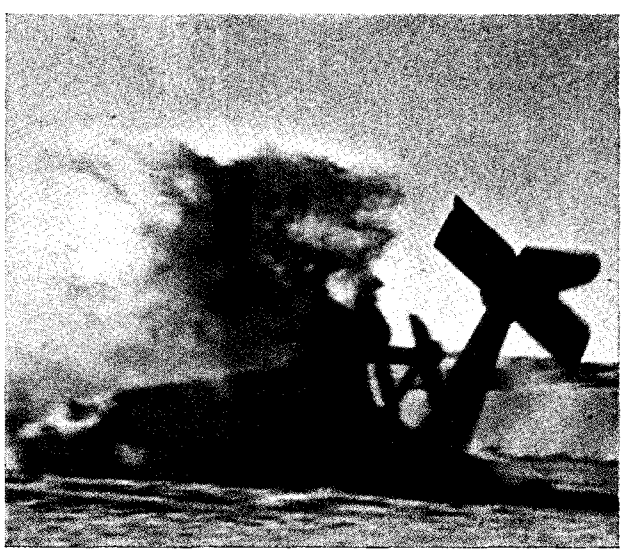
Mantz made one pass. It was good. On his second pass, Mantz touched down the *Phoenix* twice and barely cleared the western dunes. It was excellent. He circled while the directors of the scene radioed him their congratulations. Then they asked him to do it one last time. They wanted what the trade calls a "protection" shot, in case something happened to the first. For three decades moviemakers had been congratulating Mantz and then asking for just one more.

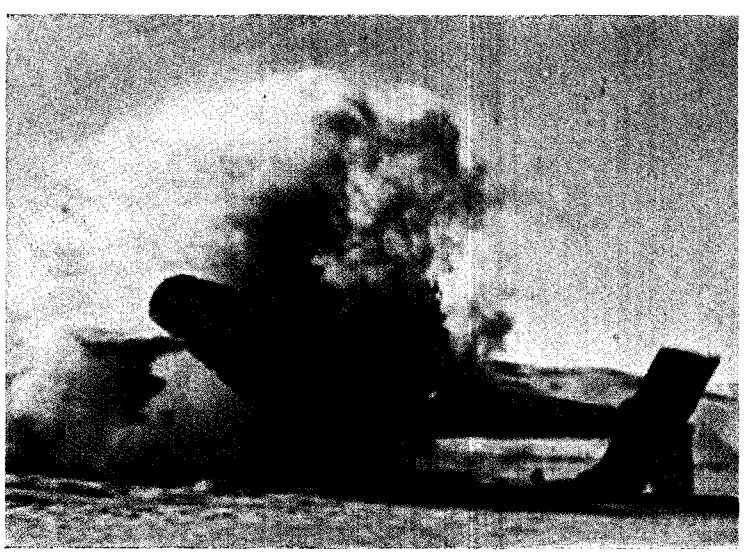
It was only 6:45, but the temperature in Buttercup Valley already was up to 85 degrees. Mantz knew that the air currents rising from the sand would be trying to lift the *Phoenix* while he tried to bring her down. The air currents vastly compounded the problem of flying the *Phoenix*, and Mantz had flatly declared that he would not try at any time after the temperature had built up. But now, anxious to get the whole thing over, he agreed. His voice came booming over the radio: "I'll give them a good one. That will be the last one."

They put out a white flag to guide him in. For a moment he was out of sight as he circled around the dunes, and then he was coming again. "I think I see it," he radioed, and you could almost see him leaning forward slightly and squinting through his glasses. Then he was over the dunes and down into the valley and saying triumphantly, "I see it—I see it," and touching down. He hit once and rose into the air for 100 feet. Then he bounced, heavily. His wheels broke through the crust of sand, but he wobbled back into the air. He gunned his Pratt & Whitney engine with a great roar to get the nose up and the tail down.

It was the right thing to do, of course, but it was no use. The absurdly long fuselage was beginning to break in two. Seconds later, the prop dug into the sand, and the pieces began to somersault along the floor of the valley. Buddy Rose lived through it. Paul Mantz died in the sand.

As it turned out, Mantz's last flight was not really necessary. He had already done the job on his earlier tries. Just as planned, *Flight of the Phoenix* will show a grotesque airplane fighting its way into the air, rising over the sand dunes that surround Buttercup Valley, and flying to safety. □





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CAN NEW YORK BE SAVED?

By John V. Lindsay

More crime, less water, rising taxes, dirtier air—America's biggest city is today caught in a deadly down spiral. But all this can be changed, says the Republican-Liberal candidate for mayor, when the city gets leadership capable of bringing new ideas to the old, unsolved problems of urban life.

Almost three-quarters of this country's people live in urban areas today—and not all of them are happy about it. For the transition from farm and small town has come so swiftly in the past 20 years that few city governments have been able to cope with it. As a result, urban residents have come increasingly to a despairing belief that the cities they live in are strangling to death in their own problems—and that not much can be done to help them. I feel, on the contrary, that cities can be exciting and happy places for people of every age and economic level, and I am asking the people of New York City for a chance to prove it as their mayor.

The worst enemy of urban progress is the cynical notion that our big cities' problems are incapable of solution: it becomes a self-fulfilling prophecy. When our young, ambitious couples believe it, hundreds of thousands of them flee to the suburbs, and the city loses civic energies and economic resources badly needed for change and improvement of city life. When federal and state governments believe it, the city is shortchanged on major funds it might otherwise receive. And when the city's residents believe it, they come to accept second-rate local government with the resignation and apathy expressed in "You can't fight City Hall."

These losses—of people, of money and of spirit—in turn compound the

Photographs by Katrina Thomas

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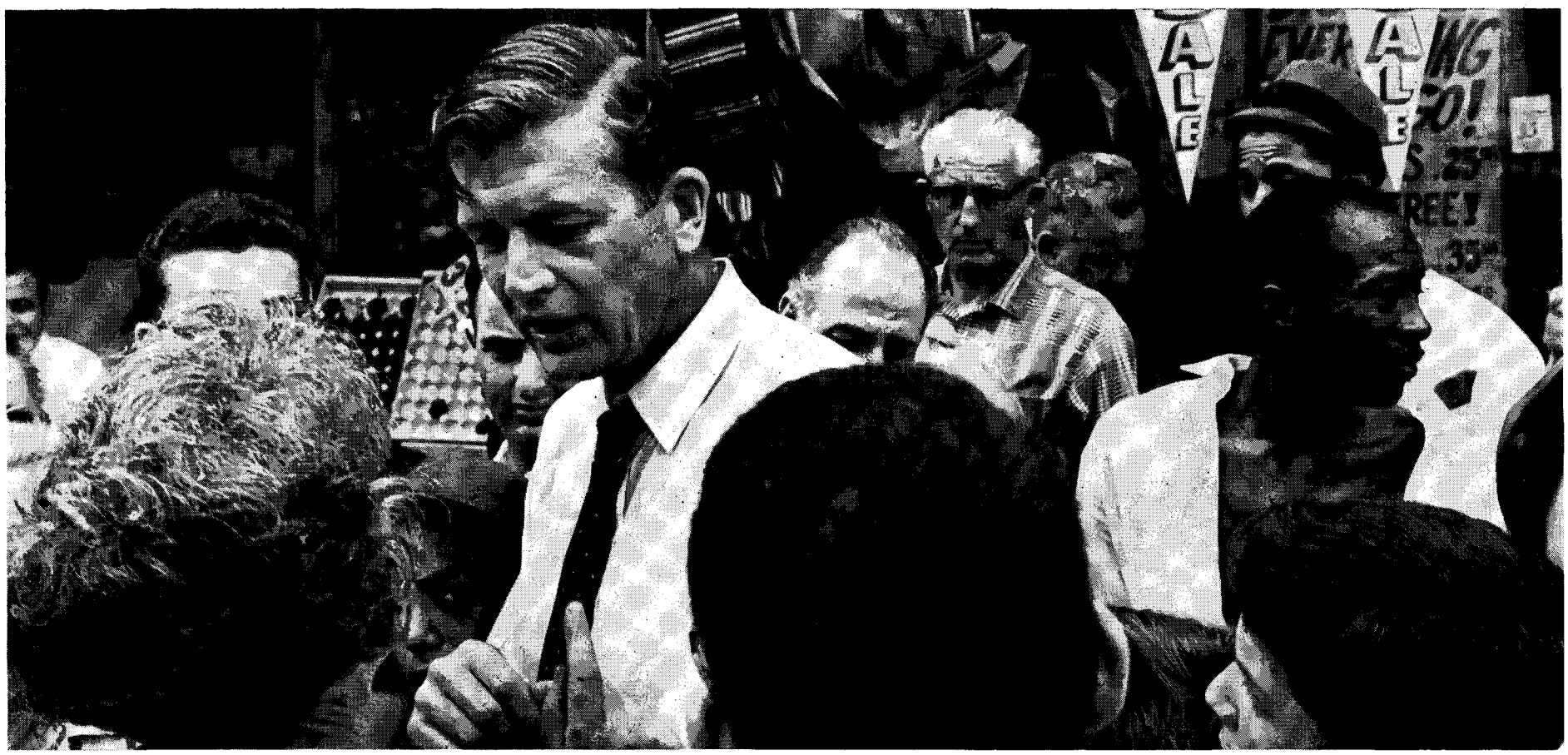

Congressman Lindsay pauses to give earnest answers to a voter's questions. Campaigning hard along the sidewalks of New York this summer, he has been giving the Democrats nightmares.

problems that caused them. But I am convinced that this depressing cycle can be broken—in all our big cities—and I have been stumping the streets of New York for a chance to help break it in mine. I have lived in New York all my life, and for the past seven years I have represented in Washington the more than 400,000 people of Manhattan's 17th Congressional District. I take pride in the fact that I am a New Yorker. And I believe that the multiple problems which plague my city can be solved if it is given the right kind of leadership—leadership that is capable of inspiring enthusiasm, willing to experiment, prepared to risk daring ideas.

I mean, for example, the idea of building whole new streets on stilts at the present second-floor level in congested commercial areas—moving shop fronts and sidewalks to the higher level and leaving the old street level entirely to traffic. The grounds of Gracie Mansion are built out over East River Drive; if such a "radical" idea is good enough for the mayor's home, why isn't it good enough for the people?

Defenders of the *status quo* in New York City point to the fact that other cities have similar problems. Instead of looking to other cities for justification of New York's failures, I regard the successes other cities have had in specific areas as heartening evidence that New York can make genuine progress on all major fronts if it really wants to.

For if New York's crime rate is still going up, Chicago's is going down.

Though New York's air pollution from sulphur gases is the worst in the nation, Pittsburgh and St. Louis have long since demonstrated that this problem can be brought under control.

And while water pollution has made New York City an island in a mammoth interstate cesspool, Seattle has shown the way to conquer this menace to natural beauty and public health on an area-wide basis.

Bungling its way into a shortage of water, New York has been proclaimed a national disaster area for the first time in its history. Four of the nation's leading water experts told the city 14 years ago how to avoid this crisis—and the entrenched political establishment ignored all of their recommendations. But even now the experience of faster-growing Los Angeles, in much more arid country, indicates that a huge city can solve its water-supply problem when it really tries.

If New York's transportation is in chaos, San Francisco is showing one way out by building a whole new area-wide transit system.

New York may have more slums than anybody, but Philadelphia is demonstrating that imaginative cooperation between public-housing officials and private builders can rehabilitate existing neighborhoods on a major scale and produce an important new source of decent housing at reasonable rents.

New York's million-pupil public-school system, its dedicated teachers smothered by an incredible bureaucracy, is producing too many poor schools and too much shoddy education—and especially is failing the children of the city's minorities. We can find, however, many hopeful examples of a better educational future: in Baltimore, which inspired the national "Head Start" program by its pioneering in preschool training; in San Diego, which offers outstanding programs for educating individuals of widely varied capacities; in Florida's Dade County, which has developed one of the nation's outstanding educational systems even as it coped with the language and cultural problems caused by the arrival of thousands of Cuban refugee children in the Miami area.

Finally, New York City has the highest unemployment rate of any big city. Seventy thousand manufacturing jobs have left the city in the last five years as industries moved away—largely because of a poor business climate for which the city government must accept a major share of the responsibility. Business climate can be changed; Atlanta has done it.

Other cities' solutions would not necessarily work in New York. But fresh leadership and fresh ideas—the common elements in these examples—can find solutions that will work here.

Jobs, education and housing are interdependent. New York City badly needs new industrial development to provide more jobs. But it also needs to provide better education and more training for its workers. While 250,000 of the city's residents are unemployed, 50,000 jobs paying $100 to $200 a week are going begging for lack of qualified applicants.

Slum life greatly complicates this equation. It not only affects the quality of local schools, and the level of achievement expected in them; it also bears directly on such intangibles as personal pride and incentive, inspiring some with unconquerable ambition, but crushing many others.

In a city where two children are bitten by rats on an average day, where 30 percent of the population lives in buildings that are not properly ventilated or adequately sewered, drained, cleaned or lighted, and that in many cases are literally in danger of collapsing, it is not surprising that crime, disease and hopelessness should kill the aspirations and blight the future of hundreds of thousands.

These factors—jobs, education, housing—are linked inseparably with a fourth. This is the challenge to municipal leadership to enlist the city's

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minorities as part of the team, to make them "insiders" with a share of the American Dream instead of isolated, resentful "outsiders" capable of the horrifying street riots America has seen these past two summers.

The essential element for New York City is a climate that will foster economic growth. I would create at the outset an industrial-development organization involving the business community, to replace the existing moribund city-owned development corporation. Through it, the city could acquire industrial plant sites, finance capital equipment, encourage the expansion of modern facilities, and centralize the information that a factory owner must have before he decides where to locate.

In addition, I believe that New York should establish a City Office on Federal Purchasing in Washington to assist the city in obtaining a fairer share of the nation's investments and to help the city's businessmen in the complex field of government contracts.

But climate is a product of many things, many of which in themselves seem minor. My staff recently conducted an informal survey of 50 manufacturing firms which had announced their intention to move from the city. More than 40 of them cited the mass of city red tape that ensnarled them as one of the compelling reasons for leaving. To remedy this, I would appoint a coordinator to clear a broad highway to the heart of city government for every businessman.

As to the schools, it is plain to me that New York City's public-education problem begins with the Board of Education itself. It does not function as a policy-making board, as it is supposed to, but spends too much time on administration. Beneath it is layer after incredible layer of an educational bureaucracy that engulfs the classroom teacher in blizzards of paperwork which has little if anything to do with instruction of the young.

Beyond its administrative shortcomings, New York's mammoth public-education system suffers from serious flaws in educational emphasis. Superior education at the high-school level is concentrated in a few elite schools. Outside these schools are academic high schools from which 30 percent of the students drop out before graduation, and the "dumping ground" vocational high schools—with a 60 percent drop-out rate. I would seek a higher level of excellence for all our academic high schools and would reduce the number of vocational high schools to a few that are unique and highly specialized.

While I would not disturb existing neighborhood schools or new ones already committed, I would point the public-education system toward more efficient use of its resources—as in sharing expensive facilities such as laboratories and high-quality specialized services, such as psychiatric counseling.

One concept which should be tried is the educational park—a complex of education facilities accommodating 12,000 to 15,000 students, from the preschool to the community-college level.

Such a park would embrace the diverse human elements of a substantial region of the city. It would provide its children with a wide variety of teaching talent and the most modern education facilities. It would also offer visible examples of educational opportunities ahead, thus encouraging pupils to seek further education to the limit of their capacities.

The third of the city's interlocking problems is housing, and the heart of this problem in New York City is a housing shortage. New York has the lowest vacancy rate in the country—and 14 percent of its housing units are overcrowded. The shortage of housing and the failure of the city government adequately to enforce the housing code have stimulated intensive use of deteriorated buildings, perpetuating slums and exploiting tenants.

Individual building—both private and public—is undertaken with little thought of the neighborhood in which it is located. Such unplanned building often needlessly destroys the neighborhood. Long, banal blocks of high-rise, red-brick, architecturally-uninspired apartment houses cover large areas of the city, often replacing good or salvageable housing.

I would see that the Housing Code is severely enforced, to ensure that blight is identified before it becomes real deterioration, that citizens' complaints are answered quickly and efficiently, that slum landlords are identified and that the penalties imposed on them are sufficient to deter others. At the same time, however, the city should provide effective help for building owners who wish to rehabilitate and remodel their property.

In addition, the city unquestionably needs more housing for low-income families. I believe that New York must substantially increase its public building program and must also provide a greater opportunity for private enterprise through the rent-subsidy program.

Pollution of the air we breathe is an increasingly serious threat to the health of city dwellers. The urgent need for a program to clean up New York City's air was emphasized by a recent experiment. Tarry substances were filtered from the air in midtown Manhattan and painted on the backs of mice. Ninety percent of those mice developed skin cancer during the next few months. It was enough to make many New Yorkers wonder why they had bothered to quit smoking.

I would push vigorously for strong state and federal legislation to compel auto-engine design changes and equipment to cut pollution from exhaust fumes to the minimum. I would seek federal intervention if New Jersey fails to reduce the air pollutants it now spills into New York City. And I would crack down on industries burning sulphur-containing fuels to assure universal use of effective pollution-control devices.

But more laws and stricter enforcement will not, by themselves, make the city the wonderful place to live that it can be, for all its residents. No city will ever really overcome its problems and fulfill its promise until the people who live there take an interest in it and in each other.

I have a friend who finally became angry about the litter on his street on Manhattan's lower east side. He began getting up earlier in the morning and picking up all the paper and other trash lying in the street. His neighbors, who quite naturally had never noticed him before (this is New York), thought at first that he was one of those lonely and slightly-demented scavengers one sees in New York—but slowly he began to interest them. He set up an informal committee.

Today there is a clean street. There are trees where there were none before and window boxes in the windows. One man started it all, and kept it going, and now it has mushroomed into a block effort.

I see the big-city leadership needed as leadership that can inspire and encourage such individual, block, neighborhood, community action—and deal simultaneously with the sweeping problems requiring firm action from the top.

There is a need for humanizing government in the big city. The city, after all, is individuals and communities—not a soulless colossus—and the needs of the individual need human attention. The lonely widow in the fifth-story walk-up needs the minimum financial base provided by a beneficent government and a mechanized check-writing system. But these are not a substitute for the human being who will climb those stairs with a word of advice and encouragement.

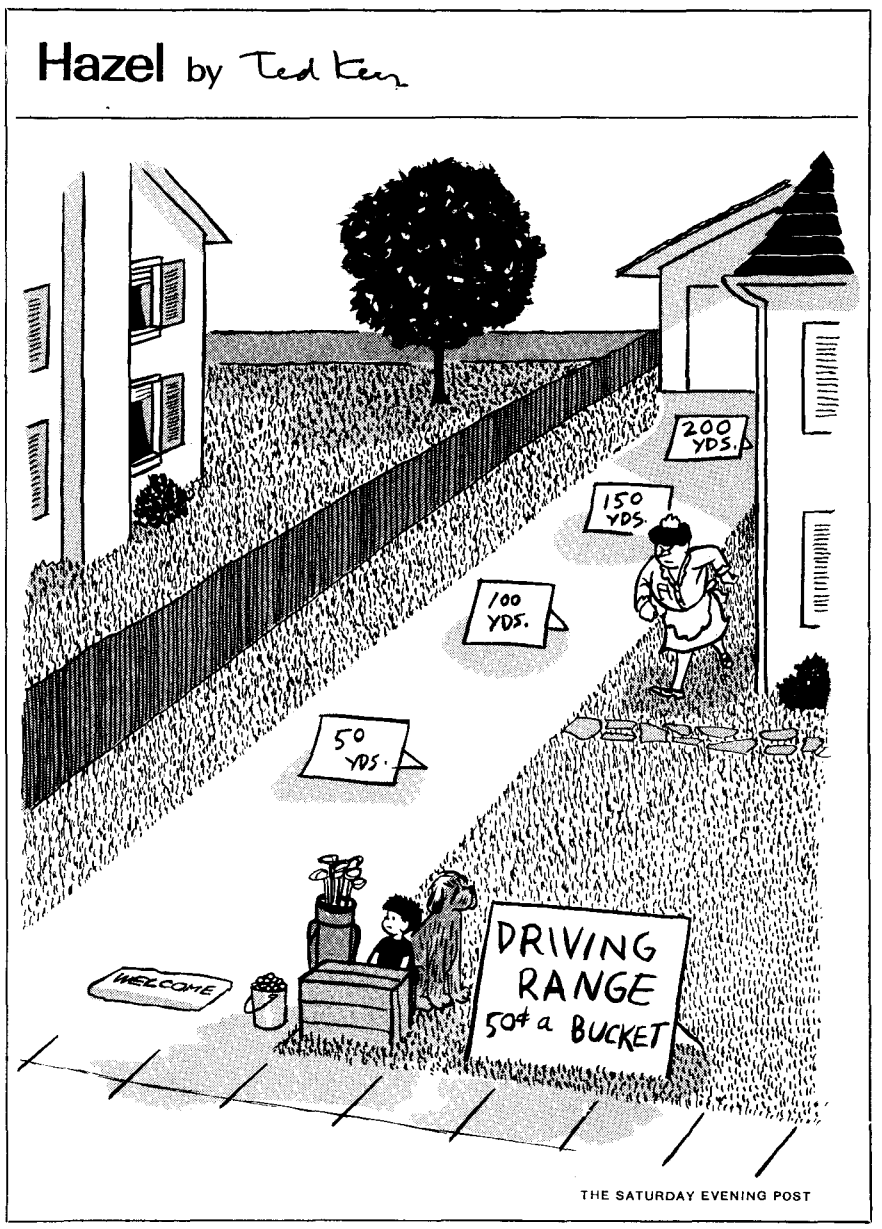
The mother who is worried because the traffic light isn't working at the intersection her children cross on the way to school needs someone to talk to—someone who will act immediately to get that light working again.

I have opened over 100 small storefront headquarters all over New York City in the current political campaign. I have found them invaluable as a means of intimate contact with the people and with local affairs. All these headquarters are manned by volunteers.

I see no reason why the next mayor of New York City should not establish local-community mayor's offices on a comparable basis all over the city—street-level, storefront offices manned primarily by volunteers from the neighborhood.

Here would be the place for the average citizen to take his problems, to be heard, to obtain prompt city action whenever such action would be warranted. Here, too, would be an invaluable source of information for City Hall on citizen problems and needs and thinking; citizen ideas for improving the local community or the city's services; citizen initiatives and assistance in advancing a broad variety of civic improvement; educational, recreational and other projects that never would get off the ground if they had to be initiated at City Hall. More important, these offices would be one means of engaging and involving the people in the affairs of the city, of bringing in men and women to serve on local action boards which would play a vital role in planning community development.

The problems of big-city America will begin to be solved when those who seek and win municipal office can act to persuade the people that it no longer is valid to say, "You can't fight City Hall." I think my city will begin to make real progress when its citizens believe that "You can join City Hall"—in building a far better city and, in so doing, building an enviable model for cities the world over. □



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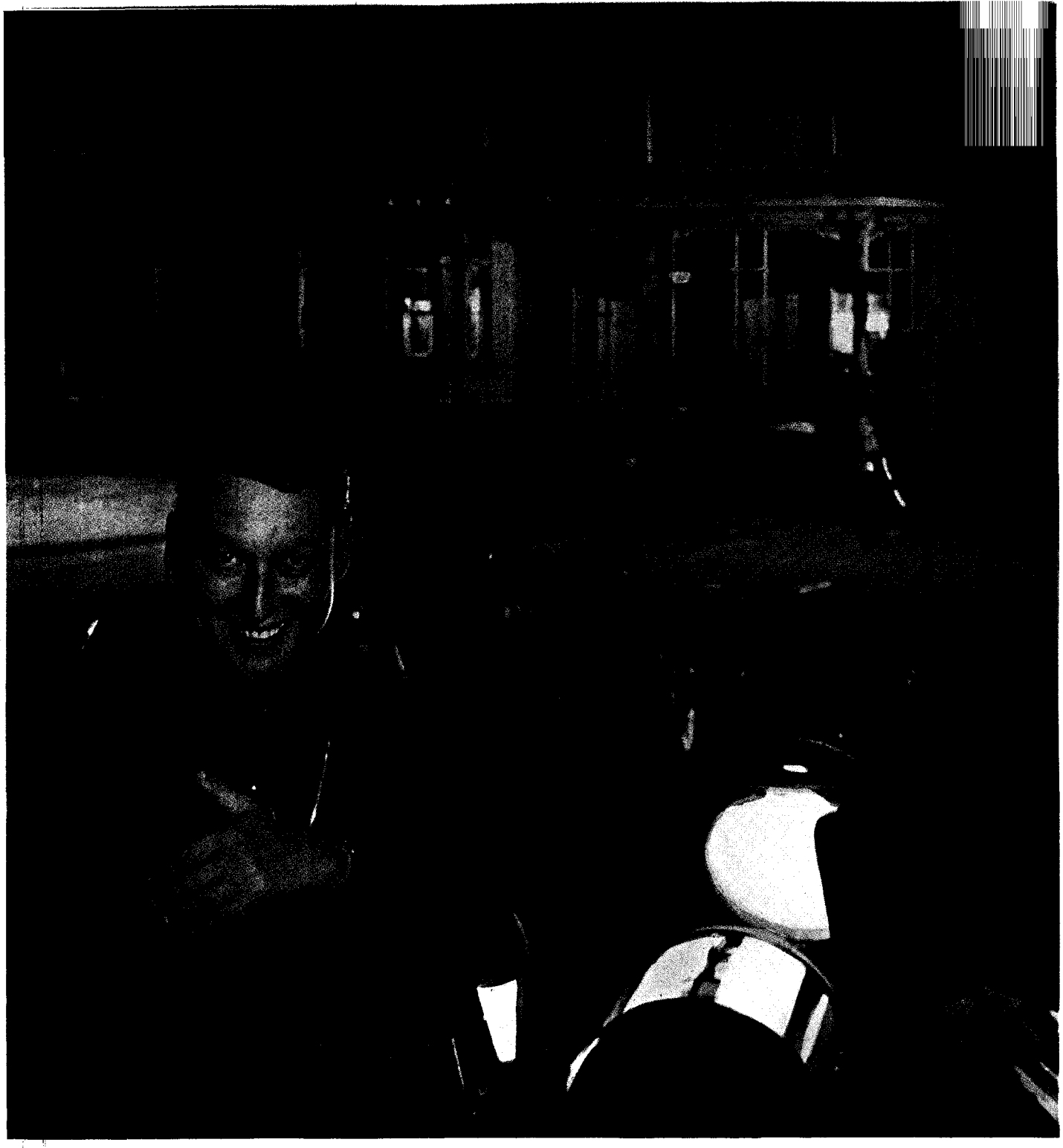

Director Mike Nichols on VIRGINIA WOOLF set. Controversial movie is off limits to visitors.

Liz Taylor plays the role of a frump, and Richard Burton an aging failure...

All for the love of Mike

By C. Robert Jennings

The parking spaces outside Stage 8 at Warner Brothers Studio in Burbank, Calif., are filled with Rolls-Royces, Bentleys, Ferraris, Lincoln Continentals and Cadillac limousines. CLOSED SET—ABSOLUTELY, NO VISITORS, say the huge signs outside. Each day squads of studio policemen turn away such stars as Joanne Woodward and Henry Fonda, who innocently drop by from neighboring sets to see what is going on; and for once that ubiquitous visitor, the Hollywood gossip columnist, is nowhere in sight. Only Jack Warner, who owns the place, and Frank Sinatra, a Warner's executive producer who sometimes acts as if he does, have gotten in. "The film's director told me, 'Mr. Sinatra may be coming in from time to time—we can't afford to alienate everybody,'" explains one studio cop. That director is Mike Nichols, the longtime comedy partner of Elaine May, but more recently, the Boy Wonder of Broadway as the result of his direction of three concurrent smash hits. And the center of all the attention is the corrosive Edward Albee play, WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?, which Nichols is currently transposing to film with the help of Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, a pair of young actors named George Segal and Sandy Dennis, and five million dollars. A controversial Broadway hit during 1962–64, VIRGINIA WOOLF deals with a waspish, unsuccessful history teacher who is married to the sloppy, willful, foul-mouthed daughter of a president of a New England college, where "musical beds is the faculty sport." They

Photographs by Bob Willoughby

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Liz Taylor evened the score with Mike by giving him some trick chewing gum which puckered up his mouth.

"can't abide things as they are . . . they can't abide the present," says Albee, so the couple stay up one nightmarish, alcoholic night clawing at each other and a visiting couple. To anyone ingenuous enough to ask what he is doing to make this project "different"—as nearly everyone does—Nichols' narrow, chalk-blue eyes grow narrower, and he answers, "We're making it from a play into a movie."

The reply should not be regarded entirely as a squelch. It also reflects, in part, the unprecedented secrecy into which the movie has been plunged. Even the screenplay, says one of the picture's publicists, "is guarded like the Holy Grail—George Segal hadn't even seen it until he reported for work."

"I realize we sound like an atom-bomb project," notes Ernest Lehman, the producer who also wrote the screenplay. "But otherwise it would be a circus—we're like the Beatles! This way we don't embarrass Mike or render nervous *any*one." To which Richard Burton adds: "Edward Albee is well known, Mike is well known and wanted absolute protection, and Elizabeth and I are *fairly* well known—if we belch, they photograph it. So we're all for the present policy. It's just that I think that they may be carrying it to ridiculous extremes."

The publicity department of Warner Brothers is sitting on all photographs of the Burtons in order to "surprise" a wondering world just before the film's release. ("This is going to be a tough job for the Warners' publicists," says Burton wryly. "Elizabeth and I are *never* in the columns.") What the world will see, if it can bear the wait, is Richard Burton with paler face, graying hair and professorial spectacles, and a frowzy, dissipated, older and plumper Elizabeth Taylor in a salt-and-pepper wig. So convincing is Taylor as a middle-aged woman that when her stepson, Mike Todd Jr., visited her, Burton was moved to remark, "This is the first time the boy has ever been really able to look at her and say, 'My God, this *is* my mother!' "

To deflect ferocious outside pressures and soften the highly charged internal ones inherent in the work, Nichols and his players often indulge in what Burton calls "a little harmless hilarity." It is not exactly the way the Burtons—or anyone else—conventionally behave around movie sets; but then the Burtons have never behaved conventionally. Moreover, Nichols inspires both love and lunacy.

On the set Nichols and Burton play lively word games, volleying obscure words (porbeagle, roup, pleach) all over the set with sizable bets riding on the definition of each. They also fire off first lines of books and plays, daring the other to name the source. Sample: "Stately, plump Buck Mulligan" from Joyce's *Ulysses;* or "I am living at the Villa Borghese . . . and we are dead," from *Tropic of Cancer.* Or Liz will challenge Mike to a game of "mental jotto," also known as "hangman."

Burton clearly has the edge in the poetry department. One day he bet Nichols $5,000 that he could not place the author of a poem. He movingly quoted from memory:

> Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
> Nor the furious winter's rages;
> Thou thy worldly task hast done,
> Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages;
> Golden lads and girls all must,
> As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Mike guessed Housman, and lost. The lines are from Shakespeare's *Cymbeline.* "The money I win from Mike," says Burton, "is keeping a godchild of mine (actor Stanley Baker's daughter) going very strongly. Oh, so angry is he when he loses."

The relationship of the trio is almost inordinately warm. "Mike's a very disturbing man," says Burton. "You cannot charm him—he sees right through you. He's among the most intelligent men I've ever known, and I've known most of them. I dislike him intensely—he's cleverer than I am. But, alas, I tolerate him." And with unabashed sentiment, Liz adds: "I *adore* Mike, and I could talk about him for hours."

Miss Taylor calls Nichols "Chicken Fat." He calls her "Betty," and he breaks her up—as when he mimicked a classic directorial banality ("Let's have a nice little scene now with *lots* of feeling") by announcing prior to the shooting of a scene: "Let's have a nice little scene with *no* feeling."

Once when Mike forgot to give his players their cue, Liz said, "I can't *act* until you say 'action.' "

"A-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-ac-ac-ac-*ac*tion!" Mike stuttered insanely, shattering Miss Taylor's professional calm.

Similarly, when Liz fell off a fire-engine-red bicycle which she rides between the set and her dressing room, Mike carried the bruised star back to work in his arms. "You have to carry me *every* day," said Miss Taylor, who was encouraged to put on extra pounds for her part. "I'll have to get into training," returned Mike recklessly.

But Elizabeth evened the score. Mike, who takes to gum like an addict to a fix, ran out of it and sent up distress signals. Elizabeth offered him some gum which belonged, she said, to her children. "In a few seconds," says Mike, "my mouth had dried up, and I could hardly talk. It was Pucker Gum—it's like alum!"

To outsiders, much of this off-camera madness smacks of child's play, and is. But the hours are long, the Burbank temperatures are around 100 degrees, the work itself complex and often tedious. So levity often must be induced. As Mike keeps telling everyone, "It should be happy, we're all doing it for pleasure. We want people to like it, but we have to like it along the way. I don't want any long faces. I want everyone to have fun."

Despite the horseplay, Nichols is firm about his directorial needs. During the screening of some test shots, Mike asked his Oscar-winning cameraman (*My Fair Lady*) Harry Stradling, "What are those ravishing shadows on Elizabeth's throat?"

"Well," said Stradling in explanation, "we don't want to emphasize the double chin."

Viewers of VIRGINIA WOOLF *won't see usually beautiful Liz Taylor, but a frowzy, caustic, plump older woman.*

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"Elizabeth can keep in mind fourteen dialogue changes, twelve floor marks and ten pauses," says admiring Nichols.

Shortly thereafter Stradling quit the picture. "We wanted a certain harshness to Elizabeth," explains Mike, "and he was pulling another way—he wanted her beautiful. She's so incredibly beautiful anyway, it scares you. So now we *show* her double chin. We show circles under her eyes. And we also show bitterness."

Once when Miss Taylor unwittingly hacked up her own laughter with some ugly coughs, the effect was so true that Mike kept it in the film. "The main thing is I am just constantly surprised at how good Elizabeth and Richard are," says Nichols. "When I'm working on a play, I hate what we're doing. I always think, 'We're in big trouble.' Now I sit there and say, 'I don't know what to do; I love it and I love them.' Their flexibility and talent and cooperativeness and lovingness is overwhelming. I can't think of one disagreeable thing. I've had more trouble with little people you've never heard of—temper tantrums, upstaging, girls' sobbing—than with the so-called legendary Burtons.

"The Burtons are on time, they know their lines, and if I make suggestions, Elizabeth can keep in her mind fourteen dialogue changes, twelve floor marks and ten pauses—so the cutter can get the shears in and still keep the reality. At first we were worried that Richard might be too powerful. Rich himself said, 'My only concern is that my quality is not exactly this—an American college professor going to seed.' But it's a great play and they really are becoming those two characters."

Not surprisingly, all this cozy camaraderie between Nichols and the Burtons did not begin on the set of *Virginia Woolf*. When Mike and his longtime performing partner, Elaine May, had their first show on Broadway in 1960, Burton was starring nearby in the musical, *Camelot*—"which was not," says Richard, "one of the masterpieces of all time. We were doing a benefit, which has the worst audiences in the world. Elaine and Mike came back afterward and said how splendid I was, but it sounded exactly like one of their routines: 'We want to tell you we *reeeee*ally like you.' Then Roddy McDowall came in, and I said, 'I wish they wouldn't put me on.' Roddy mentioned this to them, and they rushed back after their own show to say 'We *meant* it,' which touched me."

When Burton went to Rome in 1961 to work on the movie *Cleopatra*, Nichols visited him there. He met Elizabeth on the set, and once, when Richard had to be away, she phoned Mike in desperation: "I'm going crazy. The *paparazzi* won't leave me alone. Help!" Mike drove her to Tivoli, where they spent the day amid the fountains of the Villa d'Este. How was it? "Cool," says Mike. "Cool." It is one of his favorite words.

It was when Burton opened on Broadway in 1964 in *Hamlet* that the interchange of nonsense began. Nichols sent Burton a 500-pound moose head with a note reading "O for a moose of fire," a pun on Shakespeare's "O for a Muse of fire. . . ." The Burtons, in turn, sent Nichols a life-size moose made entirely of flowers for the opening of his Broadway hit, *The Odd Couple*, which followed the Nichols successes, *Barefoot in the Park* and *Luv*.

When Mike began *Virginia Woolf* in July, he recalls, "The people who put things in offices said, 'Is there anything else you want?' I said, 'Yes, I'd like a moose.' They said, 'Fine.'" Today Hollywood's biggest stuffed moose greets baffled visitors to Mike Nichols's office at Warner Brothers.

When the Burtons arrived at their $4,000-a-month neo-Moorish house in Bel Air, a moose from Nichols greeted them at the door. "Oh, God," Burton groaned, "we'll have to build a whole new wall to hold him." Since Mike already had his own moose, the Burtons sent him a riding crop with a concealed dagger, a beret and megaphone, a corset, Prussian Junker boots and jodhpurs.

Oddly enough, off the set the three rarely see each other. The Burtons, who are chauffeured around in a black, air-conditioned Cadillac, retire early in the evening. Miss Taylor's shooting call is for 10 A.M., but she must report for a complicated makeup and costume ritual at eight o'clock. Weekends they study their lines and relax with Elizabeth's children around two swimming pools.

Mike's black Lincoln Continental convertible gets him home about seven, and he usually is in bed by 9:30, after reading scripts, the New York papers and, he says, copies of *Dog World*, *The Arabian Horse News* and *The Dry Cleaners Monthly*.

On weekends Mike languishes with some classic stone Greeks around the leafy pool of his Brentwood estate, in which Cole Porter lived for 17 years. Occasionally he glares suspiciously at a life-size nude statue on which his secretary has thoughtfully put dark glasses and a red-checked bikini. He plays anagrams by the hour and is served magnificent candle-lit dinners by a handsome Chilean named Luis. "The avocado came from our own tree," exults Luis at table. "I must seek out the avocado tree," deadpans Mike. "That's very moving." If a reporter calls to ask how it feels to be so successful, he offers a stock reply: "It's everything I ever dreamed of. I am completely fulfilled."

While Nichols is much sought after by the members of what passes for Hollywood Society—and sometimes taken off to their favored pleasure spots—he usually prefers more casual companions. "Being 'In,'" says Mike sadly, "is terrible."

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Burton: "I've mellowed. I don't run out screaming as I used to when I see myself on the screen."

He is more often seen at quiet tables with friends like ballerina Svetlana Beriosova, actress Rosemary Forsyth, composer-pianist André Previn, the George Segals or producer Alan Pakula. Nichols and Previn sometimes play a four-handed piano version of the slow Second Movement of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony and, solo, Mike can play a third of a Chopin Nocturne, a fourth of a Bach Polonaise and about ten bars of Beethoven's *Pathétique*—or just enough, as Nichols puts it, "to sound like someone who can play and then gives up because he's bored.

"It is a great trial for me to go out to dinner or a cocktail party," says Mike. "I'm under a continual strain not to get nasty, so I usually just shut up and wait and see what happens."

When recently he "thought it was time to ask the Burtons over," the conversation went like this:

NICHOLS: Rich, do you want to come over?
BURTON: What for?
NICHOLS: Oh, play anagrams.
BURTON: I despise anagrams.
NICHOLS: Oh, well, just lie around then.
BURTON: No, we're making a picture, and we're studying.
NICHOLS: Oh, how's it going?
BURTON: Fine.
NICHOLS: I'm so glad.

This sort of low-key, oblique understatement threads through all of Mike Nichols's conversation. "I was this Jew in Nazi Germany, see," he will crack, but in fact he *was*, and his boyhood was hardly a laughing matter. He and his parents fled to America in 1939. In New York he recalls only that "I was very happy—starving to death."

In due time his father, a physician, set up practice, and Mike was entered in a series of New York private schools. There, he recalls, "when you're fourteen they talk about psychiatry and everything, and then they take you on a trip with girls. You learn about life from each other because, you know, you're all in it together."

Mike registered at N.Y.U., but hated it violently. On the first day of classes, he remembers, "they made us stand up and sing something like, 'Oh, grim, gray Palisades' and everything, so I quit." From there he worked as a post-office truck driver and as assistant to a costume jeweler: "I put little glass stones into necklaces. They fell out. I shoved off to Chicago."

At the University of Chicago Mike began premed work. "I thought I was going to be a psychiatrist, then I realized that I was going to have to look at dead bodies. My psychiatrist friends just laughed when I told them, so I lost the impulse and thought perhaps I could be an actor."

He returned to Manhattan to study acting with Lee Strasberg, and scrounged for odd jobs to keep himself alive, working variously as a disc jockey, soap-opera actor, horseback-riding coach and a jingle judge. "It was easy," Nichols says of the last occupation. "By the time you took out the dirty ones, you had the winner."

Eventually he returned to Chicago where, he says, "I met some people in a cellar." One of them was Elaine May. "She was extremely rude," says Mike. "A very dark, Bohemian girl in a trench coat. She had big eyebrows and stared at me coldly. It made a tremendous impression on me."

There followed several years of high success as a comedy team, with Elaine and Mike poking fun at everything from telephone operators to mother love. Offstage, they kept deflecting inquiries into their offstage relationship, finally settling on the all-purpose reply: "We live very quietly, and we have dated occasionally. Right now we are seeing Betty Comden and Adolph Green." More seriously, Mike says, "Elaine and I like each other. When you consider how much we're together, it's fairly surprising. We kept marrying other people though. We have five marriages between us now—three for her, two for me."

Mike's coming to California was never inevitable—his previous brushes with Hollywood had not warmed his heart. "Desilu once flew us out and offered us a TV series," he says. "There was this roomful of agents and lawyers, and they had this whole program arranged, with their own writers. We'd never worked with writers. When they handed us the contract, I said, 'You know what, I don't feel like it.' Elaine cracked up—but I wasn't being funny. I just didn't feel like signing."

But the glittery combination of Edward Albee, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Burton, and $250,000—an unheard of fee for a director's first movie—worked wonders. Mike was vacationing in Jamaica last year when producer Ernest Lehman phoned him from Paris—$250 worth, says Lehman—saying that he, Elizabeth and Richard were all dying to have Nichols direct *Virginia Woolf*. Nichols wanted to see the Lehman adaptation first. When Lehman got to New York, he simply handed the sealed script to a honeymoon couple unknown to him and asked them to carry it to Mike. "I went to the airport in Montego Bay to look for 'a pretty girl in a white coat'," says Mike, "and made an ass of myself with several pretty girls in white coats before I finally found her."

Mike made a few minor complaints about the script, but in two trips to California he and Lehman retooled it to the satisfaction of both. Then, says Mike, "I girded myself for a big battle with Jack Warner over things I didn't want, like Panavision and Technicolor. To my astonishment he agreed—we got every single thing we asked for."

Even the play's salty dialogue remains virtually intact. "Mike and I feel the strong language is not in there for cheap reasons," says Lehman, "but as an integral part of a work of art."

The result, thus far, is a tragicomedy that galvanizes the screen. When Nichols first saw his rushes, he gulped like a delighted child and whooped, "My God, look! It looks just like a *real* movie!" The Burtons were so pleased that they had their footage run off for a close friend over the objections of the producer and unwritten laws of the studio. Richard Burton finds himself going to watch rushes for the first time since 1948 when he made his film debut in *The Last Days of Dolwyn*. "I think I've mellowed," Burton says. "I don't run out screaming as I used to when I see myself on screen." He gives Nichols much of the credit: "He is the best possible audience. Also, he has the one thing that no other director and very few actors have—timing of a line. He knows *how* to hit the operative word. This is inevitably a tragic comedy—you must get the laugh, even to the death. And it *must* be timed perfectly."

Mike has approached the project with merciless commitment. He even had his players work one entire night, since the action of the play takes place by night. "We all wanted to see what would happen," he explained. "It's easy to say you're tired, and you've been drinking a lot, and it's 5:30 in the morning, but how do you *really* feel? We wanted to do it, and we found some things we hadn't thought about."

He asked costume designer Irene Sharaff to look at "unknown people around real universities," to give veracity to the players' clothes. He had production designer Richard Sylbert visit 16 eastern colleges, photographing everything as he went. For exteriors, Sylbert settled on Smith College in Northampton, Mass.; his interiors were suggested by the home of a professor at Williams College.

For the house, Nichols told his prop men: "The glasses at the bar should be jelly glasses and things that once held pimento cheese. And get me some of those terrible green mugs with no saucers from the dime store." He also sent out for old copies of *Mercury, Partisan Review, Paris Review, Kenyon Review*, the London *Observer*—"open it to the puzzles"—*The Realist, The Noble Savage*, some Thomas Mann novels, Paris posters, Grove Press books, and so on, pedantically. "But I want the audience drawn into the lives of these people and the event," says Mike, "and not be aware of any director's technique, any camera or any cutting. We'll put all these details in, and then throw them out. Subliminally it works on the audience. The thing that knocks me out in rushes is realizing that a movie is accretion of detail."

Nichols's most noticeable concern during the first weeks of shooting has been his feeling about the need for restraint. "You can't make every moment a pearl," says Nichols. "The actors have been doing marvelously, so my own urge was to punch every moment. I keep going back to take out some of this special stuff. If you have a climax, you've got to have some unspectacular stuff going before."

He is both shrewd and humble enough to admit his mistakes. "I saw about fifteen of them in one week's rushes. I even had to go back and reshoot thirty seconds. But the cameraman and supervising editor have saved me from immense pitfalls. I listen to everybody. The time to worry is when you sit back and say, 'Ah, it's just a piece of cake.'

"I would never want to lose the terror, even though I'm unmistakably pleased with what we've done. The fear, if you're lucky, becomes transformed into good ideas and good work. I often can't think of anything else I'd rather do than make movies—you can go anywhere with it. As for our picture, I don't know. I like it a lot. We're happy all the time—it's *terrible!*" □

Liz, daughter Liza Todd and Burton travel to campus of Smith College, where the exteriors of movie were filmed.

Burton, Liz and Nichols at end of the day's shooting. Pearls on Liz are a gift from producer Marty Ransohoff, for whom Burtons starred in recent movie THE SANDPIPER.

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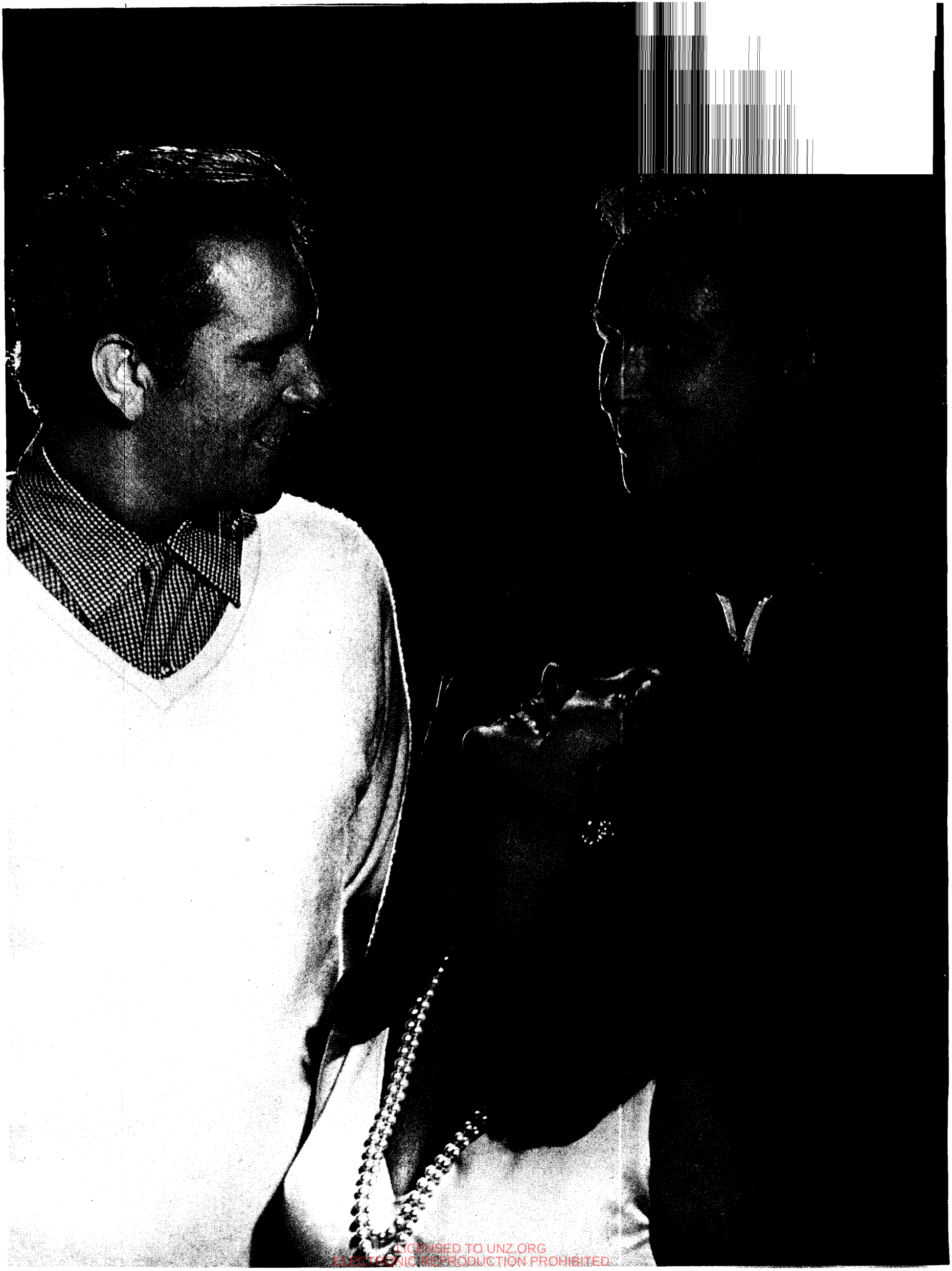

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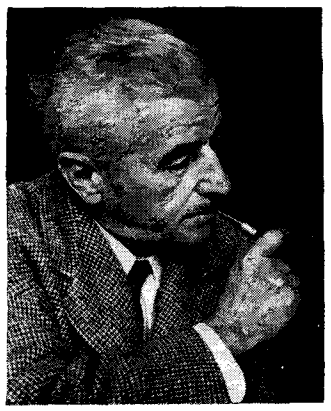
Editorial

A memory of William Faulkner



Exactly 35 years ago, in September of 1930, *The Saturday Evening Post* first published a short story by an obscure southerner named William Faulkner. In the years since then, the *Post* published 20 of Faulkner's stories—including such notable fiction as *Red Leaves, The Unvanquished, Two Soldiers* and *The Bear*—and we consider it an honor to have this issue include one of Faulkner's last unpublished works, *Mr. Acarius.*

It is a dark story, but Bill Faulkner was a dark man, dark and fascinating and magnificent. He was incomprehensible to his hometown, Oxford, Miss., and this pleased him. He was also incomprehensible to the outside world, to the U. S. State Department, and probably to the king of Sweden, who gave him the Nobel Prize. Faulkner was not interested in being famous or even popular, but he was fiercely interested in living his own life the way he wanted to. As Hughes Rudd wrote in *The Post* after Faulkner's death, he was "the town's famous son, who was never the favorite son, who would not have the honor were it offered. . . ."

Oxford people never liked Faulkner's books much. They preferred the work of John Faulkner, Bill's brother. Yet the stuff and the spirit of Oxford and the surrounding country was evident in much that Bill Faulkner wrote. There was the old brick jailhouse down the street where the townspeople had once broken in to get a prisoner for lynching. There was the blasted oak on the square where they hanged him. There was the thin marble statue in the town square, the Confederate soldier forever on guard lest somebody forget that Oxford sent her youth away during the Civil War and lost most of them. All around there were people and places that bore a strange, muted resemblance to the characters and countryside of Faulkner's mythical Yoknapatawpha County, but this didn't help people understand him. Nor was it easy.

Citizens on their way to church in Oxford one morning were confronted with a strange sight. Solemnly moving past the church came a strange procession of people in scraps of costumes, some in remnants of armor, led by outriders on mules carrying spears. Bill Faulkner was weaving along as a conspicuous leader of this ritual, for which the townspeople never figured out any explanation. This was not the first bit of curious behavior by the resident genius. One day a bread man making a regular delivery to the Faulkner house heard a rustling in the trees as he approached the front door. He looked up. Bill Faulkner sat impassively on a limb 40 feet up. Neither spoke to the other.

Faulkner seemed to enjoy people who didn't know or care about his fame. He talked crops with Negro tenant farmers and possum hunting and coon hunting with the ordinary men around town. He knew all the plain people, black and white, and he loved to go deer hunting down in the delta with a bunch of local farmers. Once he discussed the Nobel Prize with a fellow hunter who was proud and grateful for the honor done his friend and promptly wrote the king of Sweden ("Dear King . . .") and invited him to join them on the next hunt. The king wrote a grave letter of regret.

Soon after the publication of *A Fable*, a reporter we know traveled to Oxford to interview Faulkner. He took the precaution of having a friend of Faulkner's call from Canton, Miss., to say the reporter was on the way.

"I won't see him," Faulkner announced, and he added later, "If he tries to see my mother and bothers her, I will get my shotgun after him." There was also a call to the reporter's hotel, reinforcing the warning. And the people in Oxford who knew William Faulkner gave the reporter no encouragement.

"There are some angry-looking dogs in Mr. Faulkner's yard," the reporter told a store owner in town. "You don't think he would sic them on me, do you?" The old man was thoughtful a minute. "Iffen he does, son," he said, "you better step out across them cedars."

There was no welcome at the Faulkner house on the outskirts of Oxford. The driveway leaves the road through a dense copse of trees and at the entrance of the drive, Faulkner had posted a sign: KEEP OUT. Farther along he had dug deep ruts in the drive itself to unsettle any intruder. After making several fruitless trips to the large and pleasant-looking white house, the reporter succeeded in getting a response at the front door. A very small Negro boy answered the bell and regarded the visitor with obvious alarm. Then, within minutes, Mrs. Faulkner came nervously down the steps. "Oh my," she said; and then, "Come into the living room, but please forgive the way it looks. I haven't had a maid all week."

When Faulkner appeared, he was not apologetic. He looked angry, had a two-day growth of beard, and was wearing only a pair of shorts hacked out of a pair of long work trousers. He was short but barrel-chested and looked more formidable than one would have expected.

"Sir," he said icily, "I'd think you'd have the decency not to interfere with me. Did you not get my messages?" He could not be persuaded to talk on any subject and soon shook hands to indicate the end of one of the shortest interviews in journalistic history.

Somewhere in the ferociously guarded private life of William Faulkner were the sources of inspiration that made his best work the work of genius. The land and the simple people and the not-so-simple people around him delivered up to him their secrets. The magic of the violent past and the mysteries of the living were comprehensible to this incomprehensible man.

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